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an unpublished story

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Encounter

JULY 1972

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E. M. Forster

The Torque

THE LITTLE BASILICA was crammed. Perpetua sat to the left of the altar, robed in white. Through a thin veil her commanding nose and fastidious mouth could be clearly seen. She never moved, her eyes fixed ecstatically upon the godhead. Below her, on plainer chairs, sat her father and mother, Justus and Lucilla, landowners of substance, her young brother Marcian, and her little sisters, Galla and Justa. To the right of the altar, overbalancing the domestic group, towered the ecclesiastics: the Bishop of the district, the lesser clergy, the father confessors, and several solitaries who had been attracted by the strangeness and special sanctity of the event. The body of the church was filled with neighbours, the faithful and the curious. It was richly decorated in a rustic fashion, and above the altar, like a trophy, hung a barbaric torque of gold. Through the open western door Justus's farmyard could be seen. It too was full of people—slaves, husbandmen, soldiers. These last were all baptised Christians and particularly devout. They had been drafted in to protect the sacred ceremony from interference. The district was not as settled as it had been. Deceitfully now did it sleep in the autumn sunlight—the vineyards, the cornlands, the olive yards, the low ridges of the hills. The soldiers glanced occasionally at the hills.

Mass had been said. Lucilla, a little drowsy, awoke with a start. The great ceremony of her daughter's dedication was to begin. Perpetua Virgo, perpetual virginity. She nudged her husband and he awoke frowning. For he had promised the Bishop to build a bigger, better basilica as a thank-offering, also Perpetua's dowry had to be surrendered to the Heavenly Bridegroom, and Marcian's heritage impaired, and the little girls go almost unportioned. He had not expected all this. He had hoped to marry his eldest daughter to some substantial farmer. There had been little talk of dedicated virgins when he was young, and he had never expected to rear one in the family. The animals mated—he could hear them at it when the chanting ceased—and are we not like them in that? Still frowning, he took his wife's hand ritually, then dropped it, for the Bishop had begun his address.

STANDING BESIDE THE ALTAR, the Bishop reminded his congregation that this dedication would in any case have taken place and been blessed, but it was now signalised by a miracle which would live in the annals of the Church for ever. Five days ago, as they all knew, the virgin Perpetua had set forth on a journey, not from idleness, not from wantonness, not from a desire to see the world (which she already too well knew), but to confer with a holy matron of her acquaintance upon religious matters. She travelled in all seemliness, with her brother as escort and a suitable retinue of slaves. Edifying was the meeting between the two devout females, long did they converse, many were the pious propositions they exchanged. Presently came the hour for her return to her parents' abode. She mounted her mule, her brother rode somewhat behind as was suitable, her retinue followed on foot. The evening was calm, the air balmy, no danger seemed to menace. But

A NOTE *about the manuscript of this story appears on page 97.*

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these are the moments when the Adversary is most active. She turns a corner of the road and—

"Oh my brethren oh my sisters, what did our virgin then see? Horsemen. What horsemen? Goths. She shrieks, she trembles, they bear down on her, Goths, Goths, hideous of form and of face, they are here. They lay hold of Perpetua and hale her off her mule, they clasp her, my brethren my sisters, she is lost. Is she not lost? It seems so. Her brother is overpowered, for he is but a stripling, her retinue scattered. With their booty the Goths, yes the Goths I again say, ride onward into the hills. They have captured that which is more precious than gold or jewels, namely a virgin, Perpetua the virgin whom the whole world could not ransom.

"What are they going to do to her, oh my brethren oh my sisters, what?

"Night falls, they come to a miserable hut. Wine is offered to Perpetua which she spurns and they drink and there is an orgy. She is thrown to the ground. And one of them—he who once wore this golden circlet above our altar and now wears it no longer—nay nay I cannot continue—"

He paused, and there was silence in the basilica except for sore swallowings in throats. Using the frank language of his age, the language of St Augustine and St Jerome, he continued as follows:

"—and loosens his own. To lose her virginity to the husband for whom she was once destined would be for Perpetua defilement enough, but this! The ravisher covers her, his hot breath beats back her prayers, and his member—and they are membered like horses. . . ."

He paused again and somebody laughed. He started with anger and amazement, and the congregation trembled. Who had laughed? They looked right and left, and lo! the face of Marcian, the virgin's young brother, was crimson.

FOR A FEW MOMENTS the service of dedication stopped. Marcian gulped and gasped, and his features returned towards their former colour. His parents bent over him, his mother asked him whether he was ill. He shook his head. He was a modest boy, in awe of his sister as they all were, and his conduct was inexplicable. He now sat with his head bowed and his thick lips closed—there was a strain of African blood in the family and it had come out in Marcian.

The Bishop looked at him and hesitated. He suspected diabolical possession, and the lower clergy were crossing themselves right and left. Perpetua alone was undisturbed. Her eyes remained fixed on the altar ecstatically. She was far away from such trifles. And taking his cue from her he decided to resume his homily as if nothing had happened.

LET THEM NOTE (he said) that at that supreme moment when all seemed lost the virgin's prayer was heard. There was a lightning flash, the Goth staggered back and fell as though struck to the ground. Nay more, he was visited with repentance and followed her humbly when she departed, and offered her as atonement that great golden torque that lay against the altar now. She returned home unscathed and triumphant, *virgo victrix*. She had done what the might of men cannot. And in due time, he doubted not, she would subdue all around her to her holy purpose, and the foul engendering which is Adam's curse would cease.

He looked at Justus and Lucilla as he spoke these last words, and they looked away. It was in sin that they had engendered Perpetua, and in sin—greater sin—Marcian. Much pleasure had gone to the making of Marcian. This, they now learned, is wrong. All fruitfulness and warmth are wrong. They tried to understand this and looked humbly at their formidable daughter, who alone could save them from eternal punishment. When the dedication was over they asked Marcian what had made him laugh. "I do not know, something I was not thinking of made me laugh," was his reply.

"It may harm us, that laugh of yours."

"I am sorry, dear father, I will try to laugh no more. But the cattle need driving in. The country is unsafe with Goths about. May I now go and help the herdsmen?"

"No, for there now has to be Holy Converse in the barn," said Lucilla with a sigh. "All must repair there."

They did so. The barn resembled the basilica, except that Perpetua now spoke. She exhorted all present to follow her example, the females particularly, and fixed her beady

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eyes upon her sisters, Galla and Justa, merry little maidens. Males, she explained, were of coarser clay, hewers of wood and drawers of water, and could achieve less. The Bishop took her up a little here. Males, he asserted, could also achieve virginity and must be encouraged to do so. The involuntary pollutions which sometimes overcame them were from the Devil certainly, but not fatal. He appealed—and here his eye fixed Marcian—to men and particularly to youths, in the first tumult of their ripeness.

"He is a good boy," said his father.

"He is the comfort of our old age," said his mother. And little Galla and Justa piped up: "We like Marcian. Oh, we like Marcian much better than Perpetua. He makes us toys."

The Bishop threw up his hands in annoyance. "Toys? Toys? O generation of vipers, who will save you from the wrath to come? It is she, she alone, that virgin who consents to sojourn amongst you, she alone averts the merited thunderbolt." These were strong words, but he had been disturbed by the unseemly interruption in the basilica and was half-minded to pronounce an exorcism now. But there seemed insufficient evidence, so he terminated the Converse and proceeded to his bullock-cart. All accompanied him with the exception of Marcian, who exploded once more into laughter. For he, and he alone, knew how Perpetua's virginity had been preserved.

It had been preserved as follows.

THAT DAY, five days ago, when they met the Goths, he had set forth without forebodings. Attendance on Perpetua was part of his duty, he was humble and loyal and ready to die for her if necessary. She spoke little to him on the journey out, if she did so he rode forward to receive her orders and fell back to transmit them to the slaves. He did not ask himself whether he liked her—it would have been an unseemly question—but he knew that he lay under her continuous and permanent displeasure. For some years ago he had been guilty of impurity. One of his mother's house-girls had given him a thrill which he still remembered. His mother had beaten the girl, his father had laughed, all was passing off normally when Perpetua had a sort of fit. She called them all to her couch, and made him promise he would never be unchaste again. It was easy to promise, for he was thoroughly frightened, and being only thirteen assumed that his carnal impulses would weaken. She knew better. She had been waiting for such an opportunity as this, and she began to organise a holy spy-system with the help of the monks who began to haunt the farm. All was done in the name of his parents, and they were watched too, and gradually the ease went out of life. It was the price they paid for rearing a saint.

Brother and sister made a striking pair as they rode into the entangling hills—she severe, ascetic, veiled, he open to all the winds and suns of heaven, his knees and neck bare until she reminded him to cover them. Once he started a countrified song which the retinue took up, but she stopped that and substituted a psalm. When they reached their destination he had to remain outside it, for so holy was the matron that no male creature was suffered to enter her abode. Even male mosquitoes were prohibited, the slaves said. They became ribald on the subject, and he had to check them while not wanting to do so. "Tell your mistress that it is time we left, for the sun falls towards the hills," he told them presently. A slave passed the message through a grille to an aged woman, and after further delay Perpetua appeared.

She was even graver than before, but more disposed to talk. When they had started for home she summoned him and told him that she was now decided on perpetual virginity.

"It is God's will, sister."

"I shall not retire to the desert. The matron has counselled me otherwise. I shall make my abode amongst you."

"It is evidently God's will—sister, look at that hawk."

"What of it?"

"Someone has disturbed him."

"Marcian, when will you learn seemliness?"

"Have I not? I do try."

"I was about to speak to your edification, but you are diverted by the passing flight of a bird."

AT THIS MOMENT the Goths appeared. There were only three of them, and had Perpetua kept quiet the two parties might have ridden past each other with friendly salutation. But

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she lifted up her voice and prayed. "O Lord God of Hosts O God of Abraham Isaac and Jacob deliver us out of the hands of our enemies," she cried. Her prayer was heard by the slaves and they started to run away. The Goths chased the slaves. One of them, pressing by Marcian, nicked his horse on the rump with a knife. The horse reared and he fell off. Seeing him tumble, another Goth haled Perpetua off her mule. The disaster was immediate and complete. Brother and sister bit the dust while the squeals of their retinue grew fainter and the sun dropped towards the hills with a jerk.

Further indignities followed. His ankles were bound, he was made to hop so that he fell down again amidst loud laughter, a barbarian spat in his face, another threw an over-ripe fig, he was flung crossways on his mount, Perpetua replaced on hers, getting pinched in the process, and then they all rode deeper into the hills. They came to a hut, a sort of storehouse, for plunder lay about, including a barrel of wine. The captives were dismounted and Marcian's ankles freed. He began to look around him. One of them appeared to be the leader, for he gave orders and wore a magnificent torque of gold. Perpetua was engaged in prayer. He tried to comfort her, but could not gain her attention.

"Sister, I do not think we are in great danger. They seem to mean us no harm, though I cannot follow their speech. They want our mounts perhaps, not ourselves. I do not think they want us at all. They are only wild boys who do not know their own wishes or what is in their hearts."

"O God of Abraham Isaac and Jacob deliver us."

"Amen and I am sure he will. They are forgetting us, and soon we shall be able to walk away. I may even untether your mule so that you can escape in comfort."

"O God. . . ."

"And look, they are preparing food."

"Food, brother?" The suggestion outraged her. "Unholy food."

"It has been stolen from holy people by the look of it."

"It is the fouler for that."

"Sister, I must confess I am hungry." For an animal had broken loose inside him. "You had delicate refreshment at the matron's, I was offered nothing. With respect I must eat." And walking boldly to the trestle where the Goths were at work he pointed to himself and said "Marcian", and pointed to the man with the torque, who said "Euric", and everyone laughed. The faces of the barbarians were frank, childish and powerful. Emotions passed over them like clouds. No one, not even themselves, knew what they would do next. Having given him their best, they drank to him and to each other and to the Majesty of Rome. And they drank to Perpetua and explored her contours with bold blue eyes. She fell on her knees, not the safest of positions. One of them licked his lips, another fingered his breeks, and suddenly all five were struggling on the floor. All five, for Marcian had intervened to save her. The confusion was terrible. Ten arms, five heads and ten legs got mixed into a revolving ball whence the shrieks of the virgin and the howls of her ravishers floated out into the night. "Sister, escape," Marcian repeated. "I will hold them off from you. Escape." She escaped and he got raped.

THE SURPRISE exceeded the pain. "Not me, this can't be for me" was his thought as the notorious Gothic embrace penetrated. Women died from it, the story went. That seed was said to breed devils. "Well, scarcely in my case." The idea made him laugh, and he heard Euric laugh. For it had been Euric.

So like these Goths! Food and drink, lechery, sleep, fighting, food, mirth, drink, boy, girl, no difference. Euric rolled off him when satisfied and could easily have been killed. But one does not kill beasts or babies. And the other two were no longer dangerous. The force of example had proved too strong for them. Call themselves devils, did they? He knew better. What had happened was not serious. The discomfort was already passing off and no one need know.

HE HURRIED AFTER HIS SISTER, found her at prayer, set her on her mule and tried to bestride his horse. A warning twinge deterred him, so he walked instead and led his precious charge down the mountain. The moon had risen and revealed landmarks he recognised. For a time she was well content

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and sang psalms of deliverance, but when her heart was emptied she addressed him with asperity and chid him for his ill-handling of the expedition. He did not defend himself—he had scarcely reached the age of defence—and certainly he ought not to have fallen off his horse when the Goths arrived. Still, he felt he had made reparation of a sort and intercepted much that must have been intended for her.

"At what are you laughing?"

"I was not laughing, my sister."

"I saw your face in the moonlight. Why tell me a lie?"

"I am not lying."

"Marcian! Marcian! Have you even after this warning no fear of eternal damnation?" She would have said more but was checked by the sound of hoofs. She was being pursued.

Marcian led the mule into the shadow of a rock, and Euric thundered past them. He looked magnificent suddenly, the torque sparkled, his face was set in a dream. Gallop of witchcraft and vengeance. He was calling to some fiend of the night. Twisted in the rocks, it sounded to Marcian like his own name.

She began to rejoice.

"Yes, sister, he has again missed you, and I know the path down into the plain, and there you will be safe. But sister, please refrain from singing. Your voice rings too sharp through the night and may lose you your virginity yet."

She opened her mouth to rebuke him but fell silent. The reappearance of the Goth had frightened her, and for the first time in her life she did as she was told. With bowed head, meditating on the universe whose earthly centre she supposed herself to be, she suffered her unworthy brother to guide her. He sought for patches of sand where the mule's feet fell softly, he extricated her chastity from the treacherous mountain curves, night lightened, olives and vineyards crept around them at last, dawn would soon break over their father's farm, when Euric reappeared, riding towards them, furiously.

Someone had to die this time and Marcian assumed it must be himself, and sprang into the middle of the path, ready to grapple, to be trampled on, he knew not what so long as it was his duty. But Euric swerved as they met, and bent sideways, and with both hands and terrific force crashed the torque round the boy's neck. "Marcian!" he shouted, and this time the word rang clear. There was no doubt about it. He vanished into its echoes, leaving nothing behind him but a snake of dust.

Marcian picked himself up, bewildered. The torque fitted him and almost seemed part of him. He touched its roughnesses and discovered that they were precious stones. Why had he been given it? And so skilfully? One of those stunning feats of horsemanship which were part of the barbarian legend. And were the Goths just warriors? Could they be warlocks as well?

He took hold of the mule and led it on, and they reached the farm without further adventure, and found there confusion of another sort. For some of the slaves in their retinue had found their way back during the night, and to cover their cowardice had spread tales of a great Gothic host which had carried the young master and mistress into captivity. Lucilla and the little girls were weeping, Justus was closeted with his bailiff to discuss the best method of ransom, the neighbours had been warned, the local legion, or what remained of it, was sending troops, and the Bishop had readily pronounced an anathema. And just as the confusion was at its height the sun rose, there were Marcian and Perpetua, she praising God as usual and he holding his head high and necklaced with gold.

OH, THEN WAS SORROW turned into joy, as a resident catechist remarked, then was captivity led captive, and Marcian smothered in kisses. Perpetua declined any caress, for she now reserved herself for the Celestial Bridegroom, and it was not until she had changed her raiment and accepted refreshment that she consented to speak. She then related her adventures as she believed them to have occurred, and without the embellishments subsequently added to them by the Bishop. Her homily was dry and her sanctity so overwhelming that every word fell dead. "And after that I had escaped from that Den of Lions," she concluded, "there was pursuit, but I erred as to its nature, for which no one can justly blame me. I supposed that that Son of Belial was renewing his assault, but his in-

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tention was otherwise. He pursued me to ask my pardon."

"But how did you understand what he said, Perpetua?" interrupted one of the little girls. "I did not know that Goths could speak." She entertained extreme ideas about the Goths.

"I should like to know what he said, however dreadful it was," said the other little girl. "Did he ask you to lie down?"

"Silence, Galla, silence, Justa," their parents cried. "Here are no matters for you." But Perpetua responded not unbenignly. Looking at them and at Marcian against whom they were nestling, she explained the situation further: the Goth had not spoken, only meaningless shouts, but had done better than speech and offered all he possessed as a tribute to her virginity: he had given her that golden torque.

"He didn't," cried Marcian before he could stop himself.

"He did, brother, and as an atonement for his sin. In the hope of escaping eternal punishment he cast it down at my feet."

"He didn't. He cast it round my neck."

She was too secure in her sanctity to take grave offence, and all that she said was: "Brother, I am well aware of that. When I said he cast it down at my feet I spoke as David might have, poetically. It is sometimes permissible to be poetic and you would do well to study the Psalms more. Your Father Confessor shall be informed of this. He cast it round your neck because you were in attendance on me."

"I wasn't." The remark was childish, yet it caused his family to stir delightedly. It was the first time she had been gainsaid for years. She ignored him, clapped her hands, and ordered the slaves to place the torque in the basilica, where it would be dedicated to God. "Father, are these your orders?" the boy cried.

JUSTUS, STILL TITULAR HEAD of the house, looked annoyed. Lucilla ventured to say: "Daughter, we know that the ornament is yours, but our son looks so manly in it, it so suits the coming pride of his race. Daughter, could he not be allowed to display it up to the day of your own dedication?" She rejected this compromise and instructed the slaves to remove it by force. He was outraged and struggled and spat. "It is mine," he cried, "he gave it me, and before the gods die I'll give something to him." No one knew what he meant, and he did not yet know himself. "Before the gods die" was a rustic oath which he ought not to have used. His parents smiled at hearing it on his lips, and it reminded them of older, easier days. "Before the gods die I'll smack your bottom," a peasant woman would say to her child. The torque kissed him goodbye as he blasphemed, and left upon each of his shoulders a small scarlet scar, which soon faded. Calm at once, he looked about him in a dazed fashion. "What has happened?" he asked.

His sister then arranged for him to undergo a penance. The penances were not severe. It was their frequency that enfeebled.

DURING THE FIVE DAYS before the dedication he became humble and helpful, busied himself on pious little errands and duly revered Perpetua. Their joint adventure grew dim, nothing confirmed it, and it might have faded away but for the Bishop's comparison of Euric to a horse. "What about me?" he thought, and exploded with laughter. For he was not ill-equipped, the slave-girl had known as much four years ago. And he longed to meet the Goth in the hills again and bring him to his knees, and since that could not be he longed for the unholiness of night.

The night came, stormy and dark after the pageantry of the day. Everyone was tired, sanctity had not brought peace. The children were excited and had fits of screaming, and the old people disputed, which was rare. Justus feared that the torque might be stolen from the altar. Lucilla argued that no spirit, however evil, would go to such lengths. Marcian took his father's side, and undertook to set a guard. He then persuaded them to go to bed, went to his own chamber to find a cloak against the rain, and before he could put it on fell asleep.

He woke with a start, convinced that something had happened. As it had. He had forgotten to set the guard for the basilica, and if there had been a theft—the gods help him! He sprang up and went to inspect—it was only across the courtyard. The door was ajar, but when he looked in he could see, in the

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faint light of candles, that nothing had been disturbed. The torque stood in its usual position.

But lovelier than usual. He had forgotten how large it was, how it glowed and curved like a snake, how its roughnesses intoxicated. He was alone with it at last and for the last time. It had been round his lover's neck once. The recollection made him go all faint. He swayed against it and found himself in his lover's arms. And he knew, without being told, that Euric, Euric the trickster, had lurked about the farm all day and hidden in the shadows to take him just like this, and he prepared to meet his former fate.

But things did not go as before. Euric was somehow different. He missed opportunities and failed to strike, and presently with an impatient grunt he flung himself face downwards on the basilica floor. The caprices of the barbarians are infinite, and this time he wanted to be raped.

Well, he should be and it wouldn't take long. The boy flung his garment off and mounted. Heaven opened and he rode like a devil, his head down, his heels in the air. *Itque reditque viam totiens*, as a pagan poet puts it, *destillat ab inguine virus*, and as it did so they fused. They had fused into a single monster such as trouble the vigils of saints. He would have withdrawn now but it was too late. Clamped by his lust, he was already half Goth, he felt heavings of laughter which became his own, they could talk without speaking, they never stopped loving, and presently they started to fly. They flew round and round the basilica and defiled it, they shot through its roof into the storm-torn night. There was a blinding lightning flash, and for one delirious moment he saw the farmyard beneath him and all the animals looking up. Then he fell through his own ceiling into his bed and awoke.

It had been a dream, and one for which he would have to do penance. But a dream so violent and warm that it must have been shared.

HE SAT UP and reflected. After all, Goths do sometimes fly. That much is common knowledge. Only last year one of them had haled up an old woman who was hoeing turnips and dropped her into a muck-heap. They cannot fly far—the inscrutable decrees of Providence prevent them. Still, the basilica could not be called far. He got out of his bed to look at it and so discovered that it was on fire.

The alarm had already been given. Slaves shouted, children screamed, a monk pulled a bell, his mother had been hit by the bough of a falling tree. A tempest was abroad, alternating thunder with spouts of rain, and someone had unfastened the gate of the farmyard, and the horses had got out and were going wild. He found his father and they tried to establish order. The basilica, they noted, was not exactly burning, it was flickering with intense luminosity. What really mattered was the increasing panic, which they had not the skill to control.

It was stilled by the arrival of Perpetua.

Clad all in white, she issued from her apartment, advanced majestically and said, "My people, what is amiss?" It was the first time she had called everyone her people. And when she saw the quivering basilica she exclaimed: "It is the Enemy, it is the unhallowed one. By what means he entered I know not, but I will destroy him."

"Save us," all the people cried.

"With God's help I will do so."

It was at this point that Marcian flung himself across her path and said, "Sister, desist." She heard him but did not reply. He was beneath her attention. "Sister, do not, oh I implore you do not," he went on. "I do not, I cannot speak but oh keep away from the place. It may be that seeds of devils—it cannot be, but do not risk it. I think I have dreamed, yet I may dream that I dreamt in which case the white-hot droppings—" as he said this the basilica's doors opened, and far within on the altar the torque showed scarlet. He cried: "Yes, there he is, there. We have been saved from him once—that is to say, you have and I do not signify. Let me save you again."

She paid no heed to such childishness but his last words annoyed her, and she permitted herself to say scornfully, "Save me, brother? You save *me*?" and went out intrepidly into the storm. There was a miraculous lull, and all could see her in the plenitude of her sanctitude and power. *Virgo victrix*, she continued her advance. She entered the basilica,

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and as she did so a thunderbolt fell and reduced it and her to ashes.

IT WAS THE END of the world, or so they all thought, and so the Bishop thought as soon as the state of the roads permitted him to return and investigate. He had always been suspicious of this farm and its inmates and now he ordered exorcism, but it came too late. There was nothing to exorcise. The place seemed equally dispossessed of good and of evil. He departed disconsolate, and a number of the religious followed him, leaving a spiritual void.

Only the animals remained unaffected by the catastrophe. They clucked and copulated as usual. And the fields revived after the rain and promised bumper crops. Marcian had to see to this. There was so much work to do that he had not the time to repent. He duly recognised in his spare moments that his impiety and lechery were to blame and might damn him eternally, and he duly mourned his distinguished sister and collected what could be found of her into an urn. But what a relief not to have her about! And what an economy to be free of her hangers-on! A few hermits remained, a few shrines of an earlier religion returned, no one disputed, no one denounced, and the farm began to prosper. Fortunately it lay out of the route of the barbarian invasions that devastated the rest of the province. It became a charmed spot, and Marcian became gay and happy as well as energetic, and no longer yearned nostalgically for the hills. Home sweet home was enough. His parents adored him, and he procured them a comfortable and amusing old age. His little sisters adored him, and in due time he took their virginities. He never saw Euric again but could always send him messages—any young Goth would accept one. And he gave the name of Euric to his favourite mare, whose stable he shared on dark nights, and upon whom at the heroic moment he could be seen thundering across the sky, clamped, necklaced in gold.

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Dozing

Sleep almost came
Like a tide
Merciful water flowing over me
My eyes were closing
But something in me resisted
Words returned to my mind
My mind or imagination
And in that tidal flow
Words washed up like pebbles
And I had to pick them up
I do not know why
Yet they seemed to have value
Value not of the precious gems
Diamonds, emeralds, rubies
But words flung up on a shore
At the edge of morning
On to the beach of my mind
And I have to write them down.

Elizabeth Jennings

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C. M. Bowra

Homer
& the Poetry of Action

WHAT COUNTS MOST in the Homeric poems is action. It awakes the responses through which we judge the poetry. To the range of these responses there is almost no limit. There is almost no human reaction which Homer did not translate into a concrete poetical form. The one of which he is a little sparing is laughter. This is applied abundantly to the gods, who laugh at each other and whose merriment is presumably shared by the poet's audience, especially in such full-scale episodes as the Deception of Zeus or the song of Demodocus on the love of Ares and Aphrodite. Among men this is much rarer. It is true that there is gentle fun in the exchange of armour between Glaucus and Diomedes (vi 235–6), where the generous impulse of Glaucus makes him give away his golden armour in exchange for the bronze armour of Diomedes, which is worth only a ninth of it. There are, too, outbursts of bitter laughter, as when the Achaeans laugh at the blow which Odysseus gives to Thersites with his sceptre (ii 270) or the frenzied laughter of the Suitors which Athene sends to them (20.346). But this is not humour, but derision and, as such, well fitted to the heroic temper in its wilder or angrier moods.

With this partial exception there is almost no human emotion which Homer does not present or which he does not arouse. His effect is the more powerful because it is direct, immediate and single. He may be compared first with other practitioners of oral heroic song, and we mark the enormous difference of range between him and not merely the author of the *Song of Roland* and the poets of the *Elder Edda* but the authors of *Gilgamesh* and *Beowulf*, to say nothing of Mongol or Tartar poets still or recently at work. These other poets have indeed moments of concentrated force and assertive power, but so has Homer; what they have not got is his wonderful range which seems to cover all human experience that is worth covering. Heroic poets are not expected to do this; their job is rather to catch certain high moments and concentrate on them. Homer has an effortless grasp of most elementary human states, and moves easily from one to another. Conversely, he may be compared, in quite a different respect, with those poets, writers of literary epic, who sought to imitate and rival and improve him.

Of these Virgil is first and foremost. Though he knew that he could never really rival Homer in his own field, he still tried to do something comparable, and attained at least a noble scope and dignity. He is hampered by his own contorted, conflicting, uncertain emotions and by his insecurity of belief and outlook. By trying to

AFTER *Sir Maurice Bowra's death (4 July 1971), an almost completed manuscript of a book on Homer was discovered among his papers. These pages are taken from this book which will shortly be published by Duckworth in London and Scribner's in New York. Sir Maurice was for 33 years Warden of Wadham College, Oxford, and among his works were: "The Creative Experiment" (1949), "The Heritage of Symbolism" (1943) and his autobiography "Memories, 1898–1939", as well as an anthology of classical Greek verse and one of modern Russian poetry. Line references in Roman and Arabic numerals refer to the "Iliad," in Arabic numerals alone to the "Odyssey."*

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believe more than he did he succeeded in believing less, and his vision of imperial Rome is much vaguer than Homer's vivid sense of heroic manhood. Homer would not have maintained his wonderful directness of approach if he had not sung to a listening audience and felt himself bound to make everything beautifully clear to it. Conversely, in exploiting a far wider range of themes than other heroic poets he may have been helped by the wealth and antiquity of the Greek poetical tradition, which accumulated stories over a long period, and reflected a generous taste for life because it was almost the only fine art that flourished in the dark ages after the collapse of the Mycenaean civilisation. A poet could take advantage of this and learn from it, but he would not have gained much if he had not possessed to a very high degree the imaginative insight and the creative understanding which turn human emotions into poetry.

IN DEPICTING the emotions at work Homer makes his audience share them and enter into the spirit of his characters. This happens so effortlessly that we hardly notice it, but the ease is largely due to Homer's concentration on a single mood and his subjection of everything to this. Thus the quarrel between Agamemnon and Achilles in Book i is a study in anger on both sides. Each hero is dominated by it because he thinks that he has been wounded in his honour, Agamemnon by having to give up Chryseis, Achilles by having Briseis taken from him. Anger flares through the book and takes vivid forms, from rabid abuse to thoughts of violence which come very near to action. In the exchange of insults the two heroes are well matched. We may not for the moment ask who has right on his side, and it is not till later that we see the case of Achilles. This is the authentic Homeric technique. The simple, powerful emotions promote swift and overwhelming action. The high temper displayed by the two heroes is self-destructive and leads to untold harm, but it can take other, less deadly forms, and in any case it is essential to the action on the battlefield, to the impetus which carries Hector or Patroclus, Diomedes or Sarpedon, on his unrelenting course. It sets the tone for the fiercest events, and everything follows naturally.

JUST AS IN HIS CONSTRUCTION of narrative Homer follows the rule of "one thing at a time", so this enforces on him a simplification and indeed a simplicity of poetical effect. Every episode has on the whole a single character, but once it is finished we may expect something quite different. Once his direction is set, he goes irresistibly ahead. So when Iris tells Achilles to appear at the trench and dismay the Trojans, she does it after scenes of lamentation and grief, but at this point Homer takes a new direction and the whole passage (xviii 202–31) is an astonishing display of what the mere appearance of Achilles can do. A fierce, heroic splendour shines in every line, and it is right and proper that at the sight twelve Trojan charioteers die of shock. So too, when Odysseus strings the bow, we are held in tense expectation, but the whole situation moves forward with increasing excitement as he first shoots an arrow down the line of the axes and then leaps upon the platform, throws off his rags, and announces his new task of vengeance. The tone is suddenly changed and then maintained for the new actions.

This concentration is applied to quite small matters, and does much to integrate them into the main poem. For instance in Book i the angry quarrel between Agamemnon and Achilles is interrupted by a description of the voyage in which Odysseus brings back Chryseis to her father (i 430–87). It tells the successive stages of the voyage, the landing, the welcome, the feast, and the departure. Each is factual and precise and brief, and the whole episode breaks for a few moments the violence of the quarrels behind it. It is quite wrong to think it an interpolation; it fulfils a need, and it does so by keeping its own quiet tone without a mistake. Rather more exciting but equally well maintained is the small episode in which Odysseus, drawing unknown near to the hut of Eumaeus, is attacked by the dogs and fortunately rescued by the swineherd. It is a sudden moment of excitement, admirably sustained, entirely true to Greek life, and an excellent introduction to Eumaeus. The different elements are fused into a single whole, which has a character different both from what precedes and from what succeeds it.

The direct movement of narrative is enriched by Homer's eye for the illuminating detail, the small touch which throws a vivid light on what happens. Thersites, for instance, makes only one appearance in the *Iliad*, but though it is short it is important because he embodies unheroic, even antiheroic qualities, and these are reflected in his appearance:

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> He was the ugliest man who came to Troy. He was bandy-legged and lame in one foot. His shoulders were bent and met over his chest. Above, he had an egg-shaped head, and on it sprouted some scanty hairs. (ii 216–19)

Such an appearance fits Thersites' character and behaviour and marks him out for contempt. A small but delightful touch comes from Menelaus when he tells how Helen walked round the Wooden Horse and addressed the Achaean leaders, imitating the voices of their wives (4.279). We can believe it of her, but it is told so simply that it takes a moment to see how illuminating it is. So too when a very unusual situation is in question, Homer makes sense of it by some deft stroke of insight. When Menelaus lies in wait for the sea-god Proteus, he and his companions hide by wrapping themselves in newly-flayed sealskins:

> "There would our lying-in-wait have been most horrible, for the deadly stink of the sea-bred seals wore us down terribly; for who would lie down to rest by a creature of the sea?" (4.441–3)

Fortunately they are saved by the goddess putting ambrosia under their nostrils—but the point has been made, and illustrates the unusual nature of the adventure.

SUCH SMALL TOUCHES may give a powerful reinforcement to some general effect which is intended. When Hector takes advantage of a lull in the battle to go into Troy, he finds his wife Andromache on the walls. They exchange touching and beautiful words about the dark prospects that face them, and then Hector turns to his small child Astyanax:

> After speaking, Hector reached out his arms for his child; but the child shrank back crying to the bosom of his deep-girdled nurse, frightened by the look of his dear father, afraid of his bronze helmet and its horse-hair plume, which he marked as it nodded terrible from the crest of the helmet. His dear father and his lady mother laughed. Then shining Hector took the helmet from his head, and set it, all glittering, on the ground. (vi 466–73)

This changes the tone, which is beginning to reach a tragic temper, and introduces the warmth of a young family, but the one rises out of the other, since the child is the token of the love of Hector and Andromache. The common, human touch adds to the grandeur and nobility of the occasion. So too when Achilles has tied the dead Hector to his chariot and is already dragging him round Troy, Andromache does not yet know what is happening. She is busy with her embroidery, and then she gives orders to her slaves to heat the water for Hector's bath when he comes back from battle (xxii 440–4). She then hears the sound of wailing, rushes out and sees the worst. The small domestic touches mark the gap between the life of a woman and the life of a man, and their juxtaposition shows how closely interwoven they are. At a less tragic level but deeply touching is the dog Argos, who recognises Odysseus after twenty years and then dies (17.326–7). He is the true and faithful servant who knows his master without any marks or signs, and suffers for his loyalty as he lies cast on the midden, neglected and full of ticks. These are an indication of his loyalty, and death is the right end at the right time.

IN THESE CASES, and in many others like them, a detail adds something highly individual and yet illuminating, and such details are more effective when they strengthen some display of emotion or affection. They are as necessary to the heroic outlook as any kind of prowess, for they provide the hero with a solid background and bind his friends to him. The *Iliad*, like other heroic poems, has its examples of heroic friendship, not only in Achilles and Patroclus but on the Trojan side in Sarpedon and Glaucus. These friendships find their chief outlet in war, where each friend helps the other, and if either is in trouble he calls for the other's help. So Sarpedon reminds Glaucus that they receive great honours in their own homeland, which they do not deserve if they fail to rise to the present challenge; so let them take the risk and advance to battle (xii 310–28). Later, when Sarpedon has been mortally wounded by Patroclus, he calls on his friend to look after his body and his armour after his death (xvi 492–501), and this Glaucus, with the help of the gods, does.

THE AFFECTION BETWEEN Achilles and Patroclus is more powerful and more tragic, since Achilles feels that he failed to save Patroclus (xviii 98–100). So long as Patroclus is alive Achilles treats him as an equal and shares his troubles with him. When Patroclus is deeply distressed by the disasters of the Achaeans, Achilles mocks him gently and compares him to a child running to its mother (xvi 7–11), but when he knows what the trouble is, he treats it seriously and not only lets Patroclus go to battle but lends him his own armour. The strength of his love for Patroclus is revealed when the latter is killed, and takes almost extravagant forms (xviii 23 ff.), so that Antilochus is afraid that Achilles will cut his throat from grief. Because Patroclus has been

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killed by Hector, Achilles is obsessed by a desire to kill Hector in return (xviii 114), but even this is not enough for him, and when he has killed Hector, his troubles are not finished.

These male affections are stronger and more demanding than affections between men and women. Since the woman is dependent on the man, she finds her fulfilment in him. Andromache's whole life is centred on Hector and their small child. Indeed they can hardly be otherwise; for her whole family has been killed by Achilles (vi 421–4), and her husband takes their place:

> "Hector, you are my father and my lady mother and my brother, and you are my sturdy husband." (vi 429–30)

In her love for him she foresees his death and knows that it means the end for herself and her child. Yet in this there is nothing mawkish. Andromache lives entirely for her duties as a wife and a mother, but she has her woman's honour which lies in her husband's prowess. She is still a very young woman, and her pathos is enhanced by it, but she is not pathetic in any cheap or commonplace way. She knows what the dangers are and she is ready to face them.

In this matter there is a great difference between Achilles and Hector. Even in battle it is noteworthy that while one of Hector's gifts is for rallying and inspiring his fellows, Achilles needs no support and fights alone. This reflects the great difference between their personal lives. Patroclus is deeply attached to Achilles, but hardly says so, and complains that he is not the son of Peleus and Thetis but of the sea and the rocks (xvi 33–5). Patroclus may even be said to die for Achilles in so far as his career in battle is caused by his shame at Achilles' abstention from it. But the ties between them are quite different from the steady, quiet devotion which bind Andromache and Hector. Nor is Thetis dependent on Achilles in any respect. She is deeply involved in his life, and feels his sorrows all the more because he is doomed to die young (i 415–18). This is about all the affection which Achilles inspires, and the contrast is complete with Hector, who is the mainstay not only of Andromache but of Priam, who sees in his death the end of Troy (xxii 410–11), of Hecuba, who loves him more than all her other children (xxiv 748), and of Helen, who is deeply conscious of his kindness to her (xxiv 761–75). In the scarcity of his human ties Achilles stands out more emphatically as a hero, while Hector is a little too human to be a hero of the highest class. Yet both are presented through the affections that they arouse in others or feel for them. It is not their only claim, but it is a background against which their other qualities show their worth. It is right that they should be pitted against each other, and each gains something by it.

In the study of Homeric affections Odysseus and Penelope have a special place. When we are introduced to them, they have been severed for twenty years, and after all this time Penelope cherishes his memory and breaks constantly into tears at the thought of him. She is convinced that he is dead, but such is her love for him that she clings to hope and trusts that every rumour of his survival may be true. She does not speak explicitly of her love for him. That is taken for granted, and yet, when he is at last restored to her, her inbred suspicion is strong and she hesitates before she accepts him. This is true to human nature, and after all he has been away for a very long time. On his side Odysseus is almost equally undemonstrative, but he reveals his true feelings to Calypso when, to no purpose, she hopes that he will stay with her, and he answers:

> "Lady goddess, be not angry with me in this way; I too know very well that wise Penelope is inferior to you in looks and figure for the eyes to see; for she is a mortal woman, and you are immortal and free from old age. But even so I wish and hope all my days to go home and see the day of my return." (5.215–20)

When at the end of a long story husband and wife are alone together they pick up an old intimacy and Penelope cannot take her arms off her husband (23.240). This decorous, lasting affection does not touch us very deeply, and we cannot but compare it with the love which Odysseus' mother, Anticlea, feels for him, and which we hear of when he calls up her ghost at the end of the world. He asks her what brought her death, and she answers:

> "The far-seeing shooter of arrows did not come upon me in my chambers or kill me with her gentle shafts, nor did any sickness attack me, such as most often takes away life from the limbs with hideous wasting. But it was longing for you and for your ways, glorious Odysseus, and for your gentleness of heart, that took away life from my limbs." (11.197–203)

This is the most direct and most powerful outburst of affection in Homer, and it illustrates how his concentration on a single mood gives a uniquely dramatic power.

WHEN HOMER HAS EXPLOITED a single mood or tone, he changes to another, and this too is done simply but conclusively. The most complex case is in Book ix when an embassy

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comes to Achilles to make amends for Agamemnon and to ask him to relent, but he refuses and they go away unsuccessful. Inside this main plan of failure Homer marks three stages and each makes a dramatic surprise. At 357 ff. Achilles announces that he will sail away on the morrow; at 618 ff. that he will sail away in the morning; at 650–3 that he will join battle when Hector reaches the ships of the Myrmidons. Though for the moment these amount to a refusal, in the long run they mark stages towards the still distant moment when Achilles will return to battle. The change is deftly and delicately presented, and each section has its own character. So too in the exploits of Patroclus there is a marked variation of tone and effect. In the first stage he carries all before him (xvi 278–675). Then Apollo opposes him, and the mood changes to uncertainty, doubt, and alarm, until finally Patroclus is wounded and disarmed and killed (xvi 676–861). The two phases are quite distinct; each has its own marked character, the first working through the thrills of a victorious progress, the second through a sense of forthcoming failure and defeat.

The emotions which Homer shows at work are those of living beings, human or divine or animal. In the last class are the horse of Achilles and the dog of Odysseus, both deeply concerned with their masters and each showing it in his own way, the horse by speaking in a human voice, the dog by wagging its tail and dying. The gods are close to us because they are like human beings. They are vastly more powerful and do what men cannot possibly do, but this somehow enhances their likeness and makes us treat them as we would men who are not doomed to die. They have distinct personalities and move in their own right. Each of the three goddesses, Athene, Hera and Aphrodite, is moved by proper pride, as heroes are, and pursues her enemies without qualm. But the gods are brought closer to men in other, more interesting ways. First, they have their human children. Aphrodite is the mother of Aeneas, and protects him in battle; Zeus is the father of Sarpedon and would protect him if it were possible. Though they themselves cannot really be hurt, the gods can be wounded in their affections when their children suffer. Secondly, the gods have their human attachment. We have seen how strong is Athene's for Odysseus, but in a different way Aphrodite's care for Paris is hardly less strong, though less friendly and intimate. Because he gave her the prize of beauty, she gives him Helen, and both saves him from death in the duel with Menelaus and consoles him by forcing Helen to do what he wishes. The affections of the gods do not touch us very deeply but make the gods more likeable. It is the other side of their hatreds, of the injured pride which compels them to maintain unceasing hostility to those who have in some sense dishonoured them. That is why Athene and Hera fight on the other side to Aphrodite, why Poseidon harries Odysseus for blinding Polyphemus and hates Troy because he was cheated by Laomedon (xxi 443 ff.).

BY GIVING HUMAN TRAITS to his gods and his animals Homer unifies his approach to his complex subject, and this attitude helps to explain his intention in composition. . . . But there is no reason to think that Homer himself created types of manhood for imitation or even as warnings. His personalities derive their being from his passionate interest in them, and this itself may well have been fostered by a tradition which rejoiced in the glorious doings of men.

This is the central spring of his power and if incidentally he inspires or instructs, it is because he believes so strongly in the reality and worth of certain human qualities. No doubt he composes poetry because he must, and that is explanation enough.

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Bombsters

BELFAST: *Passing in front of the prison where she spent four months in 1970, Bernadette Devlin, M.P., says: "One day we decided to throw a tear-gas bomb in the House of Commons, which could cost 10 years of prison to whoever did it. A young boy, who had only three more months to live, volunteered. Then I was sent to jail for other reasons, but I lived all the time for the* coup. *One morning I got a telegram 'Fergus Dead.' The prison manager seeing my distress thought it was a relative; he gave me strong tea with sugar and exempted me from work all day. He didn't know I was crying because Fergus died one week too early to throw the bomb."*

THE TIMES

BONN: **A car belonging to a West German judge investigating the activities of a violent group of anarchists was wrecked by an explosion today.**

Judge Wolfgang Buddenberg, aged 60, would normally have been in the car at the time. As it was, he had gone independently to his office in the federal court in Karlsruhe to start work early.

His wife, Frau Gerda Buddenberg, set off the bomb by turning the ignition key. She received a foot wound and suffered shock.

Judge Buddenberg is at present involved in investigating the activities of the "Baader-Meinhof group", which started as an anarchist political club and then turned to violent crime, including bank robberies and battles with the police.

The blast is the fourth serious explosion in West Germany in five days. On Thursday a United States Army officers' club in Frankfurt was the scene of an explosion which killed a colonel and injured 13 other people.

On Friday two bombs went off in Augsburg police headquarters, injuring several policemen, and on the same day another bomb wrecked the Bavarian criminal police headquarters in Munich, 25 miles away. There were no fatalities.

THE TIMES

KARLSRUHE: *Meanwhile, a group calling itself the Red Army Faction today claimed responsibility for the attack on the U.S. military compound.*

A letter sent to the German press agency DPA in Munich said that the bombings were in reaction to the "bomb-blockade of the U.S. imperialists against North Vietnam." The letter demanded an end to the blockade and bombings and the immediate withdrawal of all U.S. forces from Indochina.

The letter identified the bombers as belonging to the Red Army Faction's Commando Petra Schelm. Petra Schelm was slain by police gunfire last year as authorities searched for members of the so-called Baader-Meinhof Group.

INTERNATIONAL HERALD TRIBUNE

MILAN: **Two huge clandestine dumps of arms and ammunition, believed to belong to a terrorist left-wing organization named the Red Brigade, were reported found today.**

The Milan police were said to have discovered them during searches carried out as part of the investigation into the death of Signor Giangiacomo Feltrinelli, the wealthy left-wing publisher found dead close to an electricity pylon on the outskirts of Milan on March 15.

The dumps contained dynamite and other explosives, ammunition, a sub-machine-gun, rifles, pistols, mines, bomb timers, forged car number plates, rubber stamps and other material used to forge documents, handcuffs, and a portable radio set.

The first dump was found in a cellar of an empty former wine shop in via Boiardo. There was a wooden cell there with padded walls, presumably destined for prisoners. In the cell there was a microphone connected to a recorder outside.

This led the police to the discovery of the second dump in the cellar of the house on via Delfico. More arms and ammunition and a number of documents were found. These included a passport in the name of Signor Feltrinelli, copies of the photograph attached to the forged passport in the name of Vincenzo Maggioni that had been found on the publisher's body, and copies of another photograph showing the "trial" of Signor Idalgo Macchiarini, a manager of Siemens.

Signor Macchiarini was kidnapped on March 3 by the Red Brigade, tried as an "enemy of the people", photographed with a pistol pointed at his head and then released.

THE TIMES

SAN JOSE, CAL.: *Three letters from Angela Davis to Soledad Brother George Jackson introduced at her trial last week provided some revealing glimpses into Miss Davis' feelings towards Jackson and her thoughts on the revolutionary role of black women.*

"My love—your love—reinforces my fighting instincts; it tells me to go to war . . . we too must pick up the sword. Only a fighting woman can guide her son in the warrior direction. . . . In Cuba last summer I saw some very beautiful Vietnamese warriors—all female. . . . I saw women patrolling the streets with rifles on their backs—defending the revolution. . . .

"The night after I saw you in court, for the first time in months, I dreamt. . . . We were together, fighting pigs, winning. We were learning to know each other. . . .

"For the Black Female, the solution is not to become less aggressive, not to lay down the gun, but

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to learn how to set the sights correctly, aim accurately, squeeze rather than jerk, and not be overcome by the damage. We have to learn how to rejoice when pig's blood is spilled.

". . . if we are serious about our commitment—if I am serious about my love for you, about Black people, I should be ready to go all the way. I am."

NEWSWEEK

LONDON: **Somehow, in recent years [writes Clive James, a BBC broadcaster], past all the glottal barriers one tries to erect against the passage of trendy pabulum, I've been swallowing the notion that equality for the American blacks could only come on the day when Panther commandos flew a B52 strike against NAACP headquarters.**

THE LISTENER

TOKYO: *Fifteen self-styled revolutionaries, including six girls, were indicted today for the execution of 12 colleagues in a bizarre case of ideological differences and illicit sex. The victims, including several girls, were mostly tortured, stabbed or strangled. All the 15 are said to be members of an urban guerrilla group known as the Rengo Sekigun (Unified Red Army).*

Last November, as police cracked down on extremists in the cities, 29 members of the group fled to the mountains. There they moved from hideout to hideout in the snow-covered mountain ranges.

According to the indictments, the 12 victims were executed over a period of several weeks earlier this year during an ideological dispute. Some were accused by colleagues of opposing the leadership, who favoured an overthrow of the Japanese Government by violence. Others, including several girls, were accused of illicit sex relations—permitted only for officers of the group.

Police found the naked bodies of the victims buried in scattered graves around Maebashi. Survivors described midnight kangaroo courts at which the victim was beaten into confessing, tortured for several days, then murdered.

The Rengo Sekigun was formed last year by an amalgamation of two left-wing groups. One, the Red Army, was responsible for the hijacking of an airliner to North Korea in 1970. The nine hijackers are still in Pyongyang, the North Korean capital, studying revolutionary theory.

REUTER

Melvin J. Lasky

Lady on the Barricades

1. Margit

THESE are the kind of accidents that sow so much confusion in the history of ideas. The day I arrived in Munich from what I fancifully think of as Rousseau's Geneva the trial had just begun of a sunny young kindergarten teacher who, with the help of two teen-agers, armed with pistols and automatic weapons, had robbed a local bank of some fifty thousand marks. Why had she done it? Surely not for herself and her accomplices: that would be reprehensible bourgeois greed. It was for the children. All, perhaps, for *Emile*: for the hope of a good and innocent life, divorced —if need be, by force and violence—from the impurities of a corrupted society.

It could be that women are more susceptible than men to the peculiar seductiveness of this call, or at least appear to offer a more moving symbolism for those who would be led by this kindly light. Mother Earth herself, or one of her daughters, seems to be calling. Her full right breast exposed, as in Delacroix, Marianne angrily climbs on to the barricades.

For 30-year-old Margit Czenki the barricade at the moment happened to be the cashier's grille in the Bavarian *Hypotheken- und Wechselbank*. Although the job was done with dispatch and no one was hurt (one of the boys fired a shot in fright, as he stumbled), it was only a matter of weeks before the gang was tracked down and picked up. Margit, innocent of society's encumbrances to the last, was arrested in the cellar flat of one of the other boys, quite naked (*"nackt wie Gott sie schuf,"* as *Oberkriminalrat* Schmidt pedantically reported, before listing the details of her Walther pistol and the rest of the arsenal).

During the trial in Munich Margit Czenki, a smiling blue-jeaned blonde, introduced a note of gaiety into the proceedings to which not even the judge of the 16th *Strafkammer* was immune. Before sentencing her to six-and-a-half years (and her boy-friend to eight) he took into consideration the kindly self-sacrificing work she had contributed to various children's institutions. Still, as he remarked in a rare burst of German judicial humour, the bank robbery could not be quite accepted as a subscription drive to help handicapped infants in a new kindergarten. The court had heard the story of her desperate idealism.

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The *"anti-autoritäre Kinderläden"* she had established were making their mark towards "a new and higher consciousness", but the trouble was that all her children came only from middle-class homes! Where was the working class, where the babies of the oppressed proletariat who needed her most? If only they had a little more cash . . . .

NO, IT WAS NOT all Rousseau, there was also Marx and Lenin, Guevara and Marighella, and not a little bit of Christ. From Marx she learned that all the wealth of society had been expropriated from the working class, and so robbing a bank was only one way of returning the money to its proper source. From Lenin she had learned that the militant cadres were the *avant-garde* of the revolution, and she must have been puzzled by the nasty questions put to her about where all the money had gone and the scepticism of the court as to the legitimacy of her role as a self-appointed cashier of the proletariat. She and her friends had also pored over the fragments from Latin American guerrilla heroes. Marighella's text had given them the technique of preparing a proper revolutionary hold-up (and when I returned to London I rushed over to Collet's to get a copy and was pleased to find that Penguin, concerned as always for our intellectual enlightenment, had put out a handy edition, available everywhere at 35 p.: beg, borrow, or steal it if you can).

One other ingredient. You must add to all this a jigger of the casuistry which is proving to be the lasting philosophical contribution of Dr Marcuse. We are all Jesuits now.[1] Margit did not steal the get-away automobiles, she only borrowed them. Her weapons were not for illegitimate violence, but merely for legitimate counter-violence. Just as for Dr Marcuse liberal tolerance is really repressive intolerance—and for Father Berrigan a detailed discussion of the possible kidnapping of Henry Kissinger something quite different from a plan to do so—and for Angela Davis an armed jail-break is a necessary, right, and beautiful thing to do, but not necessarily a deed which even she, as a dedicated revolutionary, could be remotely suspected of having anything to do with—just so was for Margit Czenki her arsenal an armoury for peace. The guns were merely a "deterrent", and the gang's arduous course of target-practice was only just-in-case. The formula was aphoristic and would look good floating on any red flag: *"Wir müssen das Gewehr in die Hand nehmen, um das Gewehr abzuschaffen* (we must take arms in order to abolish all armament)." This was obviously a War to End All Wars, and who knows, perhaps Herbert Marcuse is less responsible for that noble piece of dialectic than Woodrow Wilson. In that holy war—and Freud suspected that Wilson's devotion to it lay in the apocalyptic temper of a Protestant pastor's pious son—supreme sacrifices had to be made. If it was blood, it was only watering the tree of liberty. If it was killing, it was no murder. The words are familiar and the phrases are famous: they have watered for centuries the graveyards of history. The notebooks of Margit and her friends shared in the great tradition, even if the folksy vocabulary of our own day reduces the inner calling to something like this: "Kill the pigs, one after the other . . ." or to the cry *"Es lebe die RAF!"* (by which Margit, embracing her sentenced comrade with one arm and raising a clenched fist with the other, meant a salute to the Red Army Fraction which was to mount the final offensive for the victory of the faithful). In a somewhat more inspired moment they devised the following formula: *"Rache, Kampf, Mut, Sieg, Liebe"* (Revenge, Struggle, Courage, Victory, Love).

If this sounds more like Alfred Rosenberg than J.-J. Rousseau, we must not forget (as even the Bavarian court did not) that Margit was doing it all for the good of mankind. Exploitation had to be abolished (and the stolen money was only to be spent on political work which would—ultimately—do away with "starvation wages"). Man (and, obviously, Woman) needed to be vindicated after a thousand years of injustice. Youth had to fight with valour on behalf of the great victory of humanity. What would not be justified for so enlightened a cause? As for love, which for the moment was precious little in evidence, it would be all for the children. Margit was only touching here on a deep complex of Mother Earthiness in modern ideology. Since

[1] I am probably doing an injustice to the intellectual capacities of Loyola's order, but I mean it only as a short-hand denotation of the Orwellian–*1984* dialectic ("Hate Is Love") which has these days reached out to seize even the otherwise pragmatic, logic-chopping, nonsense-smashing minds of certain English philosophers.

One distinguished Oxford philosopher argued not so long ago in the *New York Review of Books* that what seemed to be "irrational excesses" in the militant-protest movement were not such at all, for (in the first place) so-called excesses in a struggle against unmitigated evil are really, on balance, a form of moderation; and (in the second place) irrationalism against an irrational society must be construed as a species of higher reason.

Quick to respond to the latest ideological trend, a well-known London philosopher and fashionable aesthetician developed the casuistry one step further in a recent number of *The Listener*. The charge of violence is, basically, only an *ad hominem* argument of the truly violent ones against those who would strike a blow on behalf of gentleness and other very kindly emotions.

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no one, or hardly any one, ever wants nowadays to die for King or God or Country, it is only for the Future that one can in good conscience lay down one's life: for the future of humanity, for your children's children (in Stalin's famous rationale), for generations as yet unborn.

One wonders how far, spiritually, Margit had really come. As she told the court, she had in the past always been a pious little girl. She was educated in a convent school, and prayed every day for *"die arme Heidenkinder"* (the poor heathen children). She was "a terribly devout lamb" and wanted so much to become a nun. Then one day she simply had enough, more than enough, of *"das liebe Jesulein"*, and blinded by a brilliant light took the new path of Marx and Marighella. It is surely not the first time in the history of dogma that a true believer moved from faith to faith with only a change in the lilt of the litany.

AT ONE POINT in the trial Margit had been closely questioned about the exact nature of her motives and purposes. Did she really think that on the glory road to Paradise, or to Utopia, heavy weapons were the appropriate baggage? Margit was pedantically quick. None of her weapons, and she gave the particulars like an ordnance expert, could be described as heavy. The Prosecutor hastily conceded that she, alas, knew more about such things than he did, but pressed on as to why she had planned the crime—enlisted two under-age youngsters, armed them with lethal instruments—and proceeded to steal a small fortune of other people's money. Margit's reply was a simple, safe, and sound formula from her new catechism:

> *"To strike a blow for the socialisation of the means of production and distribution!"*

The Judge registered all this with the general Munich weariness in the windy season of the *Föhn*, as if he thought this was worse than a crime, it was a cliché.

2. Diana

CLICHÉ or not, surely nothing like this—neither in its Teutonic seriousness, nor even in conventional literacy—inspired Diana Oughton to make her ghastly sacrifice for the cause. What *idées fixes* led her to the cellar of the town house in Greenwich Village? There, together with some Weathermen comrades, she fiddled with a bomb which accidentally went off and left no trace of her except for a fragment of a finger (the print of which the F.B.I. promptly identified).

On my last visit to New York I turned left from Fifth Avenue, as I used to when I lived on the street for a while as a student, and looked at the ruin at 18 West 11th Street. Diana's explosives had completely wrecked the building. But upstairs, on what had probably been the third floor, one could still make out the charred and twisted remains of books on a library shelf, clinging to the burned bricks of the neighbouring wall. Who had been the reader in the house, and had the little band of revolutionaries—Cathy Wilkerson, Ted Gold, Kathy Boudin, among unidentified others—also devoted themselves to perusing the sacred texts of revolution?

Hardly likely. Diana's biographer[2] frequently refers to long all-night sessions devoted to "revolutionary theory" in which these agitated young Americans worked out their programme to overthrow an intolerable society and its vicious "System." But it is difficult to find a notion, or even a phrase, which might with a stretch of the philosophical imagination be associated with the recognisable tradition of social and political theory from, say, Plato to Bertrand Russell. Their "thinking and style" are said to have been captured at a conference in Cleveland in the summer of 1969. Diana was there together with Bill Ayers. Ayers is now hiding from the police in the Weathermen underground, but he was then an *SDS* leader (and Diana's fiancé until they both suddenly discovered that marriage was a bourgeois institution and, hence, basically incompatible with their new life- and love-style). This is how Bill Ayers put it in his reply to the "mushy" critics, to "the running dogs" of other radical movements who had been denouncing their mindless adventurism:

> . . . to judge our actions by what those fucking people have to say about them is crazy. We have to go to the people and see what they have to say about the actions. Anybody who has been out to a high school or to a drive-in, to a community college in an aggressive and assertive way knows that the people out there loved the fucking action and thought it was out of sight.

In an additional burst of political acumen he went on to make an important distinction in his campaign against the "defeatists":

> It's not so much that these people as individuals, as people have to be smashed or destroyed or anything like that, it's that those ideas, those tendencies, those notions have to be totally discredited, smashed and destroyed. . . . They won't understand if we sit and talk about it, they'll only understand if we smash their ideas.

He never quite got around to specifying exactly what those idea-smashing instruments were to be,

[2] Thomas Powers, *Diana: The Making of a Terrorist* (Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1971).

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and how they were to be totally wielded; but there was no reason to despair and he and Diana Oughton and Bernardine Dohrn and the others were much encouraged by the latest news from their battle-front:

> At the Metro Beach action Motor City *SDS* got into a fight with a gang. But a week later the gang sent a message that they sure did dig beating up *SDS* but they also dig going to Chicago to beat up some pigs.

THERE WAS ONE rather more obscure reference—to something called "the Mellen-Hegel formula"—and it seemed to me to be worth pursuing, although only a Leo Strauss might be competent enough to deal with its secret metaphysical sources. I gather from James Michener's account of the tragic affair at Kent State[3] that one of the influential young men there was a student named Jim Mellen. His idea-smashing contribution to revolutionary theory was a single sentence which sounded so Hegelian—"*Freedom is the recognition of necessity!*"—that it earned him his curious sobriquet in the movement. By means of "the Mellen-Hegel formula" the movement was henceforth able to transcend every inner difficulty. No matter how distasteful the task, it became a free and liberating thing to do if it was pronounced to be *necessary*. It was a kind of self-fulfilling self-destruction. Diana had to surrender to the movement the whole of her small fortune given to her by her amiable millionaire father from Ohio; she swallowed hard, but felt good about it. Married couples had to separate (down with bourgeois hang-ups!); shy young men had to sleep with boys (good toughening-up training for possible long years in a prison cell); comrades with tender stomachs had to learn to feed on cats and rats (it won't always be convenient to go down to the local hamburger joint). "Mellen-Hegel" worked like magic. If you gotta do it, then do it, and then the vibes are just great. I once watched a small riot of theirs in Michigan, and if their bodies moved like urban guerrillas their souls suffered like desert fathers.

Yet the clue to Diana's world lies less in the scraps and crumbs of old traditional or bourgeois ratiocination than in the uncanny colour and force of the expletives, the proud and desperate and endless flow of American-style obscenity. It is foolish of me, and doubtless more than a little sentimental, to look for ideas. Search as one will, is there anything at all there that a Marx or a Lenin would have comprehended? Perhaps Jim Mellen, in his underground refuge, may, like young Trotsky in Siberia (or even young Stalin), come up with a new gloss on his Hegelian formula. There was dialectical promise in him. At one of the great student rallies of 1969 (and Diana raced from one to the other trying to learn "where it's at" and hoping to "get it together") Mellen said:

> I know there are some pigs out there who still think we should occupy Viet Nam. And there are some pigs out there who still think they can go into the ghettos and push people around. Well, what we're telling you is that you can't do it any more. We are no longer asking you to come and help us make a revolution. We're telling you that the revolution has begun, and the only choice you have to make is which side you're on. *And we're also telling you that if you get in the way of the revolution, it's going to run right over you!*

This wasn't too bad for a Midwest Hegelian from the sticks: *Die Weltgeschichte ist das Weltgericht*, translated into terms every hit-and-run driver could comprehend. He once went so far as to try his hand in one of their journals—what else could it have been called but *Fire*?—at a critical exercise of certain "highly technical errors in ideology and practice." The argument was rejected under the headline: "PRINCIPLES, SCHMINCIPLES." The simple reply read: "Blah, blah, blah."

HAS ENOUGH ATTENTION been paid to the flight from language among the young revolutionaries? No word longer than four letters seems to be capable of carrying the delicacy of expressive meaning they want so much to communicate. Consider the basic vocabulary, which can be mastered in a very few minutes and which (if it isn't, as we go to press, already *passé*) would qualify any four-letter man for greater things.

1. *Wild.* Never to be used in a sentence or without an exclamation point. Right-on denotation of approval for the progressive excesses of the noble savage. *Cf.* Bernardine Dohrn on the murders of the Charles Manson family: "Dig it! First they killed those pigs, then they ate dinner in the same room with them, then they even shoved a fork into a victim's stomach. Wild!"

2. *Kill.* Not, at least in black usage, to be confused with murder (or, in IRA usage, with execution). Preferred by white university graduates to older square forms, *e.g.* purge (F.D.R., 1935, "purging the Supreme Court"), liquidation (Stal. 1936–38), *épuration* (F.F.I., 1944–45), *erledigen* (Hitl., 1933–45), *umfunktionieren* (Dutschke, 1968). *Cf.* Bill Ayers:

> ... Ayers was asked what the Weatherman program was.
>
> "Kill all the rich people," he answered. "Break up their cars and apartments."
>
> "But aren't your parents rich?" he was asked. [Ayers's father is a Chicago corporation president and a university trustee at Northwestern.]
>
> "Yeah," Ayers said. "Bring the revolution home, kill your parents, that's where it's really at."

3. *Kick.* Originally of harmless denotation, as

[3] James Michener, *Kent State: What Happened and Why* (Random House, New York, and Secker & Warburg, London, 1971).

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in *alive and kicking* and *kick-off time* (Saturday, 2.30 p.m., in every U.S. university football stadium). Reinvigorated as in Weatherman instructions for "kick-ass street battles with the police." Has more punch when used not as sociological adjective but as political verb, as in the Motor City *SDS* resolution in July 1969: "We're not going to Chicago to get our ass kicked, we're going to kick ass."

4. *Bull.* Obs. polite term, now only to be used in combination with "-shit", and only in decisive stages of a serious argument, as in Mark Rudd's famous peroration at Columbia University: "Intellectual bullshit!" Exclusively used by urban middle-class types who have no notion of its agronomic value on a well-run farm, and by male chauvinists who persistently overlook the defecatory powers of the female of the species. Felt by voluble revolutionary intellectuals to be the most convincing final term in disputation since the discovery of the syllogism and *Q.E.D.*

5. *Fart.* To be preferred when more excremental weapons have to be held back for later counter-attack. As in the Michigan Jesse James gang's offensive against liberal educational reformers: "a polite inoffensive fart in the drawing-room of the university."

6. *Ball.* Obs. in its pleasurable connotations, as in "having a ball", and vicious in its nostalgia for aristocratic hedonism (Verdi, *Ballo in Maschera*). Unmasked, to be used only in the plural (and with emphasis: "Balls!") either as mild alternative tactic for "b— s—" (see above), or as the military target of the day. *Viz.,* Bill Ayers to Diana Oughton: "We are tired of tip-toeing up to society and asking for reform. We're ready to kick it in the balls."

7. *Fuck.* Obs. as vulg. for intercourse. To be used only in Australian style, *i.e.* steady adj. qualifier giving each sentence added rhythm or length. Preferably, as the ultimate rhetorical weapon: "Up against the Wall, Mother-fuckers!" which, mistakenly, gave the first great Columbia revolt an air of Greek tragedy. "M——— f——" is not to be confounded with incestuous Oedipal implications. In black usage, a schizoid term of revilement against one's own white father or grandfather (*cf.* genealogical table of Angela Davis, Malcolm X, Michael X, Stokely Carmichael). In white academic usage, a consequence of the literary amnesia following on from the abolition of classical studies. Not yet subject to interdiction by Women's Lib lexicographers, but see Germaine Greer for possible alternatives. (*Cf.* her debate with N. Mailer, Town Hall, NYC, May 1971, esp. her transitive variations of female endings on the conjugation of the manly verb to f——.) Careful reading of Kate Millett's *Sexual Politics* suggests that progressive research into Amazon literature and graffiti, might reveal the liberating concept of father-f——er, the much-needed equalizer.

DIANA OUGHTON, not unlike Margit Czenki, was devoted to children, but with a childishness of her own which verged on ideological temper tantrums. After Bryn Mawr, she went to Germany, and then to Guatemala, and then to Ann Arbor to teach in the "permissive" Children's Community School on Hill Street. If it was Tuesday, it was Che; if Friday, then A. S. Neill. But if the tots were "allowed to do what they liked when they liked", how and when would they get around to learning the alphabet? Some parents became concerned, but Diana only wondered "if learning the alphabet was really all that important. . . ." The Negro families seceded. For Diana, as for Margit, trying to help mankind was a bitter trial. The one wanted the proletariat, and got only the middle classes (oh, if Bavaria only had a race problem!); the other wanted the blacks and got only the whites. As her biographer puts it, "Bill and Diana were committed to helping the black children, but rejected the terms on which the black parents wanted their children to be helped. . . ."[4] They always wanted it their own way, it being the only way they knew, and they clung touchingly to the petulance of arrested adolescence. One anecdote in *Diana: the Making of a Terrorist* could come right out of (or go right into) a case-study in Dr Bruno Bettelheim's clinic. Diana had run into a Bryn Mawr classmate named Linda Solomon and they drove out together to Chicago's O'Hare airport. Diana, who was flying back to Detroit, told Linda she had a Youth Card so she would have to pay only half-fare.

"Have you got one?" she asked.

"A youth card?" Linda said. "Diana, I'm twenty-eight years old. I'm a mother. What would I be doing with a youth card? . . . "

[4] "She rejected a system which denied its benefits to some of its citizens, but at the same time refused to admit the alleged benefits were truly worth having. Thus she was always opposed to those she most wanted to help, since they were the most eager for the things she most detested." (Powers, p. 72).

This ambivalence led them darkly into the acceptance of "the greater evil", as in the formula of Ted Gold (who died with Diana in the bomb explosion), "Well, if we have to have fascism, then we'll have fascism. . . ."

Even in their little errors of literary ignorance there was a tragic shadow. One famous revolutionary call was to live like Captain Ahab in *Moby Dick*, "with one thought: to bring down the white whale." But in the end it was Ahab, not the whale, who was destroyed.

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The deeper disorientation came from their taking half-fares on everything. They all had a semi-intellectual youth card which entitled them to a *Weltanschauung* on the cheap, a smattering of Marx and Freud, a dog-eared mimeographed pamphlet by Trotsky, two-and-a-half slogans from Wilhelm Reich and Theodore Reik, a paper back by R. D. Laing, and (now that Pestalozzi was dead) a Xerox-copy of a seminal chapter from A. S. Neill. Out of this rag-tag-and-bobtail sub-culture, sanctioned by their friendly neighbourhood psychiatrist, blessed by the stage army of defrocked priests and pastors, defended by jurists weary of the law, and cheered on by ageing intellectuals and poets longing for lost puberty, they went on to the ultimate four-letter obscenity: the Bomb. I think one long and dreadful passage in Thomas Powers' not unsympathetic biography of Diana is worth quoting as a chilling description of what David Holbrook, in his essay on Laing, has called the Death Circuit.

> . . . life in the collectives took on a frenzied, brutal, savage air as the Weathermen tried to root out their fear of violence, their sexual inhibitions, their sense of themselves as individuals and all their "bourgeois hangups" about privacy, cleanliness, politeness, tolerance and humor.
>
> Weathermen felt that movement people had failed in the past because they were not totally dedicated to the revolution. They intended to exorcise every error in thinking, feeling or behavior: CRITICISM – SELF CRITICISM – TRANSFORMATION. In practice this meant long meetings in which individuals would analyze themselves for deviation from correct thinking or from mistakes in their practice. The self-criticism would be followed by criticism of the individual by the group, an often cruel process. On the basis of criticism and self-criticism the individual was expected to transform himself.
>
> The purpose of this self-transformation was to end their sense of themselves as private individuals with private lives, and to make themselves into "tools of the revolution." Every action, every thought, every word was to be judged only by its political utility: POLITICS IN COMMAND. Every personal resource, spiritual, physical and financial, was to be devoted to the cause: EVERYTHING FOR THE REVOLUTION.
>
> Daily life in the communes centered on criticism sessions, karate, and rifle practice, and political actions designed to sharpen the members' ability to behave as a coherent group. In practice EVERYTHING FOR THE REVOLUTION meant nothing for anything else. As a result, the collectives turned into foul sties where beds went unmade, food rotted on unwashed plates, toilets jammed, dirty clothes piled up in corners.
>
> The emotional atmosphere inside the collectives, barricaded behind windows covered with chicken wire (to keep out bombs) and double-locked doors (to keep out police), was savage and neurotic. On one occasion Diana's collective killed, cooked and ate a tomcat. On another they went on a tombstone-smashing rampage through a local graveyard.

[5] Powers, *Diana*, pp. 143–45.

For all its vaunted brand-newness, it was a vision of hell with a kind of Dantesque medievalism. It became a wriggling snake-pit of cruelty which would have enthralled the noble Marquis.

> The smashing of monogamy meant, in practice, communal sexual relations. In some instances homosexuality and lesbianism were involved, occasionally by order of the collective when it was thought that an individual was not being honest about latent sexual tendencies. Some collectives even planned to raise money by prostitution, both male and female.
>
> Most of the time alcohol, tobacco and drugs were forbidden, but during one period collectives took LSD together, but on direct orders from the Weather Bureau in Chicago, for the double purpose of breaking down their old sense of themselves as individuals (an effect often reported by LSD converts) and of weeding out suspected police informers.
>
> Every expenditure was a matter for group decision and Diana's dividend checks went into the common fund, as did all other monies. Collectives imposed foodless days on themselves when they needed to save money for bail or other purposes. Sometimes they stayed awake for two- and three-day periods in order to discipline themselves for the hardships they would face as members of the Red Army.
>
> Inside the collectives the Weathermen were cruel to themselves and each other. Hurt feelings and smouldering grudges poisoned the atmosphere. Suffering themselves, people tended to attack each other with increasing violence. Individuals were sometimes attacked so brutally in group criticism sessions they were left whimpering and speechless. Individuals who seemed to hold back some part of themselves were subject to harsh psychological assault; if they persisted they were sometimes purged. Everyone was overtired and underfed, nervous and fearful. People became stiff and unnatural, afraid they would be attacked for the slightest error, a deliberate process which sometimes hid a desire literally to *destroy*. . . .[5]

And destroy they did—themselves. It was on 6 March 1970 that the two fifty-pound cases of dynamite, incompetently being prepared for the next wave of Weatherman bombings, exploded in the cellar of the house on West 11th Street. Diana Oughton was 28. Her great-grandfather had founded the Boy Scouts of America. Among her favourite books were *Catcher in the Rye* and *Lord of the Flies*. Her school-girl maxims had been: "Function in disaster" and "Finish in style."

3. Théroigne

THEY disorder these things better in France, and always have, or at least since 1789. When the great revolution broke out into its first, mild, admirably constitutional stage, Théroigne de Méricourt was a happy and busy Paris courtesan, with rich suitors in England and Italy, and a pleasant little singing voice which she had tried

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out ambitiously in London.[6] Farewell to all that! Neither her peasant girl's longing for riches and luxury, nor her convent school's sinful dream of cosmopolitan culture could prevail against a greater love whose time had come. Or as Lamartine nicely put it (knowing the feeling so well himself), "she could no longer exist without the feverish excitement of public emotion."

Lamartine had mixed feelings about Théroigne. The poet adored her, but the politician tried to remain cool. "Youth, love, revenge," he wrote, "and the contact with this furnace of a revolution, had turned her head, and she lived in the intoxication of passions, ideas, and pleasures. . . ." For all the romantic intensity of his own commitment to revolutionary emotion, he didn't quite approve of the spectacle of ladies on the barricades, possibly because Théroigne wasn't really French, possibly because she wasn't really a lady. He called her an impure Joan of Arc of the public streets, but despite the all too sullied flesh he could not fail to be captivated by the grand flourish.

> . . . From the first gathering of the crowds she appeared in the streets, and devoted her beauty to serve as an ensign to the people. Dressed in a riding-habit of the colour of blood, a plume of feathers in her hat, a sabre at her side, and two pistols in her belt, she hastened to join every insurrection.

This may not have been the Revolution, but it was magnificent. It was surely not the earnest sober social transformation of classes and institutions as we have come to know it from Mathiez and Lefebvre, but merely that entrancing moment of theatricality which compelled Sarah Bernhardt to play the role of Théroigne de Méricourt a century later on the Paris stage in a play by Paul Hervieu.

Théroigne herself was capable of a soberer, less flamboyant note. As she wrote in her *Confessions* (which were later found in the Vienna Archives and have helped historians to correct the lurid exaggerations of French Revolutionary mythology), "When I learnt that a National Assembly was in process of formation and would be open to everyone, I was enraptured by the ideal. . . . The general stir and excitement affected me very soon. I had no understanding of the unacknowledged rights of the people, but I naturally loved liberty. An instinct, a keen feeling which I could not define, made me approve of the Revolution without in the least knowing why, for I had but little instruction."

Clearly revolutionaries are not born but made; still, into their making goes less reason and more passion—more feverish excitement, blood-red colouring, rapture and pleasure, natural and unnatural love—than is later ever acknowledged in their ideology. It is, in this context, unimportant whether Théroigne actually did all the wondrous and horrible things that a hundred years of Jacobinical hagiography have recorded. Was she really present at the Fall of the Bastille? According to Lairtullier's *Les Femmes Célèbres de 1789 à 1795*, "Théroigne was everywhere. . . ." Hardly likely. According to the Goncourts, "Théroigne leapt with joy, she was carried away by the crowd, gunpowder blackened her, blood stained her. Beat the drums, sound the tocsins, let the people march on. She ran furious, brandishing death and destruction. She armed herself at the Invalides. She took a tower at the Bastille. . . ." Subsequently, or so the tale goes, when the Bastille was razed and the prisoners freed, when the Warden was killed ("Assassin of the people!" Théroigne had cried) and she was carried in triumph to the Hôtel de Ville and crowned with laurels, a voice was heard to remark—it belonged to nobody less than Lafayette—"Here is the triumph of beauty."

After the 14th of July, the 6th of October. Was it Théroigne who arranged the classic humiliation of Marie Antoinette in the Tuileries and put the touch of doom on a once-proud Bourbon monarchy? Carlyle has it one way, Michelet another. For Michelet, the history of 1789 had to include at least one great walk-on for Marianne on the revolutionary stage, even if it was a late cue. "Men made the 14th of July", he claims, registering a strong-minded masculine priority, "but the 6th of October was the day of women. Men took the Royal Bastille, women took royalty itself." But were all the women women? One English historian, with a keen eye for political transvestism, insists that "some men wore women's clothes, but were distinguished by their hairy chins and raucous voices. . . ." Théroigne, if she were there at all, must have added to the confusion, riding hard like a man on a dragoon's horse as the Versailles massacre took place.

> To horse [Goncourt has written] when the hour of October struck, with red plumes, riding-habit of red silk, this radiant Penthesilea, this Amazon of Rubens, riding-whip in hand, pistols in her girdle, galloping in triumph, in front of the rabble, smiling, with sleeves rolled to the elbow—it is the beauty of Liège, bringing to Versailles pikes which are asking for heads, and women who demand the destruction of the Queen. . . .

In the theatre of revolution males can play

[6] See: Léopold Lacour, *Trois Femmes de la Révolution: Olympe de Gouges, Théroigne de Méricourt, Rose Lacombe* (Paris, 1900). Winifred Stephens, *Women of the French Revolution* (London, 1922). Baron Marc de Villiers, *Histoire des clubs de femmes et des légions d'amazones* (Paris, 1910). Halina Sokolnikova, *Nine Women: Drawn from the French Revolution* (N.Y., 1932, with a preface by Beatrice Webb). Frank Hamel, *A Woman of the Revolution* (London, 1912), an especially useful biography of *la belle Liégoise* (originally, before her Parisian life-style, "Terwagne of Marcourt").

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females, and a woman can outdo a man in any role. Not even Saint-Just, who had (as Camus once noted) a genius for apologising for murder, could have put it better than in the aphorism attributed to Théroigne when the victims among the bodyguard were being counted: "Misery begets misery, crime begets crime."

HOW MUCH OF ALL THIS is true? Historians find it hard to say. Yet, on one profound level, the history which is compelling for man- (and evidently woman-) kind is what is said to be true, might be true, could or should be true. Carlyle was convinced she was "a heathen goddess." One chronicler knew it to be a fact that Théroigne marched at the head of the people of the *faubourgs*, invaded the Tuileries, and forced the King to place the *bonnet rouge* on his head. And both Lamartine and the Goncourts, naive and sentimental lovers that they were, quite believed that she was responsible for the murder of Suleau, for was he not the young and amorous nobleman who had misused an innocent young country girl and turned her out on to the streets? Here is the scene as described by a survivor, Baron Thiebault, a Lieutenant-General in the French Army; and this time Théroigne is dressed in a black felt hat with a black plume, a blue *amazone*, but in her belt, as always, that dagger and those pistols.

> She was a dark girl of about twenty [Thiebault records] and, with a sort of shudder I say it, very pretty, made still more beautiful by her excitement. Preceded and followed by a number of maniacs, she cleft her way through the crowd, crying "Make room! make room!", went straight to the other gun and leapt upon it. . . . Having heard what was going on, she had hurried up from Robespierre's house, and, confident in her influence with the populace, she had come to restore all its ferocity to the mob. As long as I live that creature will be present before my eyes, the sound of her voice will ring in my ears as she uttered the first sentence of her discourse.
>
> "How long", she shrieked, "will you let yourselves be misled by empty phrases?" I tried to answer, but I could no longer make myself heard. A thousand voices greeted with applause every word she uttered. . . .
>
> They found it more dignified to put me on trial, their beautiful fury, Mlle de Méricourt, presiding, and to condemn me, unanimously and by acclamation, to death. I never saw her again after that day, but, though I am as susceptible as most men to the influence of women, I certainly never met another woman who, in half an hour, could have left on my mind a recollection of her which a thousand years would not weaken.

In the general murderous *mêlée*, Suleau was supposed to have been personally spotted by Théroigne—although some say he volunteered his life to the mob in order to save the others—and his death avenged her indignity. Surely, if Black Panthers can kill in order to vindicate their "outraged manhood", then white tigresses can go all the way to redress their wounded womanhood. There are historic moments, apparently, when sex—no less than poverty, exploitation, repression, etc.—requires the *amende honorable*. Just as Eldridge Cleaver, thawing out his soul in revolutionary passion, discovers that rape is really a form of love, so could a courtesan come to the illumination that libertinage can be a road to liberty. Michelet, of course, had no difficulty understanding this:

> Théroigne, a native of Liège, was lively and passionate . . . interesting, original, and strange, with her riding-habit and hat, and a sabre by her side, speaking and confounding equally French and the patois of Liège, and yet eloquent. She was laughable, yet irresistible. Théroigne, impetuous, charming, and terrible, was insensible to every obstacle. She had had amours; but now she felt but one passion—one violent and mortal passion—which cost her more than life: her love for the Revolution. She followed it with enthusiasm.

But love for whose Revolution? Some thought, in that helpless despairing phrase of the moderates, that she was going "too far." Mirabeau blamed her enthusiasm, and Lafayette begged her to be less heroic. But Robespierre, Danton, and Marat applauded her, if only for a season, before still others went "too far" with them. Of those with whom her name was often coupled in the Paris of those years, Mme de Staël took flight and Mme de Condorcet mourned the mysterious death of her distinguished husband in a prison cell. Théroigne's most important intellectual mentor, Gilbert Romme, stabbed himself to cheat the guillotine.

And then, too, the women turned on her, for no one lady on the barricades could hold her position unchallenged for long. Not all were interested in the same dashing mix of intellectual discussion and street-fighting. Some thought it more important to fight for specific feminist rights, *e.g.*, a voting place in the Convention, or legalised divorce, or the extension of public education to girls. Others devoted themselves to organising clubs of "Red Children", so that twelve- and fourteen-year-olds should not be deprived of their right to help the Revolution. Some "Amazons of Liberty", as they were then called, hastened to establish recruiting stations for battalions of women soldiers. Still others discovered the naked truth about social oppression, and launched a campaign against "the wearing of jewels as adornments unsuited to the natural beauty of the human figure", a few going even further and insisting on the "refusal to wear garments which constricted the figure in a manner never intended by nature. . . ."

The beautiful furies fell out among each other. Claire Lacombe, the actress-heroine of the *Enragé* women—it was she who personified "Liberty" in the Festival of Reason produced at Notre Dame—was thrashed by the market-

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women, *les poissardes,* who refused to wear the revolutionary cockade which *La Société des citoyennes républicaines révolutionnaires* had decided they should wear. Théroigne was especially hated by the extreme faction of the Club, and on a side street, near the Convention, she was waylaid and beaten up mercilessly (possibly with permanent damage to her brain). They knew what to do with such back-sliders, and as they stripped her of her clothes the cry went up, "To the lamp-post!" It was due to Marat's passing intervention that she was saved. Théroigne threatened her revenge on the hysterical *tricoteuses*, but Marat had no real sympathy for her, feeling only that on delicate balance this particular crime might "sully the Revolution." He dragged her off to the protection of the Convention, asking the crowd merely "to show your contempt for this courtesan."

MARAT SHOULD HAVE AVOIDED the slur (and another female fury was soon to take her own revenge). Théroigne had been a courtesan, true, but how else could a poor girl in her time move up into the middle classes where alone she could be historically eligible to become a revolutionary?

Rebellion is the bitter work of the poor; revolution is a privilege of the middle classes. The rebel comes from the poor, from the workers and the peasants, from the *lumpen* or the *déclassé*, from the injured and the oppressed. In intolerable times of trial and impatience they proceed to make revolts, overturnings, uprisings, riots, jacqueries, coups and putsches. Their violence is sometimes vindictive and their momentary hope extravagantly high; but, basically, theirs is a practical and authentic struggle for extra rights, liberties, and decencies.

The revolutionary, coming almost always from the well-to-do, is a creature of fantasy. He has the leisure to cultivate his utopian imagination, and he has the educated nimbleness to work out all manner of theory and practice, strategy and tactics, ideology and dogma. He rarely comes to power, for he is never—except in his own fine rhetoric—an authentic Man (or Woman) of the People, and is invariably seen by the people not to be one. The most powerful class struggle in modern political history—say, from Robespierre to Lenin, Rakosi, and Novotny—has been between the Revolutionary, seizing power in the name of Others and exercising that power with narrow, priestly dogmatism and cruel, vain and selfish bureaucratic self-indulgence. . . and, on the other hand, precisely those Others who feel cheated, betrayed, and often even more oppressed than before. Revolution is the conspiracy of an élite and is, thus, the enemy of genuine popular reform. The revolutionary élite is the only new class that emerges from the blood-letting free and fulfilled. For what is Revolution but the apocalyptic longing to create Paradise at a stroke? When has it ever been the proposal of men of reason and realism? Who can claim that it offers a serious considered reconstruction of a defective social order? Does it not, rather, appear to be an affliction of the modern mind—a faith in ideal means for ideal ends, a fantasy of the perfect act to inaugurate the perfect society, a fevered dream of a storm and an earthquake that were never seen on land or sea?[7]

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[7] In his excellent study of *The Enragés: Socialists of the French Revolution?* (Melbourne, 1965), Professor R. B. Rose observes of the 1790s that "the growing violence of revolutionary politics tended to discourage apathetic and lukewarm elements" and that this led to the domination of meetings "by a determined and politically literate minority of a few hundred citizens. . . ."

In Jean-François Varlet's section, the *Droits-de-l'Homme*, where there were more than 3,000 citizens with voting rights, only 212 attended on June 17, 1793 to cast a vote in the important election of the Commander-in-Chief of the Paris National Guard. In April 1974 only 283 were present to choose the representatives on the Commune. Albert Soboul has shown that, in general, the most vital political decisions were normally taken by fewer than 10% of the electors of a section. As Professor Rose writes:

> ". . . Often the decision whether or not the section would support an insurrection could be the work of a score or so of 'hard bottoms' who had managed to outsit the opposition into the early hours. . . . The minority basis and general instability of sectional politics opened up important avenues to influence for a class of dedicated, professional revolutionaries or *sans-culottes* prepared to give their time and energy to cultivating the General Assembly and to filling the onerous offices of its Bureau."

Thus: 94 voters, or 2% of the electorate, appointed the revolutionary committee of the *Observatoire* section in March 1793. 51 voters (again, 2%) of those qualified elected the civil committee of the *Contrat Social* section in January 1793. The adhesion of the *Théâtre-Français* and the *Quatre-Nations* sections to the abortive insurrection of March 9–10, 1793, obtained in the early hours of the morning, came in each case from a "General Assembly" of about 20 citizens.

These tactics and techniques would not appear to have changed very much over the centuries. Mandates snatched by violence—decisions obtained by illegal packing of delegates from elsewhere—prolongation of debates until points of exhaustion—all this remains familiar, as well as the deeper factors which Professor Rose has underscored: the "strong sense of corporate solidarity" among the revolutionaries, their "immense self-conceit", their unshakeable faith in themselves as "the direct repositories of the people's will." As Varlet, one of the *Enragé* leaders, put it in defending an insurrection which would "save" the Revolution (and, of course, "deepen" it):

> "We have full power; we are the sovereign body. We break authority; we imbue it with sovereignty. Authority breaks the Convention. What could be more legal?"

What could be more illegal?

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WHEN Théroigne's health first broke down in the bitter isolation of her prison cell in the Austrian fortress of Kufstein—she was picked up by an Imperial patrol and charged with an assassination plot against the Queen of France, and other treasonable activities—her case had become a tricky one for her local warden and even for the Emperor in Vienna. She had proved to be as eloquent as ever in defence of her own legal innocence. Her captors, she had insisted, had not been French but Dutch (and she knew the details of the uniforms better than her official interrogator); she herself, as she argued, was really Austrian and not French and therefore entitled to a personal audience with the Emperor Leopold II (which she ultimately got, and thus successfully manoeuvred her release). But her last prison days were marked by illness, by hallucinations and visions, by sleeplessness, and some signs of mental aberration. Poor Captain Schoeniger feared that he might lose his illustrious prisoner by death. The local Kufstein doctor made no headway with the patient, and a famous specialist was called in from Constance, a Dr de Méderer. In his report on the state of Théroigne's health, he used a remarkably prescient phrase—"Revolution Fever." In his view she was suffering from the strange effects of an affliction of the age. I quote a few sentences from Dr de Méderer's report, dated Kufstein, 25/7/1791.

> "In accordance with an order given me on the 14th of the month, I went on the 23rd to see the French prisoner detained here. I stated that her physical ills were easily curable, and I gave instructions to that effect. . . . As a result of continued physical and mental strain, I feared that she might at any time give way to a serious disorder, and that the abuse of her constitution might lead to the contraction of a dangerous disease.
>
> "I therefore considered it to be my duty to report this state of things, and the condition of the prisoner's mind to the authorities, and to beg that she might have every possible care, because if she did not, the treatment I had ordered would be likely to fail, and immediate aggravations of her state were likely to set in."

The good doctor could not refrain from making a political remark about his patient who had so brilliantly outwitted her inquisitors in her cell, admirably full of books (the works of Seneca, the complete works of de Mably, Plato's Dialogues).

> "How many people gifted with these extraordinary powers, if they employ them continually on one idea, as occurred and still occurs in the case of this highly-strung prisoner, are liable to weaken and destroy both body and mind so completely as to have great difficulty in restoring them! This is an acknowledged fact, and is so generally known that it is unnecessary to furnish proofs of it."

As touchingly old-fashioned as this medical solicitude was for a political prisoner, even more antediluvian was the legal attitude of the Emperor's jurists in Vienna. They found that there simply wasn't enough evidence to convict Mlle de Méricourt as charged, and they let her go.

THÉROIGNE returned to Paris with her lingering "Revolution Fever", and continued—if only briefly—to apply her extraordinary powers to the "one idea." A Scottish observer, Dr John Moore, caught a glimpse of her at a meeting of the Jacobin Club and noted archly that she wore "a kind of English riding-habit" but conceded that she had "a smart martial air, which in a man would not be disagreeable. . . ." She began to reconsider the role of women in a revolutionary situation, and now came to the conclusion that in military activities they proved rather less effective than in the dissemination of propaganda, and she proposed a special corps of female propagandists to win over the "vacillators." She evidently never vacillated from the "one idea" which had so enraptured her from the very beginning. In one stirring appeal which was printed and distributed from the Rue St Honoré, she gave testimony to her unswerving monolithic devotion to the cause and to the ineluctable four little sub-ideas:

1. *We stand for Truth, the Enemy stands for Lies.* "Citizens! Hear me! I am not going to utter fine phrases; I am going to tell you the pure and simple truth. . . ."

2. *Kill or Be Killed.* ". . . I have heard those who wished to make me depose against patriots say a thousand times that it would be necessary to exterminate half the French to subdue the other half. To exterminate us, vile slaves! It is you we should exterminate."[8]

[8] Of course, exactly how many should, or must, be exterminated can never be determined in advance. The death list has to be kept flexible. Théophile Leclerc, the *Enragé* leader who married Pauline Léon (with Claire Lacombe and Théroigne, the big three of the Revolutionary Women), suggested that the problem of their political enemies in Lyons could be solved by throwing all 6,000 or so into the Rhône. Figured on a national basis that estimate might well come to his later calculation of necessary murders:

> "I have been called a man of blood because I have openly advocated that a revolutionary ought, if necessary, to sacrifice a hundred thousand scoundrels to the Revolution. . . . ." (Rose, *Enragés*, p. 51n.)

In any case it would be necessary to "spill blood with the greatest possible calm." This Leclerc called "a Machiavellianism of the people." His wife, Pauline Léon, presented herself at the barricades with pike in hand. And her successor in the leadership of the Club, Claire Lacombe (the original "Red Rosa"), apparently had in her lodgings—according to Mathiez' report of the police search—twenty-one pikes "of an especially murderous model."

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3. *Martyrdom for the Cause.* "We desire liberty, and will defend ourselves with our last drops of blood. . . ."

4. *The Triumph of the Good.* "Eternal justice is on our side, and only lies and crime on yours. Judge your cause and ours, and say to whom shall be the victory. . . ."

All this, given the wretchedness of a degenerating revolution, was worse than a cliché, it was madness. And as her mind gave way, the phrases themselves suffered and split.

> *. . . Words strain,*
> *Crack and sometimes break, under the burden,*
> *Under the tension, slip, slide, perish,*
> *Decay with imprecision, will not stay in place,*
> *Will not stay still. . . .* (T. S. ELIOT, *Burnt Norton*)

Théroigne was detained in the summer of 1794, and then certified as "mad" on September 20th to an asylum in the Faubourg Marceau. She wrote a letter to Saint-Just pleading for her liberty—"to develop all my plans . . . I have great things to say"—two days before Saint-Just went to the guillotine. Most of the next twenty years she spent in an unpadded cell at La Salpêtrière, "shut up in a madhouse", as one of her biographers writes, "babbling of liberty, of equality, of the rights of man. . . ." One medical report on her insanity stated that:

> ". . . At the time of her admission she was very much agitated, reviling and threatening everybody, speaking only of liberty, of committees, of public safety, revolutionary committees, and accusing all who approached her of being moderates and royalists. . . ."

She insisted on walking barefoot on the wet stone floor of her cell, and she was unwilling to wear any clothing. She was incapable of writing more than a few words. Once she recognised a political friend from the old days, but she only abused her visitor, accusing him of having betrayed the people, indeed of being a moderate whom the Committee of Public Safety would soon deal with.

When her health finally broke down in June 1817, at the age of fifty-seven, Napoleon was in exile on St. Helena and she had simply missed the whole Bonapartist epoch; she never did find out whether the truth triumphed over the lie, who killed whom, for what cause she had been martyred, or whether there was still any real hope for the ultimate triumph of humanity. In a medical account of her last days, it was reported that she was quiet and cooperative enough to sit for a painter who wanted to make a portrait of her. She went on "articulating phrases", and among them were "liberty . . . committee . . . rascal . . . warrant . . . decree . . . Revolution."

4. Teresa

IN A RECENT newspaper interview Teresa Hayter, now 31, tried to explain what the daughter of the former British Ambassador to Moscow (and now Warden of New College, Oxford) was doing running a Left-wing bookshop in Leeds. It was all very simple, really:

> "When the revolution comes I shall be helping man the barricades with guns and petrol bombs."[9]

Her only apparent regret was that her own recent manifesto on behalf of the cause, entitled *Hayter of the Bourgeoisie*,[10] wasn't proving to be of real service—"It is on sale here, but no one is buying it. It is too expensive—£1.95."

The lady on the barricades errs. The book—and she almost suspects it when she confesses that it was only published because the publisher (Lord Longford) is "a mate of my father"—appears to be one of the dirtiest ideological tricks ever played by members of the executive committee of the ruling class on the unsuspecting proletariat. What were they trying to prove?—that Marxism is bankrupt, that it has neither ideas nor language?—that the French and the Germans and the Americans can be serious, but not the English?—that the revolution is a ninny? Teresa has been badly used. Her best hope, if she doesn't want to demoralise the men with the guns and the bombs utterly, would be to hide every copy of the book, or burn the whole edition if possible. Or, at the very least, keep it priced out of the hands of every worker and potential militant.

Then, again, perhaps not. It could be that Teresa, now a revolutionary Marxist and versed in dialectics, did better than she knew. *Hayter of the Bourgeoisie* may well have its uses, for in a sense she has succeeded beyond her wildest dreams. What more serious indictment of the English bourgeoisie can one draw up than that it can only produce a revolutionary as dull, as silly, as incompetent and irrelevant, as Teresa Hayter? The French can be flamboyant, the Germans grimly serious, the Americans madly inspired. Can it be that only the English are incapable of producing a gesture, or a phrase, a deed or an obscenity, which could manage to catch our guilty conscience?

No, Teresa is not the stuff of which revolutionaries are made. It went wrong from the very beginning. She is candid enough to tell us of her childhood that it was "secure, reasonably happy, and quite free of traumas; and my parents were good, reasonable, unbigoted, liberal, and relatively open-minded. . . ." Precisely. At least the American "kids" are revolting against parents who, they believe, sold out ignobly to the

[9] *Sunday Express* (London), 13 February 1972, p. 17.
[10] Teresa Hayter, *Hayter of the Bourgeoisie* (Sidgwick & Jackson, £1·95).

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bitch-goddess success; and the German *Jugend* has, it thinks, a deep smouldering grievance against fathers and mothers who once cheered Adolf Hitler and never truly learned any better. Teresa was a disadvantaged child. What to others came naturally, she had to do the hard way. "I have reached the positions I have through a process of long and anxious thought, and rather late in life." That's true. By "late in life" she means her twenty-sixth or twenty-seventh birthday, but how could she simply have found the time any earlier? She was born in Shanghai, went to nursery school in Washington, primary school in Paris, girls' boarding-school in England, and then on to Oxford.

> I spent most of my time at Oxford going to parties. In my first term . . . I went to sixty-four parties in fifty-six days.

Then it was all "champagne on the lawns in the sun." Now she knows better: "The function of Oxford education is to train people to service and perpetuate capitalism." How, then, to break out?

The stations on her way begin, curiously enough, in the Bronx. There she lived with a New York taxi-cab driver and drove into Manhattan with him every morning. Later she went to Africa and she records "the biggest cockroach I have ever seen." Teresa is beginning to learn what the world is really like. She thinks Nkrumah at first an admirable fellow, but then it turned out he was "heavily tied to imperialism." She is, for a time, confused "by the graces of French civilisation", but snaps out of it when she realises that "I don't really like large and expensive hotels." She is, she tells us, still wearing "long skirts" and we can't wait for the coming of the mini and the mini-ideology.

No doubt about it, she is learning fast. In South America, with an insight so sharp that it's matched only by the brilliance of the formulation, Teresa concluded: ". . . what it all amounted to was that Latin Americans could go and jump in the sea, or die of starvation, so long as the imperialists from the north could go on raking in the shekels."

She could no longer be fooled, for she saw through it all. What if Western aid really aided? But then it was only "to ensure that governments increase productivity and efficiency so that their countries are the richer to exploit." She hears that Che Guevara is in Bolivia, and now records: "I remember spending a long part of one night discussing, with naive romanticism, whether it might not be possible to go and fight in Bolivia too. . . ." Che had his burden to bear; he was spared this. But Fidel Castro did not escape so easily. She finds him an admirable fellow, and is "exceptionally impressed" by almost everything she sees. She is troubled for a minute by the absence of freedom of the press, but quickly recognises that this is a very "complicated" issue.

> Obviously there is much that can be criticised in Cuba. I was, and am, possibly excessively enthusiastic about Cuba; excessively eager to see nothing but the good and the admirable in Cuba. I hated and still fairly much hate to hear criticisms of Cuba. . . . Whatever is said about the Cuban Revolution, it would be extremely stupid to deny that it has opened up exciting possibilities, and that it represents a very great gain for the world revolution. . . . Even if there are many imperfections in it, at least it is incomparably better than what there was before, and anything which is to be found in European bourgeois "democracies".

Lucky for Fidel that Teresa left Havana when she did, for another outburst like that and she would have driven already hard-pressed Cuban public-relations into the arms of Ogilvy & Mather.

Next stop: Kenya and Tanzania. Like Maugham's rich young men who used to be sent to Paris or the Jamesian heiresses who took the Grand Tour, and came home with Experience, Teresa's travels were broadening her mind (and, indeed, she would soon be able to say: "I came home radicalized"). East Africa proved to be something of a Third World disappointment, but it was important for Teresa to comprehend that a pilgrim's progress to revolution was not just champagne on the lawn in the sun. Kenyatta, she established, was an agent of imperialism. As for Julius Nyerere's Tanzania, well, she only "went there for the stupidly short space of five days . . . in Dar-es-Salaam I was told there was somebody interesting in the Literature Department. . . ." Still, there was time enough to come to the one proper conclusion she needed to take away, namely, that Nyerere was a "pragmatist" (which obviously made him no better than some English Prime Minister) and that, from her newly-acquired philosophical sophistication, "he has not very great theoretical consistency" (which evidently finished him off).

Now for the Revolution itself—at home—since ultimately, for an English revolutionary, that is surely where it has to be at. She helps to draft a militant proclamation called "Haslemere" (in suburban Surrey—where else? down a coal-mine?). She tries to arrange "to fly the American Black Panthers to Europe" (all of them? what for? and what would the American Negro people be doing in their revolutionary struggle in the meantime without their élite?). Oh, the problems that mounted and had to be mastered! And, dammit, they were all "totally related." How to solve one without taking on all the others? That historic Burden which English spirits had grown used to carrying began to rest on one pair of frail female shoulders.

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> I was foolish to think that one could somehow mitigate the evils of imperialism without first overthrowing capitalism. . . . I began to try and think whether I was for the revolution in Britain or not.

Don't hold your breath, this is no cliffhanger; the answer is yes, she's for it. So she studies each new issue of the *New Left Review* and gets the latest dope about "the final crisis of capitalism." She looks around her native land in quivering outrage: "why are there so many Rolls-Royces?" She discovers an additional source of sociological truth, so sedulously suppressed by the bourgeois university and the capitalist press, in the underground paper *Red Mole,* of which she becomes an editor.

> Capitalism is an ugly and sick system. . . . I have some sympathy with those . . . who merely want to burn and purge and annihilate everything produced by capitalism. . . . I hope the centre of Birmingham —shops, office buildings and roads—will one Sunday soon after the revolution be razed utterly to the ground.

But this may not be altogether necessary, so far as she is personally concerned; she may be, as she says, in readiness with her "guns and petrol bombs" for her début on the barricades, but there is a dialectical ambivalence about the logic of history: "It is true that capitalism will eventually become so weakened by its own internal contradictions, that it will, with or without the added effort of revolutionary organisations, destroy itself."

Was there, then, no heroic work left to be done? A little, especially if it could transcend the old English temperamental failing of not being adventurous or crazy enough. The trouble with radical political action is that, no matter how militant and persistent, it all goes so *slowly* and results in nothing better than amelioration. A revolutionary is nothing if not impatient, and Teresa wants to get on with it:

> There are many who find the process too slow, who want immediate action, occupy the Bank of England tomorrow. I have tendencies in that direction. It's clear that the British Left is and always has been unadventurous to excess; we've never set off in the Granma, and we've never built barricades. . . . There are times when a bout of apparently crazy revolutionary fervour can actually make a movement expand and grow in a new way.

Now we have only a little way further to go and we will be able to leave Teresa in her grand climacteric. She has, at long last, found "concrete answers to concrete questions." She has seen light at the end of the tunnel—an end to "yachts, gin, Mediterranean holidays and fox-hunting." One Sunday soon after the revolution everybody will be earning the same wages (that is, before the complete abolition of money), and enjoying their depressed standard of living for they would finally be helping the poor in the Third World whom they exploited for so long.

Meanwhile, back at the Oxford branch, the revolutionaries of the Fourth International have been watching Teresa Hayter carefully—all the way from champagne to Molotov cocktails. She is invited to a meeting in a pub. They have "a serious conversation." Teresa thought she should educate herself a bit more before she joined. But they reassured her: she was ready, she was ripe.

> [They] told me I wasn't a bad worker, and I was not all that stupid, and I might as well join at once. So I did.

So now she is running a bookshop in Leeds, waiting for the ultimate invitation to the ingathering on the barricades, and meanwhile selling the wrong books to the wrong people in the wrong language.

FOR ENGLISH, as must now be abundantly clear, is simply not the language of revolution. The Cromwellians may well once have been revolutionaries, but they had the resources of a different tongue; they had the grand metaphors of Christian theology and the resonances of a powerful Old Testament text. Since then the language has been of no service at all to men (or women) of ideology. Except for brief Wordsworthian bursts (and not even then), the words are just not there, the rhythms falter, the echoes are missing. English is too magnificently humdrum. Marx, in translation, loses half of his power; Hitler becomes almost meaningless; Saint-Simon and Fourier and Auguste Blanqui sound like jejune rhetoricians. How much easier it is for a young Frenchman or a young German, when he gets called to the extreme life, to sound authentic! A *groupuscule* agitator at the Sorbonne in May 1968 needed only to echo a phrase of Saint-Just ("*La question du bonheur est posée en Europe*") and he was securely locked into a magniloquent tradition. I heard a young Berlin heckler hurl the word "*umfunktionieren!*" at a liberal professor, and the imprecation seemed not only to be blessed by Kant and Hegel but also had within it a certain brutal power which no English word of sociology could ever convey without the substitution of a four- or three-letter synonym (e.g., "let's *fix* him!"). The Americans are a special case. Aware of the profound handicaps of a language in which neither vague metaphysics nor rolling rhetoric can easily flourish, they ingeniously invented a vocabulary of political obscenity. Now suddenly the language could function for them in order to shock and to hurt and to break out into what appeared to be a brand-new dialogue with the future. The dirty word would help cleanse society. But what is there left to do when—and it

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has already happened—the outrageous verbalism begins to wear off, when the barnyard epithets and the street-corner nomenclature get taken over by playwrights, columnists, and musical-comedy clowns?

Back, alas, to square one: to the repressive restrictiveness of plain English prose. And that, as the fifty-thousand homely words of *Hayter of the Bourgeoisie* testify, may qualify Teresa for membership in the Fourth International (possibly its most forlorn tactical move since the death of Leon Trotsky), but unfortunately, it brings the world-revolution not one step nearer to that apocalyptic moment when one single word—as Conrad once suggested: the true word in an anguished cry, expressing all the love and longing of a distraught humanity—could change everything utterly.

5. Beate

BEATE STURM was 19 when she came to the university in West Berlin to study physics. But there hasn't been very much routine higher education there in recent years, and my own impression over many visits has been that the major academic activity there nowadays is the handing out of leaflets and the daubing of colourful slogans on campus walls. Beate soon found herself drawn to one or another of the proliferating New (and now, Old) Left groups. They sat around worrying about what had gone wrong—why hadn't the German proletariat risen? why was the world-revolution so slow in moving towards its inevitable historic triumph? The correct conclusion at which they never failed to arrive was that "next time", when certain minor tactical errors had been corrected, all would be well.

"I hung around for a while," Beate writes,[11] "read a little bit, but it was all so boring. One wanted to get on with it, to get from the Theory to the Practice, for after all what Marx had written was only supposed to be a preface to action, no? . . . Why wasn't anything *done*? I had my bellyful of Left palaver."

But, then, where *was* the action? The students had tried the factories, and the workers would have nothing to do with them, in fact had thrown them out. Still, there was indeed another theatre of action, the Underground Activists, and this quickly intrigued and fascinated Beate, especially, as she says, "when one has done nothing else all life long [she was now 20] but talk, listen to theories and write slogans. . . ." Here was Adventure, even Cops-&-Robbers stuff, and "we had all read like mad *Krimis* and Comics."

In Beate's little conspiratorial group the simple question that came up was: How do the Tupamaros do it? Those grand chaps even free their political prisoners, and that clearly is a marvellous thing. Why shouldn't the same happen over here? It would be a continuation of Happenings by other means, namely weapons. They could possibly kidnap Axel Springer, and perhaps Chancellor Willy Brandt himself.

THE FIRST CONCRETE STEP—it is always "concrete", as Koestler pointed out a long time ago, for soft brains love hard terminology—was to make an intensive study of the appropriate literature. They went through the Handbook for Guerrillas by Marighella (conveniently published in German by Rowohlt Verlag at 2·50DM).[12] According to Marighella, the urban guerrilla has to be "a fit person" and physical fitness is, of course, included, and swimming is apparently included therein. "So we went swimming every week," she confesses, "even if it was spontaneous and naive and terribly romantic. . . . It was fun, and it was also good for the Revolution."

The waters soon became rather stormier. Beate joined forces with Andreas Baader, the leader with Ulrike Meinhof of the so-called *Baader-Meinhof Gruppe* which the German police, after a national alarm of almost two years, has still failed completely to round up. Baader had a heroic notoriety about him. He had set a Frankfurt department store on fire, had been caught and sentenced to prison, wangled permission to do "sociological research" in the Free University

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[11] *Der Spiegel* (Hamburg), 7 February 1972, pp. 57-63.

[12] *Zerschlagt die Wohlstandsinseln der III. Welt* (Hamburg, 1971).

Whereas Penguin appear to have the courage of their convictions, Rowohlt present the "Handbook for Urban Guerrilla Warfare" only as an act of publishing solidarity with *Editions du Seuil* whose French edition had been banned by the Pompidou Government. The Rowohlt editor hastened, in the face of the growing fashion among German youth to play like Tupamaros, to warn in a brief preface that the document was not intended to be a manifesto to encourage "little groups of fantasts . . . trying to make politics with bombs and hold-ups." No such embarassed disclaimer is in the Penguin edition. Its editor, Richard Gott, makes only the dry and perfunctory remark that "it is interesting to find the printed word is still considered to have such an explosive quality" (an explosiveness which he plainly desires and indeed expects).

Carlos Marighela (originally, before the recent change in Portuguese orthography, spelled with a double-*l*) was killed by police in November 1969 on a street in São Paolo. He had given 40 years of down-the-line loyalty to the Brazilian Communist Party; left it in 1967; and, in the next two years, crowded with kidnapping plots and bank robberies, he added a few melodramatic glosses to Régis Debray's revision of Che Guevara's heresy from orthodox Marxist-Leninist doctrine.

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library, had been liberated by Ulrike Meinhof, made his get-away at the point of a pistol in an Alfa-Romeo sports-car, turned up in Jordan in an El-Fatah headquarters, and was now back in Germany to organise the Red Army Fraction. At last Beate was sitting at the feet of a master. He taught her how to short-circuit the ignition wires and thus steal a car; he gave her the real know-how about microphones and walky-talkies. "Just like in a real American detective-story . . . we may have lost something of our grandiose political conception, but there we were right in the middle of a *Krimi.*" What a strange trans-atlantic paradox! The American radicals dreamed of translating Marx and Luxemburg into reality; the German radicals longed to become part of the Dashiell Hammett/Raymond Chandler scene.

Now, as she notes, everything became really all very simple. "Once one has had one's fill of the eternal yakking (*durchzutalken)* about the same old junk, then nothing is very complicated any more. . . . The basic situation is obvious, and one can master all its aspects in about a week. Then it's time for action. Smash everything that's trying to smash you. *Macht kaputt, was euch kaputt macht.* . . . The new society will be different and better."

Higher education begins in the lower depths. So she learned how to handle weapons ("Pigs aren't people," Ulrike said, "and shooting is okay"), to collect other people's automobiles, to forge official documents, and to rob banks. She liked the camaraderie of the cadres. Some were "good kids", full of fun and laughs. But evidently the leaders were, for her, a bit grim with their constant insistence on the fundamental theory that a criminal act constitutes a liberating political deed. This, she thought, was a little "weak in the head." She liked the new and free role of women in the group (it had long been an axiom of the German ideology that *Viva Maria!* and *Bonnie and Clyde* had basically changed the political "self-consciousness" of the revolutionary Left), and she remained quite convinced that women could do some things better than men. But she didn't like being screamed at. After all, she had come from a good family and she knew all about being fair and honest and helpful.

Beate was of some small assistance on a number of big jobs, but fortunately enough on none where triggers were pulled and cops actually killed. In January 1971 (her last job) she cased the joint for a Kassel bank caper. She couldn't drive a get-away car very well, nor was she tough enough to take on a cashier in an emergency, so she was simply assigned to stand around with a gun in her hand. The job netted 114,530 DM for the Underground treasury.

BEATE's political seriousness began to be questioned when she turned out to be difficult about cutting her hair. New photographs for counterfeit identity cards were a necessity, and neither face nor name could be the same. Finally, she consented to do it, and went (as she notes, with all the local *savoir-faire* of a pretty little provincial girl) to an "upstairs *Friseur*" for "the hairdressers on the first floor are always better. . . ." She also began asking silly questions. There she stood with a gun in her hand, threatening unimportant little bank employees—were *they* the Class Enemy? And how come that with every move, in every action, they always had the People *against* them?

Ulrike Meinhof interrogated Beate closely for some four hours in Stuttgart. Apart from that it was almost a pleasant interlude between hectic flights from the beastly police. Their refuge was a handsome pad (progressive professors and affluent journalists were always offering them a villa or a flat for a hide-out); they argued about who should have the nicer rooms with the baths; and, on the way over, Beate had even taken the liberty (strictly forbidden) to call home and ask whether the family in Leverkusen had had a happy Christmas. Ulrike, of course, hated the Stuttgart place. It reminded her too much of the *de luxe* Hamburg villa on the Elbe on which she had turned her back to become an Urban Guerrilla. After such sacrifices, what patience for a 20-year-old Beate Sturm who would obviously never ever be tough and ruthless and resourceful enough? Worse than that she seemed to be an infernal sentimental little homebody. Was she, or was she not, "politically motivated"? According to Beate, Ulrike put the question to her some eighty times in the middle of the night—and how could she know what to answer, even if she were given a moment to get a word of reply in edgewise?

"Say something at last, answer me something about it, you must make some reply—is there a Political Motivation, or not?"

"I said: can't say, don't know."

"Well, think it over. . . ."

Never very strong on thought, Beate Sturm's mind turned to her family and how "really it was something lovely to long for one's *zu Hause.*" She telephoned Leverkusen, everything was all right, and she went home to Mother.

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Column

I WAS STANDING at the bar in a pub and had put my book down on the counter beside me: *Before the Deluge: A portrait of Berlin in the 1920s*, by Otto Friedrich.[1] A young man at my elbow, bearded, slightly God-spelled, picked it up and asked in an Australian voice, "Is it good?"

I couldn't tell him because I had only begun to read it, but said that it had some excellent illustrations. We looked through them together: the *Reichswehr* firing on the Spartacists; *Bauhaus* architecture; Arnold Schoenberg's elegant portrait of Alban Berg; Marlene Dietrich, Lotte Lenya, the young Brecht, marvellously cool-cat; Dr Goebbels at the *Sportpalast*; street fighting between Nazis and Communists; and, to complete the story, Berlin Cathedral in flames during World War II, the fire from heaven descending on the city of the plain.

The young man said he'd just seen the current production of *The Threepenny Opera*. I asked him if he'd enjoyed it. "I was surprised", he said. "Brecht's words seemed tired. They don't make an impact. Perhaps it's the translation. But the music's marvellous; only the audience doesn't seem to respond to it. I suppose they've been fed so much crap they can't take in something as subtle and original as Weill. . . ."

He seemed to me intelligent and knowledgeable and I was sorry to leave him. He put my book down reluctantly and said rather wistfully, "You know, I'd have liked to see it all."

But would he? As I walked home, I wondered at the fascination which Germany, and Berlin, of the 1920s still exerts both on those who preserve nostalgic memories of them and on the young, for whom the tragic story of the Weimar Republic has become a kind of pantomime, full of miraculous moral and sexual transformation scenes, with Max Reinhardt as producer and Lotte Lenya as Principal Boy, and Wicked Uncles goose-stepping across the stage in *S.S.* uniform. The script is taken largely from Brecht and Christopher Isherwood, music is by Weill or Berg, and Herr Issyvoo and Sally Bowles have become folk memories, a Hansel and Gretel wandering hand in hand out of a decadent version of Grimm's Fairy Tales, and their popular appeal is demonstrated by the spectacular success in America of *Cabaret*, a musical comedy version of *Goodbye to Berlin* which has as little relation to the original as *Godspell* has to the New Testament. The significant thing about *Cabaret*'s success, however, was that it packed the house not merely on Broadway, which might perhaps have been expected, but on tour in the remotest corners of the Middle West, which hardly has very much in common with Herr Issyvoo's Berlin.

But it is not only to theatre-goers that Berlin and Weimar have the appeal of that eternal Never-Never-Land of musical comedy, in which everybody's dreams come true. They cast their spell equally on serious historians, who, though their books on the subject proliferate, also find it necessary to sit in solemn conference together to discuss the unsolved problems of the period. For Weimar really presents us with at least two quite different kinds of problem. One is the difficulty of understanding how and why a great and civilised country like Germany surrendered itself to the boa-constrictor embrace of a mountebank genius like Adolf Hitler. The other is why a period which began with the total defeat of Germany in World War I and ended in the even greater defeat implicit, from a cultural point of view, in the triumph of Hitler, should have coincided in a brilliant flowering of literary and artistic activity, so that in some aspects it seems to look like a glittering cultural Renaissance rather than a spectacle of the decline and fall of a great people. Unfortunately, the two problems have an irresistible tendency to overlap, so that discussions of the subject are apt to fall into the kind of confusion which Walter Laqueur has analysed in a recent issue of ENCOUNTER.

Before the Deluge is yet another attempt to recount, and in part to explain, the history of Weimar as seen from the particular viewpoint of Berlin, where in some respects at least, though by no means all, the Spirit of the Age manifested itself in some of its most characteristic and spectacular forms. And Otto Friedrich tells the story very well, even though he may add little to it which we did not know before and brings to it rather too much of the spirit of the Higher Journalism which we have learned to expect from a senior editor of *Time*. In this school of history, prominence is given to the striking detail, the revealing incident, rather than to the patient collection and analysis of fact; and, unfortunately, Berlin of the '20s lends itself only too readily to this kind of treatment. No doubt there is some kind of relationship, however indirect, between the vogue which six-day bicycle racing, prize fighting, and the *Wilde West* once enjoyed in Berlin and the processes by which Hitler came to power; and, no doubt, the memories of the many survivors of the period, mostly elderly

[1] Harper & Row, $10.00.

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professors, writers, scientists, artists whom Mr Friedrich has interviewed, may throw some light at least on what they themselves thought or felt at the time, even though age may have dimmed or distorted their vision. But the kind of picture composed out of such material must inevitably be a flawed and incomplete one.

AND INDEED, ONE MIGHT GO FURTHER and criticise Mr Friedrich because he applies even this method of approach only in a partial and one-sided manner. The witnesses on whom he calls are drawn exclusively from the intellectual circles which were condemned to destruction by National Socialism. Why has he not called on any of those who, however much they may have regretted it later, in the first or second flush of enthusiasm shared in that strangely perverted form of idealism which inspired the early adherents of the Nazi cause in the years of its rise to power? Even Röhm was in his way an idealist, and a fanatical one; certainly Graf von Stauffenberg was when he celebrated Hitler's appointment as *Reichskanzler*; and between the two of them, however unlike, they represented something which was as much of the essence of German cultural life in the '20s as anything which came out of the *Bauhaus* or the Kurfürstendamm. To define it, or understand it, we should have to look to such books as Ernst Jünger's *Im Stahlgewitter* or Ernst von Salomon's *Die Geächteten*; and it does seem strange that Mr Friedrich, who has interviewed so many people and who devotes so much space to the assassination of Rathenau, should not have taken the trouble to consult von Salomon, who, after all, is still very much alive, was a direct accomplice in the murder, and served a five-year sentence for his part in it; and far from being reticent about what he did shows, as Mr Friedrich himself says, an almost obsessive interest in writing and talking about it.

Such voices, however, are absent from *Before the Deluge*, as indeed they are absent from most literary and cultural histories of Germany in the 1920s, and this gives his book something of the effect of a canvas which, while elsewhere thickly encrusted with paint, has a large empty space in the middle. For this reason it reinforces the impression, which we so often derive from accounts of the cultural life of Weimar, that there was something inexplicable and unnatural about Hitler's rise to power. If we are to judge Weimar correctly we have to remember that Hitler's *Weltanschauung* represented a vulgarisation, in a form adapted to the masses, of ideas which were shared by some of Germany's most distinguished writers and artists—just as, in reverse, Bert Brecht or Walter Benjamin offer us a sophisticated version of an ideology which was as much at home as National Socialism itself in the crudest and most brutal realities of political life, so that, indeed, Brecht sometimes seems to have more affinities with an *alte Frontkämpfer* like Jünger than with the radical intellectuals who, while proclaiming and demanding total revolution, of manners and morals, in the arts and in society, remained aloof from and contemptuous of the sordid necessities of political action.

Perhaps this is to be too critical of *Before the Deluge* which does in many ways succeed in its intention, which is to recapture the flavour of a particular kind of life in Berlin of the '20s; the kind of life, that is, of which the best comtemporary account is to be found in the diaries of Harry Graf Kessler, the "Red Count" who may have been a Hohenzollern and who was always present whenever any event of literary or political importance was taking place, planning a dumbshow of the *Song of Solomon* for Josephine Baker at Max Reinhardt's flat on the Hansa Platz, "with music, half-jazz and half-Oriental, to be composed perhaps by Richard Strauss", while in less fashionable quarters of Berlin Dr Goebbels was preparing to lead his little band of Storm Troopers against the embattled Communists of Wedding.

Mr Friedrich quotes Harry Kessler at length, rightly, because he was an incomparable witness of everything he saw. The trouble is that the kind of life he witnessed was as remote from and alien to the great majority of Berliners as it is from our own; the number of people who today claim to have been present at the first performance of *The Threepenny Opera* bears as little relation to the actual size of the audience on the Schiffbauerdamm as, say, the numbers of those who profess to have always been anti-Nazi does to those who enthusiastically supported Hitler when in power. A truer reflection of what life was like for the great majority of Berliners is to be found in the sad and cynical contemporary verses of Erich Kästner, in his song of the Berlin suburbs that smell of decay, petrol, and cheap cigars, or his ballad of Herr Schmidt who, except on Sundays, rose at six o'clock, went punctually to bed at eight, for ten hours lay fast asleep, spent four hours in eating and travelling and nine hours in the factory, leaving an hour over for higher interests.

Er merkte, dass er nicht alleine stand
Und dass er doch allein stand, bei Gefahren
Und auf dem Globus, sah er, lag kein Land
In dem die Schmidts nicht in der Mehrzahl waren.

He noticed that he was not alone,
But stood alone in times of danger,
And the world over he could see no country
In which the Schmidts did not form the majority.

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The life of Herr Schmidt *(Kurt Schm., komplett)*, and of the anonymous army of impoverished clerks, typists, civil servants, factory workers, book-keepers who lived similar lives to his, conveys more of the reality of Berlin in the '20s than the picture painted in *Before the Deluge*. Schmidt was more representative than Macky Messer.

9 Stunden stand Schmidt schwitzend im Betrieb.
4 Stunden fuhr und ass er, müd und dumm
10 Stunden lager, ohne Blick und stumm
Und in dem Stündchen, das ihm übrigblieb
bracht er sich um

9 hours long Schmidt sweated in the factory
4 hours he ate and travelled, stupid and dead beat
10 hours he lay in bed, sightless and dumb,
And in the little hour that was left over
he took his life.

I WISH THAT THE YOUNG who see in Berlin of the 1920s a fulfilment of their nihilistic and destructive dreams would read Kästner; that is to say, if they think it worth while to read German at all. And I wish that historians also would pay more attention to Schmidt, and to his cousin in Silesia or Brandenburg who, under rural conditions, lived a life not unlike his and equally without hope. For books like *Before the Deluge*, however well-intentioned, do a real disservice to our understanding of our own times by throwing a veil of literacy and artistic glamour over the great mass of human suffering that, like a rotting dung-heap, had accumulated in the great stony city on the banks of the Spree. For most Berliners, as for most Germans, the prevailing note of life in the '20s was one of unhappiness and despair, either the quiet and humdrum despair of Schmidt and his kind, or the violent despair which drove other Schmidts into the arms of Hitler. And perhaps we should remember that when the day of retribution came, it was Schmidt, if he had survived so long, who sat cowering among the rats in the cellars and watched his great sad city go up in flames. The writers, the artists, the music-makers had for the most part found refuge elsewhere, and who can blame them? But perhaps it was not wholly just that Schmidt, who had shared few of the joys of Berlin's Golden Age, should have been left to suffer its consequences alone.

★

A FRIEND HAS SENT ME an impressive, splendidly glossy brochure advertising the merits of the Avenger car, a product of the Chrysler corporation. It is evident that no expense, of spirit, thought, or money has been spared on its production and everything likely to appeal to a prospective purchaser has been calculated to a nicety. Indeed, having read it, I begin to wonder how I have been able to preserve my self-respect until now without owning an Avenger. *"Start the Good Life TODAY"* the brochure tells me, and when I look at its technicolour cover, showing a happy, handsome and affluent young couple, standing on the steps of their beautiful home (Mayfair? Kensington?) and gazing ecstatically at their new acquisition, the only thing lacking to complete their well-being, I realise I have a long way to go if I am to have any chance of catching up with them.

All the same, one thing which the Good Life does not seem to include or demand is literacy. A double-page display repeats some of the many tributes ("Sets the Pace for the Seventies") which the Avenger has earned from the Press ("Take their word for it"), and first and foremost from the *Sunday Telegraph*:

". . . has the taught feel of a thoroughbred."

I blink to convince myself that my eyes do not deceive me, but there's no doubt about it. "The taught feel of a thoroughbred" is precisely what the Avenger has.

Of course, any journalist is aware of the slippery and insidious skill with which misprints evade the most meticulous proof-reading; but "taught feeling of a thoroughbred" is something rather different. When I think of the tens and hundreds of brisk young executives, printers, editors, PR men, sales managers, directors, through whose hands the brochure has passed on its way to final publication, the care given to its production, the solemn conferences that have been held about it, the thought devoted not merely to every word in it but to its exact place and form on the printed page, I wonder at the combination of carelessness, pretentiousness and illiteracy which has preserved the thoroughbred's taught feel in spite of all their efforts; and also at the ridiculous results sometimes achieved by the marvels of modern technology and management techniques.

But wonder is succeeded by a different feeling. Whatever may be true about the Avenger, its nippiness in traffic, its unique combination of luxury and economy, its superlative safety on the road, its apparently gigantic boot, one thing seems certain: its makers can't read or spell. And somehow this raises an uncomfortable doubt that perhaps they can't make a car either. One feels that people who are so slipshod about print may perhaps be equally careless about the nuts and bolts. After all, even car manufacturers are supposed to be able to read. Aren't there such things as blueprints? I don't think I shall buy an Avenger after all, and to hell with the Good Life.

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NOTES & TOPICS

Feltrinelli

By Luigi Barzini

LONG AGO, when I married his widowed mother Giannalisa, I was Giangiacomo Feltrinelli's stepfather for seven or eight years; and I tried to do what I could for his education, to understand how his mind worked and, up to a point, to guide his studies, until the family's separation and the divorce in 1949. No previous experience in my life helped me with all this, and perhaps I was not particularly well suited to it. As the son of a writer and editor, brought up on books and with a juvenile penchant for irreverent paradox, I came from a life of wandering journalism, and I was myself a rebel against the academic, bourgeois, provincial conventions of Italian life. So I felt uneasy in a grand house full of servants, regulated and staffed like a small court. Perhaps my influence (or the lack of any real influence from me) helped just a little to take Giangi, with such ideas as motivated him, to his death that night in March at the foot of a pylon in the misty countryside near Milan.

Soon after my marriage, in May 1940, I was arrested on Mussolini's orders and condemned to exile. Bocchini, the chief of police, had admired and been grateful to my father who had been as open-hearted as a child. At the Versailles conference in 1919, my father (then special diplomatic correspondent of the *Corriere della Sera*), had a gold-topped walking stick stolen; and, in the whole of the great city of Paris, he turned to the modest policeman attached to the Italian delegation and asked him to find it. This was the young Bocchini, who was so moved and amused by this ingenuous sign of confidence from a famous man that he considered himself at his disposal ever after. And so, twenty-one years later, after I had been condemned, Bocchini chose a comfortable, pleasant place in which to exile me, unknown to Mussolini: Amalfi.

When Mussolini asked him where he had sent me, he looked him straight in the eye and said, without lying: "*Provincia di Salerno, Duce!*" (My father told me this.) The province includes Eboli, Battipaglia, and many other isolated and disagreeable places, where more eminent men than myself were sent. Later I realised that Bocchini had not really done me much of a favour. The fact that I spent most of my exile in a tourist paradise has always prevented me from being thought a martyr of the fascist régime.

Giangi was with me in Amalfi, and so were his sister and his mother, in that summer of 1940, and I taught him to sail; this was an enthusiasm that stayed with him all his life. Later he became an expert skipper (he had got the necessary diploma, the only diploma he ever had, I think), and, among other trips, he took a small boat he had bought in Denmark from Copenhagen to the Orkneys, with a single sailor and my daughter Ludina, crossing the North Sea in a storm. Once when I met him he told me with shining eyes: "There was such a south-westerly wind that we put the spinnaker up at Malta and took it down at Corfu. . . ."

I saw to his studies, first, in Milan. We lived at San Siro, the horse-racing compound, next to the stable that had been Gualino's, and near the one where Luchino Visconti lived with his thoroughbreds; and later, in 1943–44, we moved to Porto Santo Stefano, where we waited for the Allied advance under constant air-raids. A few days before the liberation, we managed to get to Rome in a dramatic flight, Giangi and his mother and sister, my own two very small girls, and myself, on a truck with dubious German documents, travelling all night with a *Wehrmacht* military column. In order to stop him missing the school year I gave him lessons in Latin, Greek, English and philosophy, going back over schoolwork I had long forgotten. This meant that I spent a few hours each day with him.

PERHAPS I WAS A POOR TEACHER, perhaps I lacked whatever it is that makes a good stepfather, perhaps Giangiacomo was an inattentive, rebellious and hostile pupil, or perhaps we simply didn't get on, since we were profoundly unlike; but whatever the reason, the fact remains that I don't think I taught him anything lasting. In the early days in Milan he was an ardent fascist. He wore the uniform of a mounted *avanguardista*, the youth military organisation, and papered the house with posters singing the *Duce*'s praises, announcing the inevitable victory of the Axis, and celebrating the imminent conquest of *irredente*

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Nice, Tunisia, Savoy and Corsica. If he had caught me listening to foreign broadcasts I'm sure he would have denounced me without a qualm; and so his mother and I used to lock ourselves into a small study when the broadcasts began.

Later a gardener converted him to the Revolution, and he embraced his new faith with the same blind fanaticism. He was the kind of man, quite commonly found in Italy, who can pass from one extreme movement to another that is its exact opposite, so long as it is illiberal and mythological—never stopping to consider the ideas (which may be boring and over-earnest, because they promise no instant miracles, merely hard work) of the liberal middle-class revolutions, of freedom achieved with difficulty and daily defended, a freedom which allows people to face problems and solve them gradually, and which tolerates, indeed defuses and makes use of, whatever is valid in dissident and heretical movements.

What the gardener taught him was surely not Marxism and Leninism but a utopian-socialist enthusiasm, which, when the revolutionary situation ripened, was to prepare the great bloodletting: political purges and quick killings similar to those Giangi had approved and dreamed of earlier, when he wore his black shirt. It was hard for me, who believed in reason, to cope with this kind of romantic apocalypse. It was clear that we could scarcely understand each other.

I WAS baffled. Only later did I understand why a boy like Giangi could gravitate to an extreme Left Wing proletarian party immediately after the War. He was not alone. There were many others, including Alberto Pirelli's oldest son, Giovanni. A few had possibly made a conscious choice; some were finding explanations and consolations for the collapse of their youthful dreams of an Italian victory; others were in revolt against the suffocating Buddenbrooks atmosphere of their families, frightened of the name they bore and the terrible burden of wealth; still others were terrified of the coming revolution, and joined the other side before it was too late. (Several anti-fascists I knew, in desperation, joined the Black Shirts of the *Repubblica Sociale di Salò* during the last months of the war because it was the safest way not to be caught and deported by the Germans.)

The extreme Left was, come to think of it, the best solution to many a rich boy's problem. It freed them from the strictures and conventions of the bourgeois life and gravely offended their parents (it was, in a way, the contemporary equivalent to marrying a ballerina or chorus girl). It surrounded them with admiring friends (for some reason, the revolutionary movements shelter a multitude of snobs, both intellectual and worldly, among them the most avid name-droppers of all). It gave them instant self-esteem and notoriety (everybody talked about a millionaire's son who joined the Party, nobody knew the names of the diligent boys who studied hard to prepare themselves for running the family business).

TO PASS THE TIME and to avoid feeling useless, I had the idea (around 1941–2) of setting up a small publishing house, and commissioning learned, well-qualified men, all anti-fascists, to produce manuscripts which I was to publish after the War and the defeat of the régime. I had an office in Via Andegari, in Milan, in the Feltrinelli palazzo, at the same address which is now that of Giangi's publishing firm. The subjects I chose were Italian economic history, the birth of Italian industry, the contribution made by the great 19th-century *entrepreneurs*, financiers, manufacturers and contractors, the links between them and the *Risorgimento*, their faults and their virtues; and also the nature of the early working-class movements. When Milan was bombed in 1943 the office was destroyed and with it the few finished manuscripts; another raid on Varese set fire to a store of paper I had bought. My publishing career was over. But perhaps my example was not wasted. It may have indirectly inspired Giangi to set up his own publishing firm, years later. I don't know.

In 1944, I persuaded him not to go into the *maquis* (the partisans of the Argentario, where we were living, were led by an escaped Soviet prisoner, a formidable character) but to wait for the arrival of the Italian liberation army in Rome before joining up to fight the Nazis and Fascists in a way that would be more rational and effective. He was not happy about it, of course, because by nature he preferred adventurous, risky solutions, in war as well as in revolution, to disciplined armies or parties led with logic and technical skill. However, he went along and fought with honour as a volunteer until the liberation of the North.

We lost sight of each other after 1947, when his mother and I parted. He had been accepted by the Communist Party, had a humble job organising workers at Sesto San Giovanni, an industrial suburb of Milan, was busy preparing for the *rivoluzione imminente*, and had found his first love among the girl comrades. It was Togliatti who took him away from all this, guessing the advantages which the Milanese boy, with his huge personal fortune, could offer the working-class movement.

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He sent Eugenio Reale to him, a learned Neapolitan intellectual who has now left the Party; Reale surrounded him with serious Marxist intellectuals, and got him to collect, all over Europe, the very rare documents on the origins of the working-class movement which today belong to the Giangiacomo Feltrinelli Institute. The Institute later published important studies, monographs and translations, which became steadily more popular and sold in increasing numbers; until Giangi one day decided to set up a separate publishing firm and to make use of the success which the Party guaranteed among the militants.

It was clear to anyone who knew him that he would leave the Party as soon as he felt its discipline, its control, its restrictions, and as soon as he realised that it was not quite an organisation of *terroristi e dinamitardi* (as it had been at Sesto San Giovanni immediately after the War), nightly strewing the streets with its enemies' corpses; but that it was, rather, a large, prudent, even erudite movement which had benefited from the setbacks of the last fifty years in so many European countries and intended to win by avoiding (both for its own sake and perhaps also for Italy's) a catastrophic civil war.

Little by little, ever more to the Left, ever more adventurous, ever more rebellious in the face of any control, he spent an increasing part of his fortune, and brought all his activities into line with his ideas and his hopes. His fortune soon was (and still is) in serious jeopardy. Debts recently ran into thousands of millions of lire. The publishing firm had its isolated spurts of success (it published *The Leopard* and *Dr Zhivago*) but it usually lost (I was told) about 400 million lire a year. At a certain point, in order to settle things, Giangi tried to sell the Institute's priceless collection of documents to an American foundation but he was stopped by the intervention of Mattioli, a lover of literature, president of the *Banca Commerciale* (one of his creditors), who had the collection included among National Treasures that could not be sent out of the country. In the last few years Giangi was therefore forced to dispose of shares and to sell large tracts of land in the centre of Milan, which had been in the family for generations, in order to keep the bankers quiet.

I LOST TRACK of him for many years. I saw his mother only when necessary, when I picked up my two little daughters and their governess to go on some automobile trip, and when I brought them back. His sister Antonella was married in Paris. I felt no desire to see him; we had little to say to each other. I have always had a particular horror of people dominated by irrational devils, like medieval *indemoniati*, and I cringe in front of

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drunks. Emotional, frenetic, uncontrolled communists or fascists gave me the same sensations. I also always disliked rich boys surrounded by courtiers. We met casually once in a while and usually exchanged polite conversation. We never talked politics, books, or publishing.

The next-to-last time I saw him (the last time was in Via Veneto, years ago, when he was walking along with Indro Montanelli) was at an hotel in New York. He was in America to arrange the handing-over of the Institute's collections. We met in the lift and he attacked me violently. He said: "But what are you people doing? You're a deputy. Can you tell me why you want to nationalise the electrical industry? It's a disaster for the national economy. . . ."

I didn't explain that, yes, I was a deputy, but a liberal, on the opposition side, that I would therefore vote against nationalisation, not because I was against nationalisation in itself, which might sometimes be necessary and beneficial, but because this case had not been properly examined, the bill was a punitive one dictated by superstitious hatred, and would do no good to anyone except a few industrialists in the electrical industry. I didn't even tell him that it had been the Left, whose gadfly and animating spirit he had been, that had urged it, merely because it was considered a symbol of "progress." I knew that the Edison company had originally been set up in 1881 with Feltrinelli money (among few others) and that he was still one of the three or four main shareholders. I said nothing because there was no point in trying to sort out his ideas and mixed sentiments.

THE QUESTION everyone has been asking is: even if it is clear why a millionaire boy joins the Communist Party in times of confusion, how on earth does he give up everything, his fortune, peace, family happiness, success, and in the end, tragically, even life itself, in order to destroy society—the society that created (among many other things that may be more useful) the millions from which millionaires prosper?

There is, of course, no single answer. There are many, and here are some of them.

Blood, first of all. The family comes from Desenzano on Lake Garda. (Under the Salò Republic, Mussolini lived in the old Feltrinelli villa at Gardone, built by Giangi's forefathers.) They were small traders. D. H. Lawrence met some of them, poor relations still remaining on Garda, when he took refuge there with Frieda von Richthofen after the First World War, and in his writings he called them "Feltrellini." (Like most English people, who look at us sentimentally but distractedly, he got the Italian spelling wrong.) They grew rich on trade between the Veneto and Austria. The first millionaire, whose name was Giacomo, ran a timber business with branches all over Italy and owned a bank in Milan and considerable real estate in Rome and Milan; he was Giangi's great-uncle. It was said that he had a drawer in his desk full of gold Napoleons into which he could plunge his hands, to let the coins run through his fingers.

In the last century the family tended to be pro-Austrian. The Feltrinellis owned huge estates and rented others, all over the old Empire, in places that peace treaties later expropriated from Austria—in Rumania, Hungary, and Czechoslovakia, where they exploited the forests and hunted big game. Giangi spent most of his childhood on the Austrian estate at Moessna, speaking German (he had German governesses), and wearing *lederhosen*. His father, Carlo, a man of great courage and culture and with high moral principles, had an Austrian mother and spoke perfect German. During World War I, he was imprisoned under the Nitti government, accused (and later acquitted) of having traded with the enemy, in particular of having sold the Austrians silk remnants needed for the preparation of artillery charges. The family doctors and dentists were always in Vienna, as Italians could not be trusted. The old grandmother went to *K.-und-K.* watering places, in whatever new country the Treaties of 1919 had dislocated them, until her death.

All this meant that Giangi did not inherit from his forbears the love of the Italian state and the ideas of liberty that were quite naturally taught to the descendants of the 19th-century patriots. Like many children of Bourbon legitimists in Naples, or *Papalini* in Rome, a century ago, he continued without quite realising it the fight against a liberal, unified, and independent Italy, but from a position on the Left, the only position which had a chance of success. There was, however, a vein of rebellious extravagance and independence in his forbears and in his uncles (two of whom committed suicide), as well as the tendency, common to both millionaires and revolutionary leaders, to think that laws are useful for keeping others in their place but that such restraints did not apply to them.

EDUCATION. In the early years of his life, he was always isolated from others of his own age, and in the charge of stern German governesses and strict tutors, like a prince of the blood royal in olden times; as I have said, he spent most of the year in Austria. It was I who sent him to a state school, for the first time, in Milan, plunging him among boys of every class and cultural level. He caught colds the whole time, having failed to

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develop the immunity everyone else gets at primary school.

From his lonely and harshly disciplined childhood, surrounded by the rather servile affection of servants, he inherited a curious incapacity to tolerate any form of control, to distinguish between people, or to behave as if others were his equals. He would be deferential with superiors and arrogant with inferiors, was seldom courteous and matter-of-fact with his peers. He ended by preferring always the company of the illiterate, the fanatic, and those who were in some way dependent upon him.

Money had a great influence on him. Easy millions give weak men who inherit them a sense of exaltation comparable with the effect produced by certain drugs. They feel as if they are allowed to do anything, and nothing can stop them—not the opinion of others, or the penal code, or the rules of normal life. (In traffic Giangi disliked stopping at red lights.) The only thing that sometimes deters is the fear of losing their millions and the power and immunity that go with them. But Giangi did not fear this, first of all because his resources were enormous and seemed inexhaustible, and he deluded himself that he could always get over his losses, but also because he thought he was carrying on the biggest speculative manoeuvre ever, one which he felt was a sure thing. He believed his position of power would be immensely reinforced—and that of all the other rich destroyed—on the day he returned to Italy at the head of the revolution, the Italian Fidel Castro.

Without realising it, he had retained many of the attitudes of the 19th-century rich. He was overbearing with servants and employees; treated writers with ill-concealed contempt; dismissed Giorgio Bassani, the novelist, who was at one time editor of the Feltrinelli publishing house, like an unsatisfactory footman (after forcing open the drawers of his desk and reading his private letters); and, like many millionaires, was capable of curious acts of avarice. He financed seditious clandestine movements, but did it so meanly, checking all the accounts and stalling on payments. In a way he was a caricature mirror-image of the old-fashioned plutocrat within the context of the dynamite-toting Left, the *Sinistra dinamitarda*.

Like many rich men—in fact, like his uncle Tonino who used to pay hard-up aristocrats small salaries in order to have them round him at the club, laughing at his jokes—he was an easy victim of flatterers. Togliatti, a rather subtle man, realised this, and so did the talented young Communist intellectuals who guided his first political and publishing efforts. Yet as soon as he felt he was being influenced, guided and exploited, he turned on them like a capricious prince, banishing one-time favourites and choosing new ones. But he also liked meeting the snobbish rich, like himself; he mixed with smart radical-chic millionaires, men who despised the masses as he did, who thought them something they could play with, pushing them Left or Right, whichever seemed the most likely to be to their own advantage.

Perhaps the best way of comprehending him is to consider other people who resemble him. He was like the great Russian textile industrialist who employed the engineer Skriabin (alias Molotov) and the engineer Krassin, at the beginning of the century; who financed Lenin, *Iskra* and *Pravda* for years; and after the Revolution hanged himself in a hotel room in Cannes, perhaps having concluded that his money had now served its purpose. Curiously, Giangi also recalls, in some ways, Howard Hughes, the notorious American millionaire who lives in a world apart, surrounded by secrecy and served by sycophants, courtiers and employees, whom he likes to believe are as faithful as slaves.

But perhaps the character he is most like is the Count of Monte Cristo. Giangi had the same immense wealth, the same passion for mystery, the same dizzying sense of being all-powerful and

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above ordinary men, the sense of being able to decide their fate in order to bring about justice and to avenge wrongs. He liked best playing the Count of Monte Cristo in poor, backward and disorganised places, where injustice was most obvious and most burning, in Bolivia, Cuba, or Sardinia, where he was by contrast more powerful than ever, where he could all the more easily impose his will.

IT DOESN'T MUCH MATTER whether Giangi died as victim of a secret plot or through an accident when he was connecting Milan's network of electric wires to a charge of dynamite. Political fanatics of both Left and Right always like the explanation of a secret plot. He could have been killed by the Right, as many think. But why should the national or international Right have eliminated an ineffective revolutionary *dilettante* who was frightening the middle classes and driving them increasingly into Right-Wing parties? He could have been killed by Communists (unlikely) or by one of the *groupuscules* (he knew too much and had made many enemies among them, both possible but insufficient reasons, in my view). Yet is it very likely that a conspirator with the gifts of a great novelist or a great film-director was to be found among the secret agents? a plotter capable of staging a death so faithful to the victim—his past, his nature and his character? The probability is that some loose electric contact (the pylon was broken and there might have been a leak to the ground) exploded the charges under him, while he was working some twenty feet above the ground. Giangi died, in any case, for his ideas (and it doesn't even matter, at this stage, whether they were right, realisable, or demented). One cannot fail to respect his sacrifice.

I embrace the boy I tried to teach about Thales of Miletus all those years ago, thinking of all the serious, useful things he might have done, with his energy and his money, if he had managed to find peace within himself. But history may prove me wrong. Perhaps he was, as he sometimes fancied, Carlo Pisacane. Pisacane was also rich and had the feudal title of Duke of Santospirito; he was the earliest Italian revolutionary socialist, and he also went bravely and light-heartedly to his death, near Sapri, in 1857, deluding himself that he was setting the spark to an imminent revolution. It could be.

Marighella

Letter from South America—By ROBERT MOSS

CARLOS MARIGHELLA did not have much in common with his Western admirers. He was 58 years old when the São Paulo police trapped him in an ambush and shot him dead in November, 1969—old enough to qualify for the scrap-heap of history in the eyes of the youthful would-be guerrillas of Milan or West Berlin.

He was no invention of radical chic, although his name has gone down in its honour roll. The middle-class youths who joined his revolutionary group, the National Liberation Action (ALN) gave him the nickname *o prêto* ("the negro") because of his mulatto features and towering physique. He was born in the old colonial city of Salvador in the state of Bahia, the son of an Italian immigrant and, on his mother's side, the descendant of African slaves. Although he was a bright schoolboy and won a place in the Salvador Polytechnic to study engineering, he dropped out to become a full-time Communist agitator. Which is a reminder that Marighella was in every sense a product of the Old Left. He spent the best part of 40 years as an *apparatchik* in the rigidly Moscow-line Brazilian Communist Party before he broke away to experiment with Castroite techniques of "armed struggle."

The communist parties of Latin America have always been noted for their non-revolutionary bent, their fidelity to Moscow, and their failure to produce a theoretical literature. Latin America's geographical remoteness from Russia

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—and the fact that it has always been a pretty marginal factor in Kremlin thinking on foreign policy (at least up to the Cuban revolution)—might have been expected to produce a generation of relatively flexible and independent Party leaders. Instead, the dominant characteristic of the local Communist parties has been a hidebound provincialism that was confirmed by the general refusal to criticise the Red Army's invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968.

The Brazilian Party is no exception. But it is distinguished by the fact that it is probably the only Latin American Communist Party that seriously tried to apply the Comintern's formula for armed insurrection in the years before 1935, when the Russians switched to "united front" tactics. Marighella joined the Communist Party in 1927, when it was preparing for an armed uprising. After the provincial revolts of the early 1920s, spearheaded by a group of young officers or *tenentes*, the Brazilian communists set out to infiltrate the armed forces systematically. They were helped by the personality of their leader, Luis Carlos Prestes, who was celebrated for his military exploits as one of the *tenentes*.

But when the revolt finally materialised in 1935, it badly misfired. Although rebel garrisons in Recife and Natal enabled the Communists to win brief control of both cities, the rising was easily crushed in other parts of the country. The revolt was seized on by the populist leader Getulio Vargas as a pretext to assume emergency powers that marked the real beginning of his long dictatorship, and to order the mass arrest of Communist sympathisers. Marighella was imprisoned for the first time in March, 1936. He was 24, and the revolt and the subsequent repression had a lasting effect on him. He continued to dream of violent revolution, but the party changed its tune, went over to "Popular Front" tactics and never again risked singeing its fingers by supporting a guerrilla campaign.

MARIGHELLA walked out of prison on the eve of the 1937 elections. What was he like as a professional party activist in his mid-20s? He had married a girl called Clara, whom he had met in his home town during a May Day party. She obviously shared his political views, since when they discovered that she was unable to bear children they are reported to have told their friends, grandiloquently, that their children "would be those of all the world's exploited people." Anyway, Marighella never disguised his taste for women, and left at least one illegitimate child, Carlos Augusto. But at this stage he was driven by political ambition. It was the era of the Stalinist purges, and to test his loyalty the Party transferred him to the São Paulo branch to root out the Trotskyite heretics who had become

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increasingly audible in that boom town where *parvenu* industrialists and millionaire coffee-planters were putting down the first stones of today's concrete labyrinth and luring hungry peasants away from the "hot Siberia" of the north-east to become the floating mass of the underemployed that Brazilians call simply "the marginal ones." Marighella seems to have satisfied the Executive Committee. Those who knew him at the time remember him as "a clinical hatchetman" with a Grand Inquisitor's nose for ideological deviation.

FOR THE NEXT quarter-century, Marighella's fortunes rose and fell with those of the party. He was thrown into jail for a second time in 1939, and saw out the War years on the steamy prison-island of Fernando de Noronha. The victory of the Allies and the fall of Vargas in 1945 brought him his only experience of parliamentary democracy. He was elected as one of the two deputies from the state of São Paulo to the new congress in 1946, and left no one in any doubt that he was a great talker. The records show that he got to his feet in the chamber of deputies no less than 195 times before the Communist Party was once again banned and driven underground in 1947, often merely to hurl insults at the other representative from his state, the gifted conservative *littérateur*, Jorge Amado.

Back in the underground, Marighella seems to have got too enthused about "direct action" for his superiors' liking. They packed him off on a two-year visit to China in 1953, and he returned quoting Maoist aphorisms about the strategy of "people's war." From that time onwards, he ran the Party apparatus in São Paulo more or less as his personal fief, and when he broke away from the Communists in 1967, he took many of the members of the state committee with him. It is remarkable that throughout the 1950s and the early 1960s, Marighella remained impervious to the great debates that were starting to divide the Communist world—the invasion of Hungary, Khrushchev's denunciation of Stalin, the Sino-Soviet rift. The Sino-Soviet quarrel took its toll. A pro-Chinese faction broke away from the Brazilian Communist Party and identified itself by a preposition (it became the Communist Party *of* Brazil).

But these were the heady years when the flabby government of Quadros gave way to the Leftist régime of João Goulart, when extremist state governors like Brizola were organising "revolutionary militias" and the Communist leaders saw the chance of seizing power from within the system shimmering just before them. On the eve of the generals' coup on the first day of April 1964, the Communists were hoping to set up a formal coalition with Goulart's supporters. They had friends in the lower ranks of the armed forces, the unions, and the radical peasants' leagues in the north-east. The coup—triggered off by the one thing that no general (of whatever political complexion) will tolerate, namely, mutiny in the barracks—changed everything.

Marighella, disorientated and bitterly disappointed, ran out into the streets with some of his friends and joined the mob that tried to storm the Military Club in Rio. He was a marked man. The police tracked him down in a suburban cinema a few days later, and he was shot in the stomach when he struggled to get away. When he finished his third prison-term, his mind was made up. Finding that the Communist Party had boycotted the first recruitment of urban terrorists (who made a misguided attempt to set up a guerrilla *foco* in the Caparão mountains) and clung to the hope of an accommodation with the régime, Marighella resigned from the central committee in December 1966.

NOW HE SPILLED OUT all his contempt for the rules by which he had ordered his life for almost four decades. In his letter of resignation he attacked the Party chiefs for practising "ideological intimidation", suppressing new ideas, and for underrating the revolutionary potential of the workers and peasants. For a peroration, he quoted gospel:

> "It seems that they [the Executive Committee] did not understand Lenin when, in his work, *Two Tactics*, he states that 'the big problems in the lives of the people can only be resolved by force.' In Brazil, the solution can only be armed struggle."[1]

The final break with the Party came in August 1967. Marighella defied the Executive Committee's directives and visited Cuba for the first Latin American Solidarity Conference (OLAS)—a formidable propaganda exercise intended to transplant Che Guevara's theories of revolution to the alien soil of the South American mainland. When the Brazilian Communists sent a letter disowning Marighella, he snapped back that he had no desire to remain part of "that faculty of fine arts." The die was cast.

Between February 1968, when he founded the ALN, and November 1969, when he met his death in a squalid back street of São Paulo, Marighella rose to world notoriety as the practitioner and the first coherent strategist of a new

[1] "Letter of Resignation" in *Carlos Marighella* (biography and documents, published in Havana, 1970), pp. 41–2.

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kind of revolutionary warfare—as the Che Guevara of the urban guerrilla. His ideas, of course, are sketched out in that little pamphlet that no aspiring terrorist can afford to be without and that a whole army of reputable European publishers felt they couldn't afford not to print: the *Minimanual of the Urban Guerrilla.*

THE *Minimanual* sketches out a very mechanistic theory of urban guerrilla warfare. Although Marighella had little time for Régis Debray, his Manual mirrors Debray's conviction that an armed minority inserted into a particular society can create the conditions for civil war by purely military operations. Marighella's strategy could be summed up as the theory of the Backlash. He believed that terrorist actions could be used to provoke the kind of over-reaction on the part of the Government and its security forces that would alienate moderate opinion and divide society into two armed camps. He wrote that

> It is necessary to turn political crisis into armed conflict by performing violent actions that will force those in power to transform the military situation in the country into a political situation. That will alienate the masses, who, from then on, will revolt against the army and the police and blame them for this state of things.[2]

Marighella defined the model urban guerrilla as a cold professional, physically fit, as wily as a fox in picking his way through the alleyways and back-streets, and above all a crack shot. "The urban guerrilla's reason for existence," he insisted, "the basic condition in which he acts and survives, is to shoot."[3] Not for him Nechayev's ideal of the revolutionary spurred on by an "icy passion" with only "one thought, one aim—merciless destruction." Reading Marighella's booklet, one learns about as much about revolutionary motivation as one could glean from a Regular Army handbook on parade drill.

He urges constant decisiveness—the urban guerrilla must constantly be on the offensive, because a lull in the campaign will demoralise his followers and encourage defections. His targets are many and varied. As Marighella constantly argues, the modern industrial city is extraordinarily vulnerable to assault from a terrorist group that is none too scrupulous about its means. The security forces cannot constantly stand guard over every oil refinery and embassy, every foreign liner and office building in a city the size of São Paulo. Marighella's long-range hopes centred on the idea that co-ordinated terrorist campaigns in Brazil's major cities (in the "industrial triangle" of Rio/São Paulo/Belo Horizonte) would tie down troops and clear the way for the creation of rural *focos* that would serve as the rallying-point for a parallel peasant uprising. But his strategy did not work out very well in practice.

In Brazil, the urban guerrilla campaign *did* (as Marighella prophesied) inspire a backlash—but the backlash put paid to the guerrillas. The régimes of Marshal Costa e Silva and General Garrastazú Médici dealt with the terrorists very much as the French Army dealt with the FLN in Algiers in the 1950s. They flooded the streets with troops, collected intelligence by mass detention and very rough interrogation techniques (including the widespread use of torture), and forced the guerrillas to confront the security forces in open gun-battles that they were bound to lose. The Brazilian guerrillas lost three celebrated leaders in succession—Marighella himself; then his successor (another old-time São Paulo Communist) Joaquim Câmara Ferreira; and, finally, Captain Carlos Lamarca, the American-trained counter-insurgency expert turned leader of the People's Revolutionary Vanguard (VPR).

The post-mortem on the Brazilian guerrillas was pronounced by a leader of yet another terrorist organisation (MR-8) who declares that

> "today we are suffering from complete isolation from the masses. . . . We failed to understand that the war of the urban guerrilla is not just a matter of armed propaganda."[4]

Even in neighbouring Uruguay, where the Tupamaros emerged as the continent's most successful and imaginative urban guerrillas, the movement seemed to be flagging after the election of President Bordaberry early this year. In documents captured by the army in March, the Tupamaro theorist bewailed the fact that the population in general had "got used" to them (*acostumbrado*) so that no one was surprised when they carried out a new kidnapping or bank robbery.[5]

It is much too soon to write off the urban guerrilla movements of Latin America, and the Argentine terrorists are currently posing a very serious threat to President Lanusse's régime. But there is a lot of heart-searching and rethinking going on among Marighella's admirers in Latin America at precisely the moment that his romantic admirers in Western countries are trying to transplant his revolutionary models to their own very alien soil.

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[2] "On Principles and Strategic Questions", *Les Temps Modernes* (November 1969).

[3] Reprinted as appendix to Robert Moss, *Urban Guerrilla Warfare,* Adelphi Papers No. 79, International Institute for Strategic Studies (London, 1971).

[4] In an interview published in *Punto Final* (Santiago) 12 October 1971.

[5] See *Marcha* (Montevideo), 5 May 1972.

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GAULLISM

The Rise and Fall of a Political Movement

Anthony Hartley gives a lucid and succinct account of the political philosophy and practice of Gaullism and its originating genius Charles de Gaulle. He traces the development of Gaullism from the war years through the Fifth Republic and to its dramatic crystallization in the riots of May 1968. Jacques Godechot examines an earlier period of French history in **The Counter-Revolution.** The greatest gap in the history of the French Revolution is, paradoxically, the history of the Counter-Revolution. Yet the counter-revolutionary struggle was to spread beyond the borders of France to all Western Europe before the victory of the Reaction in 1814, and its doctrines would come to shape right-wing thought into the twentieth century. The study of the history of ideas is the subject of Friedrich Meinecke's book **Historism.** He uses the term to denote the vital importance of the phenomenon of intellectual history in the study of the development of nations and cultures. **Studies in the Growth of Nineteenth-Century Government** is a collection of essays which put forward some of the most interesting views on the revolutionary changes which took place in the nature of government during the nineteenth century. The central preoccupation of the essays is the complex relationship between government servants and the world around them.

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The Lure of Revolutionary Revolution

Of Social Science and Toothpaste—By ELIE KEDOURIE

FOR ALMOST two centuries now, revolution has been a word of magic and power. Why this should be so is not readily apparent. In common speech the word takes its place within a range of expressions similar but not identical in meaning: words such as revolt, rebellion, insurrection, or *coup d'état*. The dictionary will tell us that a revolution signifies a complete overthrow of the established government, or the forcible substitution of a new ruler or form of government. The occurrences which these words describe are as old as human society, and when they take place no one except the winners and the losers ought, by rights, to rejoice or mourn, or see in them more than a contest, more or less violent, between those who have power and those who seek to acquire it. How then has the word revolution—the forcible substitution of one form of government for another—come to be so widely invested with a magical aura, and in its effects on large numbers of men, to have the potency of a powerful drug?

The answer—or at any rate the beginning of one—seems to lie in certain events in the intellectual history of 18th-century Europe which are as yet imperfectly known, and which seem to have given new life and wide currency to ancient millenarian and gnostic speculations about the meaning of history and the salvation of man. Lessing's short work of 1780, *The Education of the Human Race*, is undoubtedly a key document in enabling us to understand these events. Lessing announces his certain belief that the epoch of perfection is coming, and describes the course of history as "a large wheel which, in a slow movement, leads the human race to the point of its perfection", or again as a "road on which humanity progresses towards perfection." In a recent work,[1] Professor Friedrich Heer has drawn attention to the fact that belief in these speculations, which from a Christian point of view are either of doubtful orthodoxy or downright heretical, was widely prevalent among the educated classes of Europe in the 18th and 19th centuries. These speculations in fact constituted the religion of enlightened men. The Marquis de Saint-Martin invented the motto "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity" as part of his new religion; the Comte de Saint-Simon, who was much influenced by Saint-Martin, announced the advent of a new Christianity, the lineaments of which were sketched out in his doctrine; the poet Victor Hugo and many others devoutly believed in the speedy coming of a new age.

It is not difficult to see how this new apocalypse and the idea of revolution became conjoined. The apocalypse announced and promised a renewal of man and a renovation of his society. Since educated men in Europe were also coming increasingly to believe that man makes himself, that he can set up and work institutions which will ensure his permanent happiness, this renovation was to be effected not by divine agency, by miracles or prodigies, but by man himself. The *novus ordo saeculorum* which the revolutionaries were intent on inaugurating in the thirteen colonies was to be established on a man-made constitution and maintained by purely human virtue. Tom Paine has a passage in which the conjunction between all these ideas appears in a striking fashion:

> What were formerly called Revolutions [Paine wrote], were little more than a change of persons, or an alteration of local circumstances. They rose and fell like things of course, and had nothing in their existence or their fate that could influence beyond the spot that produced them. But what we now see in the world, from the Revolutions of America and France, are a renovation of the natural order of things, a system of principles as universal as truth and the existence of man, and combining moral with political happiness and national prosperity.[2]

[1] *Europe, Mother of Revolutions*. By FRIEDRICH HEER. Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £6.25.

[2] This passage is cited by Professor Isaac Kramnick in an article, "Reflections on Revolution" in *History and Theory*, vol. XI, no. 1 (1972). The article is a very useful survey of various modern approaches to the study of revolution.

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If revolutions are "a renovation of the natural order of things", the word assumes, in certain contexts at any rate, a special and privileged meaning. In such a usage a real revolution cannot possibly be only the overthrow—however complete—of the established government, or the forcible substitution of a new ruler. As Condorcet affirmed—and he was, as they say, *payé pour le savoir*—only when it has liberty for its object is the revolution revolutionary. For liberty others have substituted equality or fraternity. But in all these cases where it is the object to be attained which decides whether a revolution is revolutionary, the word ceases to be descriptive or identificatory and becomes ideological. It is this ideological guise which gives the notion its extraordinary power and makes it into so intoxicating an opium for those who can read, and even more for those who can write. For, used in this way, the word serves to disclose the meaning and direction of history. It shows those who understand it properly the way to escape the lowliness and misery of the human condition, while it provides justification for all actions—whatever they are—which further the revolution. Since Tom Paine's day, the lure of revolutionary revolution in its various guises has become world-wide and men of all colours and races have felt the attractive power of this modern European apocalypse. Hardly a day passes without someone somewhere announcing the good tidings of revolutionary revolution. One example, of striking absurdity, may suffice: "What is necessary", proclaims Mr Ronald Segal,

> is for the need of permanent revolution to be so widely accepted, for permanent revolution to be so influential a principle of human conduct, that no revolutionaries would, or safely could, attempt to make final their particular social design. Each revolution must be seen as no more than an experiment, from which men must move on, to experiment again and again, for the integration of their lives with their ideals. It is revolution because no aspect of society should be beyond the reach of experiment; no institution so fixed, that it may not be displaced. It is permanent because one experiment must merge into another, for a continuous process of probing deeper; developing the social imagination further; cutting yet one more ledge from which human experience can climb to the next.[3]

IF REVOLUTIONS ARE MADE by men, and if they are privileged events which at once show the direction of the future and speed it on its way, then by a natural development another idea emerges: revolutions have as their opposites counter-revolutions. Counter-revolutions are the work of foolish, misguided, or even wicked men who think they can stop the future or deflect its course. A recent essay by Professor Arno J. Mayer, *Dynamics of Counterrevolution in Europe, 1870–1956*[4] attempts to define and describe counter-revolution. The author writes that he is a "confirmed leftist critic of those Allied and American policies . . . that condoned or advanced . . . the counterrevolutionary side in the era of the communist revolution." For him the communist revolution in Russia and China is "the central event of this era", and counter-revolution "symbiotically related" to it. The latter is the affair of "crisis intellectuals", and of what he calls "anxiety cartels":

> whereas the revolutionary project aims at a total transcendence, the counterrevolutionary project has a much more limited scope: the transformation of the polity for the purpose of restabilizing and maintaining the economy and society.

Counter-revolutions are "less historically creative than revolutions." They are "a sectarian *levée en masse*." Revolution "can be conceived as a coherent idea and utopian vision that have found bayonets," while counter-revolution "is in the nature of bayonets in search of a fabricated idea and a millenarian charge". To Professor Mayer the difference may seem both lucid and illuminating; others may think that in the end it all comes down to bayonets, that creativity and transcendence are difficult to identify and measure, and that really revolution and counter-revolution are six of the one and half-a-dozen of the other.

Take, for instance, what is known as the Spanish revolution of the 1930s. What was the revolution, and who were the revolutionaries then? As a readable history of these events, now translated into English,[5] shows, what happened in Spain between 1936 and 1939 was that the mediatory and adjudicatory function of government broke down irremediably. This left the various groups of Spanish society confronting one another face to face, "eyeball to eyeball", with their mutual fears, ambitions, and cupidities. In such a situation, since there was no power to prevent it, these groups had no alternative to mutual repression, proscription, confiscation, and extermination. It is true that the authors of *The Revolution and the Civil War in Spain* seem to use the word "revolution" in the privileged sense described above, and to mean by it anarchist and other Leftist seizures of power which took place in Barcelona and elsewhere. But who, except for an ideologue, would want to call

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[3] *The Struggle against History*, By RONALD SEGAL. Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £2.50.

[4] *Dynamics of Counterrevolution in Europe, 1870–1956*. By ARNO J. MAYER. Harper & Row, $7, £3.25; Torchbook (paper), $1.95, 90p.

[5] *The Revolution and the Civil War in Spain*. By PIERRE BROUE and EMILE TEMIME. Translated by TONY WHITE. Faber & Faber, £6.

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anarchism revolutionary and the *Falange* counter-revolutionary, or *vice versa*? There is, of course, no harm—there is indeed advantage—in calling what took place in Spain between 1936 and 1939 a revolution, if one loosely means by it (as Aristotle and Machiavelli might have meant by it) a state of extreme violence and insecurity in which every group was for itself and the devil took the hindmost. This social dissolution and institutional breakdown in which "things fall apart" and "the centre cannot hold" is a state of affairs for which the word revolution seems a fitting label.

This nuance is a useful one to supplement the dictionary's reference to "a complete overthrow of the established government." It is a sense or a nuance with which historians will feel at home, as may be seen from Professor F. L. Carsten's excellent work,[6] describing the combined effect on Germany and Austria-Hungary of military defeat and the resulting *vacance du pouvoir* on the one hand, and of the Bolshevik example and mystique on the other. Revolution, for Professor Carsten, is what took place in Kiel and Berlin and Graz and Vienna and Budapest and Klagenfurt and other places when the existing governments lost their power to attract allegiance and compel obedience. To understand what "revolution" meant in Central Europe in 1918–19 one must have a knowledge of the groups which tried to overthrow the lawful government, how they set about this, and the manner of their success (or failure). All these events, so well and so patiently elucidated by Professor Carsten, and nothing more or less, *were* the revolution in Central Europe.

In dealing on his own account, then, with words like revolution, the historian must be a nominalist. The word can be for him nothing but a loose and convenient shorthand term for a cluster of events having to do with the breakdown or violent overthrow of governments, and with the arbitrariness, insecurity and terror which accompany such events. As for the privileged sense of the term, he must hold it at arm's length, elucidate its meaning, enquire whether belief in it was current at a particular time and in a particular place, and ascertain whether and in what manner the currency of such a belief was associated with breakdowns of government. To do otherwise is to impose on himself the hopeless task of looking for a special kind of event called revolution, defined according to criteria which some ideology or some political rhetoric prescribes from the outside. This is what a writer like Professor Mayer, who describes himself as a

[6] *Revolution in Central Europe 1918–1919*. By F. L. CARSTEN. Temple Smith, £4.50.

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"confirmed leftist", does. But the way in which he looks at counter-revolution—and therefore at revolution—is the outcome not only of his leftist predilections, but also of another, quite as powerful, influence. His book is subtitled, *An Analytical Framework*, and the reader will notice that for a work purporting to deal with a particular period in the European past, it seems to have a curious aversion to the use of the past tense, and to be written in a flat and timeless present. A few sentences taken at random will give the flavour:

> Because of its composite, interjacent, and contingent qualities the counterrevolutionary project lacks ecumenical luster. . . . certain political conjunctions benefit the counterrevolutionaries, particularly in times of deepening crisis. . . . The counterrevolutionaries realize that their partners and patrons share their deliberate misrepresentation and defamation of reformers. . . . The form and intensity of counterrevolutionary movements and reforms are a function of the structural conditions and conjunctural developments, national and international, that impinge upon them.

What we have here, as this last sentence clearly shows, are the language, methods, and aspirations of social science. In this perspective, revolution again is no longer a cluster of events (and no more than these events); it becomes hypostasized, transformed into some kind of substance or stuff to be treated in the same way as a chemist, say, examines toothpaste, notes how various samples differ in composition, thickness and consistency, and thence proceeds to a theory of toothpaste which, until it is falsified, must be true always and everywhere.

THIS IS THE IDEAL and the vision which inspire social science, and the attempt to invent under its auspices a scientific theory by which to explain revolution has already produced a voluminous and sometimes weird literature, which Professor Kramnick has surveyed in the article I have mentioned earlier. The authors of this literature are not content with explaining revolution as the activity of this or that specific man or group of men, responding to the activity of other men, in this or that particular context, according to the available evidence. For them nothing is what it seems to be, and explanation to be really explanation must go beyond what men say and do. It must, rather, analyse—and pulverise?—sayings and doings so as to assimilate them into a general theory of human behaviour. Thus, according to their various ratiocinations, "Revolution is the extreme case of the explosion of political participation." Or, it is that which occurs "at the point on a *J*-curve when the rising pattern of expected satisfactions . . . is abruptly interrupted." Or, it is "produced by dysfunctional social systems, *i.e.*, systems where there is a lack of harmony between

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the adaptive mechanisms and the value structure". Or, it is the outcome of "relative deprivation . . . [*i.e.*] perception of a gap between what people think they deserve and what they in fact get", and is made by revolutionaries who "have strong feelings of admiration for their fathers, but these fathers also withhold privileges, especially the most important object of the individual's early years, the mother".

This literature is, of course, by no means devoid of interesting disquisitions or striking *aperçus*, but when we compare the amplitude of the claim it makes (which is that it can explain and account for all Revolutions) with its broken and fragmentary performance, then we see that much if not all of it is the merest book-making, the most inconsequential *littérature*; about it all that need be said is that if you do like this kind of thing, you may pay your money and take your choice.

As is notorious, one of the most influential of the theories which pretend to explain revolution—a theory which is also an ideology—is Marxism. In his book, *Modern Revolutions*,[7] Mr John Dunn declares that "Marxism as a theory, a coherent body of doctrine, is false." His scepticism is commendable, but the book shows it to be neither consistent enough nor radical enough. His very enterprise seems to assume, like the writers surveyed by Professor Kramnick, that there is a phenomenon called "modern revolutions" which can be isolated and studied. Yet Mr Dunn knows very well that "modern revolutions" are nothing apart from this or that or the other revolution. This is why the bulk of this book is devoted to the examination of eight "modern revolutions", which took place respectively in Russia, Mexico, China, Yugoslavia, Viet Nam, Algeria, Turkey and Cuba. Neither at first sight, nor on closer reading is it apparent to the reader why this miscellaneous list of civil wars and international conflicts should disclose what it is that distinguishes modern from other revolutions, or why others, of seemingly equal or greater interest, have been omitted. There is in this book nothing about Fascism or Nazism or the Persian Revolution of 1906, or the Mau Mau, or the Spanish civil war, or the post-1945 insurrections in Greece or Malaya; and if one is to appeal to history for the understanding of "modern revolutions", then surely Hitler and Dedan Kimathi are of as great interest as Lenin and Ho? Again, how can eight brief chapters possibly do more than present an imperfect, abstract, and therefore historically useless, sketch of events both complex and obscure? These sketches cannot explain the

[7] *Modern Revolutions*. By JOHN DUNN. Cambridge University Press, £3.80, paper £1.40; $14.50, paper $4.95.

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events with which they purport to deal; for the explanation of these events means their narration, and their proper narration requires taking into account all the known evidence. If we do this, we soon discover that "modern revolutions" as a model or ideal type is no more than a delusive construct, the pale shadow of what men, in the endless variety of their circumstances and the ever-surprising originality of their minds, do and suffer. In short to speak, as does Mr Dunn, of "historical case studies" is to speak the language not of history, but of toothpaste-making.

Toothpaste-making is, of course, a useful practical occupation. Mr Dunn's discourse also has its practical side, but whether it is useful is not so clear. He believes that there is "certainly much social and political organization which is eminently in need of destruction in the world today." Many régimes, again, "are so exotically deplorable that any successor régime could hardly fail to represent a change for the better." Also there are "probably more countries than not governed by men with a deeper interest in the preservation of a variety of different national or international structures than they have in maximising the economic growth of their countries" (not "necessarily", he charitably adds, "for unedifying reasons"), but under present demographic conditions they are, he affirms, "a perilous luxury for any society." As can be seen, Mr Dunn speaks like a confident *maître démolisseur* and has no trouble at all in deciding which states are derelict and ripe for dynamiting, and his list is likely to be fairly long. He is quite as categorical in prescribing what is to take their place. He is, it will be recalled, utterly sceptical of Marxist theory. Nonetheless, he does not hesitate to affirm that

> countries which today need a revolution (of which there are not a few) would be best advised to entrust their destinies to decidedly Marxist political élites and ones which (other things being equal) are better the better organized they are.

Lenin and Mao and Ho and Hoxha and Karume and Sekou Touré are good for you; they are a nasty but wholesome medicine, Mr Dunn firmly tells the Asians and Africans, they will stand no nonsense about freedom etc., they will keep you in order, and give you the economic growth you need.

One does not know what to marvel at more: the cool patronising presumption of the advice, or the sheer credulity about economics and politics which it betrays. We must conclude that even if revolution were as beneficial as Mr Dunn implies, what is, on the evidence, quite doubtful is whether reading—or writing—books on revolution is really such a good thing.

The Legacy of de Gaulle

Radicalism, Mysticism, Crisis—By MAX BELOFF

AT NO TIME in recent history has the condition of France been harder to interpret. The European referendum devised by M. Pompidou to show up the divisions among the Opposition succeeded in that respect. It also showed a good deal of indifference to the political battle; despite some rumblings of scandal, the Fifth Republic looks very durable indeed. Yet French history gives us many examples of the way in which great crises have suddenly erupted in an apparently peaceful, even somnolent landscape. The story—so well known, yet ever fresh—is punctuated with notable "days."[1] The example of the Great Revolution and the different lessons to be drawn from it seem inexhaustible.[2] Later events like the Commune are infallibly adopted into the mythology of one or more political groups.[3] More recent events are scanned once more for guidance about the present and the future.[4]

One important attempt to bring Anglo-Saxon readers up to date is to be found in Anthony Hartley's admirable *Gaullism*.[5] Subtitled "the rise and fall of a political movement", Mr Hartley's book is evidently intended as an epitaph on this phase of French history. For him,

[1] A useful work to have at one's elbow is *France Since 1789*. By PAUL A. GAGNON. Revised ed. Harper & Row, £2.30.

[2] The Open University for instance sets as a textbook the translation by Herbert H. Rowen of Jacques Godechot's standard treatment of the Revolution's wider aspects: *France and the Atlantic Revolution of the Eighteenth Century*. Collier-Macmillan, paper £1.25.

[3] See, for example, *The Paris Commune of 1871: The View From the Left*. Edited and introduced by EUGENE SCHULKIND. Jonathan Cape, £3.50, paper £1.50.

[4] The new illustrated History of the Twentieth Century, edited by John Roberts, includes two volumes by trustworthy authorities on recent French history with useful photographs and cartoons: *France 1918-1934, The Insecure Peace*. By J. P. T. BURY; and *France 1935-1940: Partial Eclipse*. By WILFRID KNAPP; Macdonald, each £1.50, paper 70p.

[5] *Gaullism*. By ANTHONY HARTLEY. Routledge & Kegan Paul, £3.25.

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Gaullism is something that has a beginning and an end; and indeed within his own definition that view becomes increasingly hard to gainsay.

> Gaullism [Hartley writes] can be defined as French nationalism personified in the figure of a national saviour and inheriting the streak of plebiscitary democracy which runs through French history from Bonaparte onwards and blurs the distinction between right and left.

A careful study of de Gaulle's own rise to power at the two crises of recent French history and of Gaullism as the Opposition to the Fourth Republic and the inspiration of the Fifth, enables Mr Hartley to show the gradual divergence between the General and his creation, and the transformation by M. Pompidou of what was left into something new, "a federation of the French right, a great conservative party." The "May events" are shown to have been not the cause of this transformation but the reason for its sudden acceleration.[6]

Mr Hartley seemed fairly certain, when he finished the book early last summer, that no new upheaval was brewing. Can we be so certain now? Some of de Gaulle's work of renewal was accomplished—we should not (and Mr Hartley does not) underplay the transformation of the French economy in the 1960s—but some of the things de Gaulle was most attached to, he was given no opportunity to bring about. The process of adapting France to the new technological and economic conditions of the modern world, and to the new social demands of its beneficiaries, was slowed down and at least partially interrupted by the General's departure. Gaullists of the pure faith also find M. Pompidou's foreign policy increasingly at odds with the General's legacy, though that may matter less. In the long run it is questions of internal policy that dominate politics in France as they dominate politics in all advanced countries. Must the Gaullist theme of renewal be taken up again, perhaps from a different point on the political compass?

SUCH, I TAKE IT, ARE some of the conclusions and some of the questions that the reader is expected to draw from the latest magistral work of Professor Charles Morazé.[7] One puts it in this

[6] My only quarrel with Mr Hartley would be his failure to make the point that the University system was bound to collapse under the strain of expansion unless some element of selectivity was admitted. But selectivity was repudiated precisely by the would-be upholders of the French democratic tradition. No reforms could get round the fact that Universities open to all are Universities useless to anyone; and Edgar Faure's reforms have, consequently, been of no avail.

[7] *Le Général de Gaulle et la République*. By CHARLES MORAZÉ. Flammarion, Fr. 28, £2.64.

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rather guarded way because M. Morazé combines with all the erudition and brilliance that has made him the most exciting of contemporary French historians a certain style of self-communion which in this book in particular can occasionally leave one uncertain—not so much as to the line of his argument as to the relative degree of importance to be attached to various sections of it. In this case there is also the difficulty that the book is the accumulated product of reflections on the author's part that derive from differing periods during and after the de Gaulle régime. It also combines, if discreetly, notions arising from M. Morazé's presence in de Gaulle's *cabinet* for the first few months after the General's return to power, and his later unofficial associations with M. Christian Fouchet who held on to the education portfolio for longer than any French minister for a century, with more long-range considerations that carry forward the themes of such earlier works as *La France Bourgeoise* and *Les Français et la République*.

It is, of course, less ambiguous in the end than General de Gaulle was capable of being himself. The General's capacity for mystification is perhaps most marked in the conversations with him that M. André Malraux has published.[8] It is almost impossible to know here when it is de Gaulle who is speaking and when his interlocutor; nor can one be certain that the attempt is not to make de Gaulle the vehicle for an heroic attitude to history to which M. Malraux, through all his political life, has been faithful after his fashion. In de Gaulle's own memoirs, very well translated by Mr Terence Kilmartin, there is no ambiguity of this kind.[9] What de Gaulle wishes to say is well and clearly set out, and one's main regret is that he died before completing more than one and a fragment of another of the projected three volumes. The difficulty here arises from de Gaulle's own absolute conviction of the nature of his historical mission and the tendency to avoid enlarging upon questions of tactics that arose in fulfilling it, and on the personal minutiae that make up so much of the stuff of daily politics. We never see him grappling with doubt or doubters.

Nevertheless Morazé can be read as a commentary on de Gaulle's own self-interpretation in that some of his themes are directly related to aspects of de Gaulle's own recorded thought. M. Malraux for instance notes him as saying after his defeat:

> "I had a contract with France. . . . The contract has been broken, it is no longer worth anything. This contract was fundamental, because it had no form; it never has had. With no hereditary right, without a referendum, with nothing, I was led to take charge of the defence of France, of her fate. I answered her dumb and imperious cry. I have said, written and proclaimed it. Now What?" (*Fallen Oaks*, pp. 2-3.)

And it is a central question for M. Morazé also, how durable reforms and changes can be if they depend upon the eruption on to the national scene of a man, however imposing, who cannot in the end revivify the republican institutions that can alone give legitimacy to a modern government. M. Morazé's conviction that a modern industrial state requires a two-party system on the Anglo-Saxon model, that a single-party system is non-Republican and that the traditional multi-party systems of continental countries represent an outmoded social structure, may not be everywhere acceptable. But his view that de Gaulle's failure lay in having failed to create an Opposition to balance his strengthening of Government is certainly not out of line with de Gaulle's own thinking.[10]

Even more important than the issue of legitimacy is the question of the role of the State. In their attitude towards it both de Gaulle and M. Morazé reveal themselves as extremely radical. De Gaulle clearly felt (as did M. Morazé) that the retreat from Algeria and the completion of decolonisation which were the most spectacular achievements of the régime were only a prelude to major internal reforms, economic, industrial, and social, in which the State would have to provide the driving force. Both show themselves aware of the extent to which the French people's own theoretical commitment to reform (and to the material progress that would go with it) is tempered by the innate conservatism of most of the organised groupings of the nation, and of individual Frenchmen:

> "But alas is it not the usual tendency of Frenchmen [asks de Gaulle] whatever their trade, to clamour for progress while hoping that everything will remain the same? At a time when many heads of firms were looking with suspicion at what was being done to modernise industry, when a large number of teachers greeted educational reforms with nothing but criticism, and not a few officers were upset by the modernisation of the Army, how could farmers be expected to approve of all the advances in agriculture?" (*Memoirs of Hope*, p. 354.)

Much of what M. Morazé has to say—and his analysis does not omit either the agents of government, or the organised working class, or the intellectuals, while the literary works in vogue

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[8] *Fallen Oaks: Conversations with de Gaulle*. By André Malraux. Translated by Irene Clephane. Hamish Hamilton, £2; Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $6.95.

[9] *Memoirs of Hope*. By Charles de Gaulle. Translated by Terence Kilmartin. Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £3.25; Simon & Schuster, $10.

[10] For this, among other reasons, John Lester's book, *De Gaulle, King without a Crown* (Bailey Bros. & Swinfen, £1.50), a biography presumably intended for school-children, is as out of focus as its title.

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since the Liberation are made use of to drive home his points—is here prefigured. For him the line of continuity with previous régimes, even with the *ancien régime* itself, is always clear; nor does he underestimate how far France has to go to create the infrastructure necessary to make a reality of a planned economy, nor the nature of the weaknesses that have permitted the high degree of intervention by American business in her national economy. The difference is that M. Morazé admires the "Anglo-Saxons" while wishing to limit their economic and even cultural impact. De Gaulle only wished to limit the impact—his admiration was, to say the least, more qualified.

WHAT IS MORE SURPRISING is to find General and Professor at one on the need to follow through the ideas generated by the vogue-word of the moment among political youth—namely "participation." It is hard to justify the view still heard in some quarters that de Gaulle can be classified as a conservative in the modern sense. He had no devotion to the ideas or institutions of capitalism as such. He was aware that his régime had failed to heal the breach between the labouring masses and the national government that has been a feature of the French political scene since at least 1848. He was also aware that the resolution of practical issues in the field of labour relations was enormously complicated in current conditions by the fact that the State was so often also the employer. It was therefore

> essential that those who by their toil produce the wealth of the nation should be directly associated with the conduct and progress of the activity in which they are involved, and so become responsible for it. (*Memoirs of Hope*, p. 358.)

Although little progress was made in this direction it is clear that the regional reorganisation of government upon which de Gaulle was embarking at the time of his defeat was inspired by this belief in the necessity of greater participation by those affected by economic and social change than was possible under the highly centralised traditional system of government in France.

Even more obvious was the increase of "participation" in the educational reforms which were hurried on after the events of 1968. Here what was done hurriedly and largely counter-productively was intended to be the coping-stone of the many and profound educational changes which took place in the early years of the Fifth Republic when France had to face similar problems of rising educational demand to those that were affecting all other advanced countries. To solve these problems would, as de Gaulle saw, not merely make material demands on the State but also require important changes in attitudes on the part of those engaged in the educational process itself. Teachers would have to take an altogether new responsibility for conscious selection among their pupils, and for consciously guiding them in their choice of educational paths and careers to follow. For French teachers this was a painfully new notion. Nor could those who wished to reform structures and habits do so easily, given once more the oppressive degree of centralisation in the system. Here, too, de Gaulle saw a theoretical answer in "participation." His basic hope was to establish an educational edifice

> of such a kind that all who dwelt in it or made use of it—teachers, administrators, pupils, students, parents—would have a direct share in the management, discipline, punishments and results of educational establishments which being now autonomous, would be obliged to function efficiently or close down and stop wasting the time of teachers, learners and the funds of the State. (*Memoirs of Hope*, pp. 363-4.)

M. Morazé, having seen how far from justifying these hopes were the actual reforms undertaken by M. Edgar Faure, is nevertheless as convinced as was General de Gaulle of the fundamental necessity of vast educational reforms; and he can only admire the way in which de Gaulle's original hostility to the academic world as a whole, deriving in part from the role it played in opposing him in the early years of the régime, was modified into an acceptance of its more audacious proposals:

> The last messages of General de Gaulle, those of 1968 and 1969, are clearly marked by the audacity which had made of him the free man of fighting France; for him, to destroy the old order, to take sides with the illegality of the moment in order to prepare the legitimacy of tomorrow—that was to find, at the moment of leaving everything, the spontaneity which had permitted him to undertake everything. (*Le Général de Gaulle et la République*, p. 208.)

Yet it may well be that the points at which M. Morazé's thinking coincides with that of General de Gaulle or reinforces the same practical conclusions are less important than their ultimate differences. De Gaulle started from a different view of history in which France rather than the French people is the key concept; the famous opening passage of the *Mémoires de Guerre* is testimony enough. The heroic virtues on which his vision of France relied were incompatible with the basic assumptions of the consumer society into which France was rapidly entering just at the time when he took power. He was indeed acutely sensitive to much of what was happening, notably in so far as it also meant the adjustment of human beings in what had been a very personalised society to the demands and servitudes of modern industrialism:

> In contrast with the individualistic way of life which had been that of their forefathers for so many centuries, Frenchmen now found themselves, not

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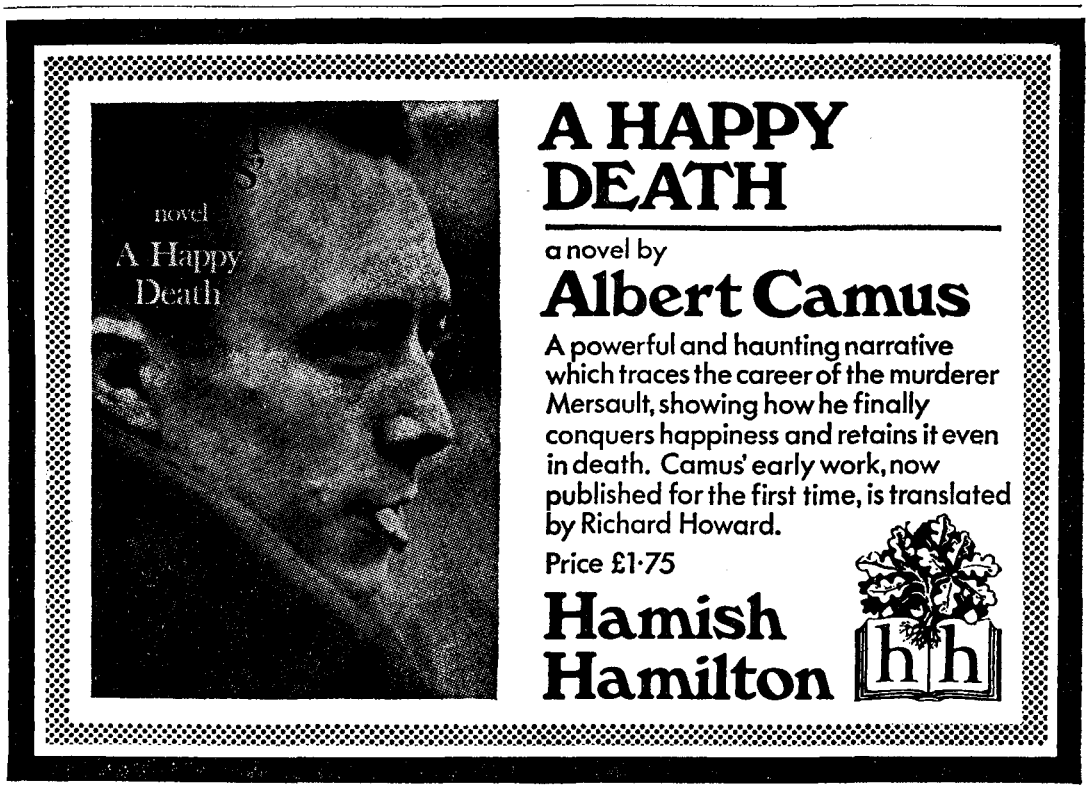
without some distress, forced into a mechanised mass existence. (*Memoirs of Hope*, p. 346.)

And he hints at the possibility that this psychological strain might explain sudden outbursts of anarchy such as took place in May 1968.

M. Morazé's equally romantic view of history has another hero: not France but the French Republic. And to this he gives a rather specific interpretation which links him with that Republic's intellectual forefathers, the thinkers of the Enlightenment. The clue is to be found in the alternative title which he offers for his book: "*La République ne civilise plus.*" For him, then, the essence of the Republic was its belief that it is knowledge that brings salvation, that societies can advance and prosper only as they better appreciate both the sciences of nature and the sciences of society by which they can learn to understand themselves and to dominate their fate. A Republic which cannot harness such knowledge to the full, or which allows vested interests to prevent its full utilisation, is a Republic in which men of science and men of letters are critics on the margin rather than intimately associated with the promotion of the public good—that is, a Republic in name only.

What Morazé sees as the continuing weakness of French society, underlying the inability of its institutions to deal with pressing problems of social change, is the breach between the traditionalism of an educational system—both in respect of content and method—and the tasks that the new generation of Frenchmen are called upon to perform. Indeed, for him the whole notion of education as a mere stage in the passage of the individual from childhood to manhood is out-of-date at a time when both knowledge and its applications are advancing so rapidly. The educational system as a whole must incorporate the institutions through which knowledge is advanced and which, at the same time, make all citizens more and more aware of where this knowledge tends, and of the use they can make of it to create a healthier and more beautiful republic.

FUNDAMENTALLY THIS AMOUNTS TO a restatement of the democratic ideal in terms of a modern industrial society, and is justified on the ground that nothing short of such total participation can prevent particular reforms from being caught up in the endless complications posed by existing structures and the interests that support them. An individual ruler of exceptional genius and determination like de Gaulle may come along and cut some of the Gordian knots—as he did over Algeria—but this technique cannot work for the more complex tasks of national reconstruction.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His function must be to create new institutions through which the people can perform the task themselves.

It will be strange for people familiar with M. Morazé's earlier work, in which he has insisted so much upon the statistical analysis of aspects of social history (demography, above all) as the clue to understanding, to find him in a mood almost lyrical, not to say mystical in tone. But the underlying intellectual structure is still present. Certainly no analysis of Britain's problems—and we have had many of them—approaches M. Morazé's treatment of the French situation in breadth or in depth. For a book of a mere three hundred pages, it manages to raise a quite extraordinary number of issues of the greatest significance to both our countries. I have read nothing so impressive for a long time.

Going to War with Germany

Between Revisionism & Orthodoxy—By ROBERT SKIDELSKY

NORMALLY, HISTORIANS are expected to say something new. The origins of the Second World War is the one subject on which they are expected to say something old. The parameters of the discussion are by now well-worn. On the one side there was Hitler who unleashed his wicked war of world conquest. On the other side there were the timorous democracies who after vainly trying to appease him by shameful surrenders, finally screwed up their courage to the sticking-point and ventured forth to battle with the forces of evil. Deviations from orthodoxy have so far been largely confined, as Mr John Vincent put it, to consenting historians in private.

Mr Taylor, it is true, has had his say.[1] His attempt to reduce Hitler's foreign policy to less than satanic proportions, and to place the German problem of the 1930s in its historical, rather than in its moral, or ideological, context, led to a reply in this journal.[2] In a nation where brilliance is admired, but originality profoundly suspect, Mr Taylor's fate was inevitable: he became a licensed eccentric, a man who delighted in perverse judgments, an *enfant terrible*. The exorcism was humane (and indeed highly profitable), but unmistakable.

It is perhaps on the appeasement side of the picture that the most notable attempts to revise the orthodox views have been made. If the task of "rehabilitating Hitler" has been considered too unrewarding, the task of rehabilitating Chamberlain and the Men of Munich has aroused somewhat greater enthusiasm. The portrait of the man who myopically pursued his "mission" has gradually been softened into a picture of a realistic statesman, weighed down by the knowledge of Britain's weakness and the strength of her potential enemies, who courageously bought time for rearmament and the creation of Imperial and national unity. Appeasement is now increasingly seen as an attempt to buy time rather than buy off Germany. The difference between appeasers and anti-appeasers is seen as one of tactics rather than strategy. The consensus is being projected backwards into the 1930s. The implications of this view, suggested by two recent books,[3] are striking, to say the least. For what, then, is left of appeasement as a policy for the peaceful redress of German grievances? The evolution of Mr Chamberlain into an exponent of *Realpolitik* already foreshadowed by Donald Watt in 1965[4] would appear to diminish somewhat the unique wickedness of "Herr Hitler."

Before looking at the evidence for this reinterpretation, two further questions may be asked. Why has the orthodox view proved so resilient? And why has revisionism flowed into this particular channel? The vulgar answer to both questions is simply that "the facts" point in those directions. But the truth is that history has very little to do with raw facts, and everything to do with their selection and arrangement, which always reflect shifting needs and changing outlooks. As Goethe said, "The history of the world must be rewritten from time to time not because many events of the past are being rediscovered, but because new vistas are opening up, new ways of looking at things, which show the past in a different light. . . ." This has always been the motive of real revisionism. A dynamic society

[1] A. J. P. Taylor, *The Origins of the Second World War*. (Hamish Hamilton, 1961).
[2] H. R. Trevor-Roper, "A. J. P. Taylor, Hitler, and the War", ENCOUNTER, July 1961.
[3] *The Anti-Appeasers*. By NEVILLE THOMPSON. Oxford University Press, £3.25. *The British Press and Germany 1936–39*. By FRANK GANNON. Oxford University Press, £2.25.
[4] "Appeasement: The Rise of a Revisionist School?", *Political Quarterly*, Vol. 36 (1965).

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always rewrites its history; a static society confirms its historical orthodoxies. The Second World War was Britain's last heroic moment; it also established the contemporary British consensus. There has been no major new political or social thinking in Britain since World War II: merely a filling-in of the detail. To challenge the existing interpretations is therefore to challenge in a sense everything that came out of the War—as well as to deprive ourselves of our last true moment of glory.

There has been a somewhat different, though related, transatlantic motive for buttressing the conventional wisdom. As a result of the Second World War, the United States inherited Britain's world position. American Empire replaced the British Empire, and with it a commitment to preserve the *status quo* against a new challenger, Russia. To question the wisdom of United States involvement in the Second World War was to question the whole edifice of American foreign policy which arose from its victory in the war. In particular, "Munich" became synonymous with "appeasing Communism." Here the situation was fundamentally different from that which followed World War I. The First World War had destroyed the challenge to the British-controlled world order. The Second World War immediately raised a new challenger to the American-controlled world order. The opprobrium attached to appeasing the dead dictator in Berlin was attached to appeasing the living dictator in Moscow; to affirm Munich was to deny NATO. In this way the lessons of the 1930s were drawn in the context of the Cold War; and it was essential to these lessons to portray Hitler as bent on world conquest, and appeasement as a fatal mistake which had almost enabled him to achieve it.[5]

With this perspective in mind, it is possible to interpret the "rehabilitation" of Chamberlain as part of an attempt by conservative British historians to include Chamberlain—and, further back, Stanley Baldwin and Ramsay MacDonald—in the Second World War consensus: to bring the traditional *Guilty Men* of inter-war Conservatism out of the cold into the cosy warmth of the "central" British tradition as established by the Second World War. This kind of revisionism is thus basically a conservative undertaking; its motives have little to do with an attempt to elucidate the mysteries of the origins of the war itself. It is significant that the revisionist touch of Mr Keith Middlemas[6] had earlier been applied to Stanley Baldwin.[7]

This general intellectual enterprise has been greatly facilitated by the release of Cabinet Documents. A historian who carps at the mass of new primary sources which have recently flooded on to the academic market may be regarded as simply churlish. Yet he cannot escape the conclusion that the release of official papers has led to the writing of some very official history. It is almost as if 20th-century historians have been co-opted into the Establishment *via* the Public Record Office. From a Machiavellian perspective one could regard the release of these papers at this time as a marvellous Establishment plot to buy off historical discontent! In fact the tendency of official papers to produce conservative history has a simpler explanation. On any but the most resolute historian, all those memoranda have the same effect they had on the Ministers for whom they were first produced: to show that nothing different could possibly have been done. A historian who comes "naked" to the corridors of power is almost as likely to *write* conservative history as is the politician who arrives in the same condition to *make* conservative history.

This is not to say that the new history of appeasement written from the "inside" is worthless. Far from it: Mr Middlemas, in particular, has produced an excellent book on Chamberlain's diplomacy of 1937–8, especially strong on the machinery of government, its firm grasp of the central issues of debate, and its wide coverage of Cabinet Papers.[8] It is a pity that he breaks off

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[5] In America it is no coincidence that a Revisionist school has grown out of the decay of the Roosevelt-New Deal consensus created in the War and post-War period. In fact there have been two Revisionist schools, of Right and Left.

The Right revisionists started earlier, with their allegations that the United States was inveigled into the Second World War by the unscrupulous British and by crypto-Communists round Roosevelt. (See: H. E. Barnes (ed.) *Perpetual War for Perpetual Peace* (1953); Charles Callan Transill, *Back Door to War* (1953); David L. Hoggan, *Der Erzwungene Krieg* (1963).)

The Left, reading Viet Nam backwards into the 1930s, postulates an Imperialist motive for U.S. involvement in both Japanese and European wars. (See Noam Chomsky, *American Power and the New Mandarins* (1969), and Gabriel Kolko, *The Politics of War: The World and United States Foreign Policy, 1943–1945* (1968).)

The common link between both schools is isolationism.

[6] *Diplomacy of Illusion.* By KEITH MIDDLEMAS. Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £4.75.

[7] Keith Middlemas and John Barnes, *Baldwin* (Weidenfeld, 1969).

[8] Two other recent books using the Cabinet Papers for this period should be mentioned: *The Chamberlain Cabinet.* By IAN COLVIN. Gollancz, £2.80; and *Peace for Our Time: Munich to Dunkirk—the Inside Story.* By ROGER PARKINSON. Rupert Hart-Davis, £3.50. Both have their virtues. Ian Colvin was the anti-appeasement Berlin correspondent of the *News Chronicle* in the late 1930s and played an important role in precipitating the guarantee to Poland; there is a whiff of *Guilty Men* about his book.

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after Munich, which is traditionally seen as both the culmination of appeasement and the beginning of its decay. There was much more continuity between 1938 and 1939, and of a different kind, than either orthodox or revisionist historians have allowed: only on this assumption do the extraordinary British actions of March 1939 become comprehensible. But this is a subject for another book. What light meanwhile do the recent books throw on the nature of appeasement?

A striking preliminary insight into the character of appeasement is afforded by Chamberlain's first two foreign policy initiatives as Prime Minister. He decided to offer Germany some African territory, mainly at the expense of Belgium and Portugal; he also pressed for *de jure* recognition of Mussolini's conquest of Ethiopia. Far from promoting peaceful revisionism in Europe, these moves were clearly designed to reinforce the European *status quo*. Concessions in Africa were designed to forestall claims in Europe; "appeasement" of Mussolini was designed to get him to oppose German *Anschluss* with Austria. As Middlemas rightly notes, "The central principle of British policy was to avoid any disruption of the existing order." F. S. Northedge writes of a "basic Conservatism in regard to the prevailing international order." This perspective was shared alike by appeasers and anti-appeasers and of course severely limited the possibility of "peaceful revisionism."

In what sense, then, were the appeasers doing something different than the traditionalists in the Foreign Office or the group round Churchill? The fundamental difference between Chamberlain and his critics was in their attitude to war. From the first, Chamberlain repudiated a policy that carried the risk of war or tried to employ the threat of war as an arm of diplomacy. This reflected a genuine horror of war; it also reflected his consciousness of Britain's military weakness. The two reinforced each other. In combination they dictated a policy of trying to achieve some kind of agreement with Germany. But this was not to be an agreement which involved any major redistribution of power in Germany's favour. The aim was "coexistence with Germany on Britain's terms" (as Middlemas describes it). The illusion of the appeasers was that co-existence was possible on Britain's terms.

This illusion was a necessary consequence of Chamberlain's abandonment of deterrence—at least of British deterrence. For if one wanted to maintain the *status quo* without deterrence, then one had to believe that Germany's demands were "reasonable" *i.e.*, such that Britain could accept them without impairment of her European interests. "I formed the impression," Chamberlain told his colleagues on his return from Berchtesgaden, "that Herr Hitler's objectives are strictly limited." This was the necessary premise of appeasement as Chamberlain pursued it. In its name he exposed himself and Britain to the humiliation of Munich. Once its unreality had been exposed by the events of March 1939, the way was left open to adopt the alternative assumption—that Hitler was bent on world conquest. This was just as unreal a guide to diplomacy as the previous one, and directly involved Britain in the Second World War. But psychologically it was an inescapable consequence of the first illusion. The elderly Chamberlain reacted like a lover spurned; and the British nation, which he had involved in his maladroit wooing, and whose pride, like his own, had been humbled by its scornful rejection, reacted in the same way.

It is only from this perspective that we can make sense of Britain's persistent involvement in the affairs of Central and Eastern Europe. The usual view is that Britain only committed itself to the *status quo* in Eastern Europe *after* Hitler had shown, by his dismemberment of Czechoslovakia, that his plans were Napoleonic. It is true that military guarantees to Poland, Rumania and Greece, as well as military conversations with Russia, followed only after the occupation of Prague, and in this sense mark a change in strategy. But the aim of preventing changes in the territorial or even economic *status quo* was present even in the heyday of appeasement.

IT IS, OF COURSE, true that Britain faced the constant danger of being dragged into war on the coat-tails of France, with its entangling alliances in Eastern Europe. This was the nightmare of the Chiefs of Staff; and was a powerful motive for Chamberlain's rejection of the Foreign Office's "guessing game" in favour of a more active policy of *détente*. If he was going to avoid risk of war then he had to rush in to try to "solve" the Czech question before the Germans tried to do the same thing, whether by force or not, and thus involve France in the defence of Czech integrity. As Taylor rightly commented, "The Czechoslovak problem was not of British making; the Czech crisis of 1938 was." The same comment might be made of the lesser Austrian crisis of March 1938. This crisis arose essentially from Schuschnigg's refusal to accept client status, buoyed up with hopes of playing off Britain, France and Italy against Germany. Had Britain told Austria clearly that it would not act and that Schuschnigg must reach the best possible arrangement with Hitler, he might have carried out his part of the agreement of 12 February 1938. As it was, the Anglo-

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Italian conversations of 20 February led Schuschnigg to hope that he would not be deserted and precipitated his fatal proposal for a plebiscite which led to German occupation.

The French system of alliances was, to be sure, a serious obstacle to Britain washing its hands of Central Europe; but it was not the decisive one. Had the British really been determined to give Germany a "free hand" in the East, as many politicians and Foreign Office officials discussed in private, then Britain could have brought strong pressure on the French to break their guarantees—and also the Franco-Soviet Pact—in exchange for a much firmer British military guarantee of the defence of France itself. The reason this alternative was never seriously pursued was that Britain had no intention of washing its hands of Central and Eastern Europe. This is clearly revealed in the case of Austria. But it emerges most strikingly in British attempts in 1938, described by Middlemas, to build up an anti-German economic bloc in Eastern and South-Eastern Europe. How many times in the diaries of Cadogan and Oliver Harvey, as well as in the Cabinet Papers, do we find apparent acceptance of the idea of Germany's natural "sphere of influence" in Eastern Europe. Yet in the heyday of appeasement Britain was trying to checkmate Germany there through a policy of political loans, involving acceptance of imports that no one in Britain wanted—a policy described by Halifax as adding "an extra man to the small countries' team." Encirclement at 6% might be a more accurate description.

It is this sort of evidence of Britain's continuing involvement in the *status quo* of Eastern Europe that prevents acceptance of the explanation that it was Hitler's methods that finally undermined appeasement and brought about war. Certainly these methods were alarming; and thus played their part in turning public opinion against appeasement. Yet even so it is legitimate to ask how much revisionism Hitler would have got had he not been prepared to use military blackmail. Halifax had talked vaguely to Hitler of "possible alterations" in the European order, involving "Danzig, Austria, Czechoslovakia." From Hitler's point of view the British were simply trying to string him along with fair promises while they built up their military strength and system of alliances. If any revisionism was going to be achieved he had to do it quickly and brutally. This feeling was widely shared in Germany even by anti-Nazis like Adam Von Trott who came to "have within himself an elemental feeling derived from historical experience that in the end, the only way left open to us was the use of force."[9]

[9] Christopher Sykes, *Troubled Loyalty* (Collins, 1968), p. 243.

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Of course, there were a number of groups in Britain who rejected this conception of appeasement; who advocated the bargain that Hitler must always have hoped for—"a German deal with the British Empire at the expense of the Soviet Union."[10] But such cynicism (or realism) was foreign to the British Establishment. It could not have been done in Chamberlain's non-fascist Britain. Here we have another dimension to the notion of the *status quo*. This was not simply a power notion: it was an ideological commitment. The British Establishment may have been more pro-fascist than pro-Communist. The point is that they disliked both. "How far apart we are from these people," Ciano noted in his diary as Chamberlain, rolled umbrella at the ready, walked down a passage to Mussolini's study lined with youths with drawn daggers. The defence of Britain's power in Eastern Europe involved the defence of parliamentary democracy, of the rule of law, of world finance and trade, of bourgeois respectability; in short, of the whole Anglo-Saxon world-order fashioned in the 19th century. The fact that its defence was in the hands of men riddled with self-doubt—in the hands of a Chamberlain rather than a Gladstone—is what gave Hitler his chance. But the lines of conflict were perfectly clear.

THEY WERE CLEAR to that *doyen* of appeasement *The Times*. *The Times* was never prepared to concede Germany a "free hand" in Eastern Europe. It wanted "reasonable change", "revision by agreement." The trouble was that what *The Times* thought reasonable differed widely from what even the conservative anti-Nazi opposition thought reasonable. Even Dr Karl Goerdeler insisted on the incorporation of the Sudetenland, the "liquidation" of the Polish corridor, a colonial settlement—demands which led the Foreign Office to believe that he was a "stalking horse for German *military* expansion."[11] Prussian socialism was not Nazism; but it, too, had little in common with British liberalism.

What was true of *The Times* was true of the other British newspapers. We know from Frank Gannon's book that no newspaper, except perhaps Lord Rothermere's *Daily Mail*, favoured "any kind of continental arrangement with Nazism." In fact the ideological conflict raged most strongly outside the editorial offices where judicial statements of what was "reasonable" were composed; and this had important conse-

[10] *In The Chair: Barrington-Ward of* The Times *1927–48*. By DONALD MCLACHLAN. Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £4.20.
[11] *The Diaries of Sir Alexander Cadogan 1938–45*. Edited by DAVID DILKS. Cassell, £6.

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quences for public opinion. Few people, after all, read—or remember—editorials. Public attitudes are formed by the selection and packaging of news, the day-to-day reporting of events. The major foreign correspondents of the time were "radical and socialist. . . . To them what was at issue was a civil war of European dimensions between democracy and totalitarianism." Their Europe was centred on Moscow or Geneva. They were bitterly hostile to Fascism; and their reporting highlighted the most atrocious features of the German and Italian régimes.

Ideology was strengthened by sensationalism. Bad news sold more copies than good news. Crises—even simulated—made good copy. Hitler's speeches and domestic manoeuvres were given crisis-treatment so that in the end even the jittery Government came to expect some dramatic new demand every time he opened his mouth; and in the overheated atmosphere of Central Europe, where no one knew exactly what was happening, every rumour was elevated into a journalistic scoop (with incalculable effects, especially in that month of rumours, March 1939). Much work still remains to be done on the influence of the Press on Anglo-German relations. Press activities sharpened the ideological divide and thus further circumscribed the limits within which the appeasement could operate.

THE REASONS for appeasement's failure are, thus, reasonably clear. There was always an irreducible gap between anything the British were prepared to concede and what even the anti-Nazi Germans wanted. This was true of nearly all groups in Britain; the main exception was Sir Oswald Mosley's British Union which was alone serious about giving Germany a "free hand" in the East. Whether the "public" would have been prepared to accept such a policy is difficult to say. According to a Gallup Poll quoted by Middlemas, 43 per cent were against going to the support of Czechoslovakia, with 33 per cent in favour (and the rest undecided). What is certainly true is that the actual way appeasement was conducted turned the mass of the people against it. The public saw no foreign policy except a series of surrenders—Nanny scuttling away from the Big Bad Wolf. And so they too became ashamed of their umbrella-waving representatives. Yet these humiliating confrontations were the inevitable consequence of a policy of endless interference without the force to back it up or the real willingness to strike a bargain.

Was the alternative then always a policy of *status quo* backed by deterrence? Churchill's "Grand Alliance" backed by proper armaments? It all depends on whether one believes that such a

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policy would really have averted war. It is easy to read back the idea of deterrence into a pre-nuclear age. Few people at the time thought that such a "Balance-of-Power policy" was a peace policy. How could they? It had always led to war in the past. The central fact which emerges from four hundred years of European history is that there was no system of deterrence capable of stopping a hegemonic bid by a determined power. No Grand Alliances had ever been formed *in advance* of such a bid: they only crystallised after the bid had started. Nor did Churchill ever really think that his policy would stop war.

THE QUESTION of the rival merits of bargain and deterrence as peace policies is unanswerable. What can be said is that the wild choice for war in March 1939 had little justification in terms of Hitler's "plan of world conquest" which Chamberlain discovered on 17 March. The anti-thesis between *status quo* and world conquest was a pure illusion created by the actual evolution of Chamberlain's appeasement policy. There were whole areas intermediate to this which had barely been explored; could not be explored by very reason of the unrealistic assumptions of appease-ment. How far would a redistribution of power in Europe—or the world—have had to go before Germany was "appeased"? The general trend of the 1930s was towards autarchy—or a system of self-sufficient economic blocs. America in the early New Deal period and the Soviet Union were the chief examples of autarchic systems. Japan was trying to create a "Co-Prosperity Sphere" in the Far East. England itself had made the first tentative moves towards an imperial system. Hitler's *Lebensraum* theory was not identical to autarchy as understood by economists in the 1930s but was a German variant of the same basic design.

For one thing it had a racial element; for another, it was in a deep sense anti-industrial. There was no way in which the fascist or Nazi ideology could fulfil itself in a highly urbanised society. Full employment, housing, road-building: these were essentially engineering operations. The deepest longing of Fascism was for re-juvenation; and rejuvenation could only come from the soil. Its horizon was the "frontier"; its "ideal" social unit, the peasant-warrior commune. Hitler dreamt of

> a people which no longer needs to shut off its rising generations into the big cities as factory workers, but which instead can settle them as free peasants on their own soil.[12]

Whether this quest for living space and longing to reunite all Germans would have taken him

[12] Telford Taylor (ed.) *Hitler's Secret Book*, p. 210.

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towards the Eastern plains of Europe to link up with the communities of "lost" Germans is impossible to say. What can be said is that *Lebensraum* and autarchy, taken together, led not to world empire but to the creation of an empire in Eastern Europe, large enough to supply the bulk of its food and raw materials and with sufficient empty space for colonisation. The idea sounds so romantic and "unmodern" that A. J. P. Taylor cannot take it seriously; and he thus assumes that Hitler did not take it seriously either. For Taylor it was just idle dreams in odd moments; for the orthodox historians simply a stepping stone to "world conquest." Whatever the truth, much more research has still to be done into the connections between Nazi ideology, foreign policy, and the development of the Nazi economy before more precise statements can be made about Nazi Germany's possible evolution.[13]

In any event, the heaviness of Germany's eventual "weight" in the world did not depend on Hitler alone. It obviously depended on the "weight" of others, including such intangible factors as the moral and spiritual weight of contrary systems. Fear of Germany's world (or even European) domination had no basis in detailed power calculations, using as measurements manpower, raw materials, territory, and industrial strength. The fear was essentially psychological; the response of debility to vigour, however barbaric. A vigorous Western system might have been able to limit German gains without war, for then the intangible factor of morale would have been differently distributed. But the pre-war decay of the West European political and social systems was such that reinvigoration could only come about through war itself.

This is the real reason why appeasement was damned by the best at the time and has remained accursed ever since. It is undyingly associated with the decadence of a ruling order which oscillated between illusory hopes and exaggerated fears. It is only at this level that we can explain the enormous sense of relief of all the active elements in conventional British politics when Chamberlain, suicidal even in his boldness, made his decisions for war in March and September 1939. They sensed that parliamentary democracy could only survive through war, however terrible the cost, because only war would give it the sinews and the will to rejuvenate itself and create a world that was worth living in.

[13] The chief English-language research into this fascinating and important field is being done by T. W. Mason. See his essay *The Primacy of Politics* in S. J. Woolf (ed.) *The Nature of Fascism* (1968).

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Africa's Past

Speculation & Scholarship—By C. C. Wrigley

A DECADE after Independence, interest in black Africa has very perceptibly ebbed in the Western countries. But the flood of publications on African history, sustained by the growth of universities in Africa as well as of "African" courses in European and American institutions, shows no sign of diminution. Recently, new writing has been complemented by the welcome re-issue of much that has long been extinct: political tracts that seem more important now than they did when they were written, travellers' tales which our grandfathers read with avidity but which our fathers found merely comic, and now also the classics of African archaeological enquiry.

Prehistorical studies in sub-Saharan Africa may be said to have begun in 1905, when a young Scots archaeologist, David Randall-MacIver, was sent by the British Association to examine the impressive stone ruins, called by the natives Zimbabwe, which had been found in the young colony of Rhodesia.[1] Local enthusiasts had made the exciting claim that they were the work of Phoenician colonists and that the gold workings not far away were none other than King Solomon's mines. It did not take MacIver long to dispose of these fantasies, showing that Zimbabwe was of late medieval date and, like the lesser stone structures that were scattered over the region, was designed and built by Africans. But the Phoenician theory was too precious to its exponents to be thus easily set aside, and the controversy raged on. In an attempt to settle it, a new and larger-scale investigation was conducted in 1929 by Miss Gertrude Caton-Thompson, who now, forty years on, adds to the new edition of her classic report a learned and generous review of the work of her successors.[2] Miss Thompson did not agree with MacIver on all points, but on the fundamental questions of medieval date and African construction her work left no further room for doubt. It closed the door on romantic speculation and opened the door to the scientific study of the Iron Age societies of Bantu Africa. It may need to be stressed here that, though the present rulers of Rhodesia betray embarrassment at their findings, the archaeologists concerned were not breaking a lance for African freedom or the equality of races. (Incidental remarks suggest that MacIver's general opinion of Africans was very much that of his time—and his basic reason for holding Zimbabwe to be native work was that it was not good enough to be anything else.) Their commitment was to the laws of evidence and the standards of their profession; and it is because of the firmness of this commitment that archaeologists have the undoubted distinction of having talked less nonsense about Africa than any other group of people.

ONE REASON for the long-continued mystification over Zimbabwe was its lack of context, so little else being known about the past of sub-Saharan Africa. In so far as the continent attracted the attention of prehistorians before the last war it was almost entirely because of the evidence which it might contain for the origins of man, and even this evidence might have been largely ignored if Louis Leakey had not happened to grow up on the edge of that giant section trench, the East African Rift. Leakey's pioneer studies of the human palaeontology and stone-age archaeology of his native Kenya, of which the latter has now been reprinted,[3] were of major significance for world prehistory, but they contributed relatively little to the understanding of recent Africa. As John Sutton points out in a work to be noted below, the australopithecines were no more East Africans than they were Europeans or Chinese, and even the later stone-age remains were left without meaningful relation to the present inhabitants of the region.

Since 1945 the pace of enquiry has accelerated enormously, and it is now possible—as it was not possible even a decade ago—to write a book

[1] *Mediaeval Rhodesia.* By DAVID RANDALL-MACIVER. New impression. Frank Cass, £4.75.

[2] *The Zimbabwe Culture: Ruins and Reactions.* By G. CATON-THOMPSON. 2nd edn. Frank Cass, £8.40.

[3] *The Stone Age Cultures of Kenya Colony.* By L. S. B. LEAKEY. New impression. Frank Cass, £8.

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which deserves the title of "The Prehistory of Africa." This Desmond Clark has done, in a volume which sums up the present state of knowledge with superb economy and clarity and which, like its companions in the "Ancient Peoples and Places" series, is remarkably good value for money.[4] Professor Clark is one of those archaeologists who do not forget that their task is not merely to dig up but to restore to life, and his account of the works of men in Africa is thoroughly convincing. Most important, the story is now a continuous one. Political change in Africa after 1945 ensured that Africa's recent past would become a proper, even an urgent, subject for study; and by the early 1960s, though knowledge was still patchy, the general outlines of the history of the last two or three millennia were discernible. But between the evolutionary excitements of the Early Stone Age and the contemporary relevance of the Iron Age there was, until very recently, a huge gap, occupied by little more than geology and catalogues of stone implements. As a result, it was possible for prehistorians distinguished in other fields to suggest that the "backwardness" of sub-Saharan Africa was no new thing, that since the emergence of "modern man" some forty or fifty thousand years ago the region had been a cultural backwater, into which the innovations of more dynamic peoples penetrated with much delayed and diminished effect. Better understanding of the Middle and Later Stone Age cultures now indicates that this view is largely mistaken and that the technical inferiority of Africans is, prehistorically speaking, a matter of yesterday.

After the quiet voices of the archaeologists even the most urbane of propagandists must sound a little strident, and Basil Davidson's latest volume of apologetics,[5] for all the vigour and felicity of the writing, leaves a faint sense of irritation behind it. To rediscover old Africa for the benefit of the upper-middlebrow Anglo-American public was, in the 1950s, to perform a most necessary task, but do such readers *still* need to be assured that the history of the Africans is not the history of mental defectives? Yet this first reaction is perhaps unfair, for this book does break new ground. In the past, Mr Davidson has formulated and presented the findings of archaeologists and historians, now he performs the same invaluable

[4] *The Prehistory of Africa.* By J. Desmond Clark. Thames and Hudson, £2.50.

[5] *The Africans: An Entry to Cultural History.* By Basil Davidson. Longman, £2.50.

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service for the social anthropologists, who in their turn have helped him to resolve an acute dilemma. For as a radical progressive he has little but contempt for the surviving manifestations of "traditional" Africa, but as an Afrophile he must insist that nothing African is to be contemned. Functionalist analyses, however, enable him to claim that their traditional behaviour was an entirely rational response to the conditions in which Africans formerly found themselves, though the arrival of modernity has made most of it happily obsolete. An important premise is that African conditions were very hard, and the "taming" of the continent a heroic enterprise in itself. But the premise is shaky: Desmond Clark stresses that on the contrary the African savannas provided a favourable environment, in which men could live very satisfactorily with a fairly simple technology. The basic criticism of Davidson is that his argument implies still the ethnocentric question: "Why were they not like us?" The need for apologetic disappears when the right question is asked: "Why were we not like them?" For it is becoming clear that tropical Africa is the human norm, and that it is the specialised hypertrophies of parts of Asia (with its flood valleys) and of western Europe (with its long sea-coasts) that need to be "explained."

IT IS THE DAWNING awareness of the peculiarity of modern Europe, the normality of black Africa, that gives freshness to many of the essays that have been assembled by Robert Rotberg[6] on what might have seemed a well-worn theme, the deeds and thoughts of the 19th-century travellers who reported to Europe on the inner regions of Africa. The contributors were invited to discuss, *inter alia*, the impact of the explorers on the societies which they "discovered", and the answer which emerges is the disconcerting one that hardly any such impact can be detected. The visitors, so overwhelmingly significant in their own eyes, were treated by their hosts as mild oddities and usually soon forgotten. It is in themselves, rather than in what they did to Africans or in what Africans felt about them, that the explorers are interesting, and in the light which their varied personalities, seen in bold relief against the alien background of Africa, cast upon the eccentric society that produced them.

ONE OF THE MOST valuable of these essays, Anthony Kirk-Greene's on Barth, is marred by the author's determination to lecture us on How To Get On With Africans, a typical late-colonial concern that already seems a little old-fashioned. Increasingly, African history is now being written in and for Africa, and by Africans, to whom the themes of race relations and culture-contact are not central. The current batch includes contrasting examples of this new literature, from Nigeria and Tanzania. First, there are two very workmanlike products of the flourishing Ibadan history school, which deal with political history of the 19th century, in northern[7] and western Nigeria[8] respectively. Both have the solid virtues of orthodox historiography—and some of its vices, including, alas, a fair measure of indigestibility. Both are concerned to show that Nigeria in the 19th century, with its religious reforms and political innovations, its alliances and alignments and military campaigns, was essentially the same sort of place as immediately pre-industrial Europe. But if there is a "message" here it is subsidiary and oblique, and the books exist in their own right as works of scholarship. The historians of Tanzania, on the other hand, both white and black, clearly feel a more urgent need to justify their existence in terms of the current concerns of the society they serve. It is true that the products under review are not strictly comparable, the Nigerian books being doctoral theses while the present offering from Dar es Salaam is a general history of the country "from Olduvai Gorge to the Arusha Declaration", intended primarily as a text-book. But even allowing for the difference of genre there still seems to be a difference of national style. The cover of the *History of Tanzania*[9] shows what purports to be a tribal carving but is in fact a modern example of the heavily symbolic sculpture dear to nationalist politicians everywhere, and the text at times gives the impression that the Arusha Declaration is the fitting climax to two million years of human effort. But along with some patriotic piety of a kind which is very familiar in school histories there is historical writing of a distinction not often found in such books, and in Terence Ranger's study of "the movement of ideas" an essay of compelling originality. Tanzanian schoolboys are fortunate in the scholars who were drawn to the University of Dar es Salaam in its first decade; and, whatever causes for anxiety there may be in the present African scene, the future of historical scholarship does not seem to be among them.

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[6] *Africa and its Explorers*. Edited by ROBERT I. ROTBERG. Harvard University Press and Oxford University Press, $12.95, £3.75.

[7] *Power and Diplomacy in Northern Nigeria, 1804-1906*. By R. A. ADELEYE. Longman, £3.50.

[8] *Revolution and Power Politics in Yorubaland, 1840-1893*. By S. A. AKINTOYE. Longman, £3.25.

[9] *A History of Tanzania*. Edited by I. N. KIMAMBO and A. J. TEMU. Heinemann, £3.75, paper £1.50.

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New Questions or Old

Tradition & Modernity in the Middle East — By R. M. BURRELL

THE LAST FIFTEEN YEARS have seen a great extension in the scope as well as a large increase in the volume of academic writing on the Middle East. This growth has been due, in the main, to the involvement of scholars from the newer disciplines of economics, political science and sociology in fields which were once the almost exclusive preserve of the linguist-historian. A recent crop of books serves to illustrate the extensive range of writing, both new and traditional, and to highlight many of the problems which still beset this field of study.

A representative volume of traditional studies is the carefully documented series of essays written in memory of Vladimir Minorsky, the distinguished historian of the Iranian world,[1] which shows the strength and the value of the classical method in embracing a very wide range of subjects. The modern approach—typified by studies on élites and political dynamics[2]—concentrates rather on one key issue, which will, it is hoped, cast illumination over a wide range of human activity. This focus on political leadership is understandable for, as P. J. Vatikiotis points out,[3] political institutions in their western sense are weak—in some cases non-existent—in the Middle East. The leadership approach—be it biographical[4] or analytic—is one fraught with difficulties particularly when the man in question is at the centre of many carefully-fostered myths. Much of the raw material for such investigations is lacking; few recent political biographies of any factual value have been written by Middle Eastern authors, and those politicians who have taken up the western habit of writing their memoirs tend also to acquire the concomitant western trait of using them for self-justification or propaganda. These problems of investigation are compounded by the difficulties involved in conducting surveys and questionnaires, for the peoples of the Middle East have deep—and well founded—suspicions of both government and those who ask questions about it.

This is, in fact, the heart of the problem—to what extent can methods of study and conceptual frameworks which have been created and refined in studies of western social structures and institutions be applied with any value to areas of the world where historical processes and the constellation of social groups are so very different? The straightforward chronicle-type biography can be of value and so too can be the remarks of an observant ambassador[5] but these are essentially the record of a westerner's judgment and can tell us very little of the indigenous public's view of leadership. The foreign observer can describe—and indeed fall under the sway of—the magnetic, almost hypnotic appeal of a man like President Nasser, but such writings tell us little about the extent and manner of the influence that such a leader had over his people. So great has been the personal impact of Nasser on many Western statesmen and authors that they have often failed to appreciate the way in which his stature has declined rapidly in his own country since his death. Perhaps the people of Egypt have seen too many rulers to be firmly committed to any one of them.

This is a major weakness of the political science approach. A phenomenon such as charismatic leadership acting against an imperial power, a concept around which many western academic theories have been created, is recognised and the apparatus of enquiry is then immediately, and often uncritically, applied. Outward signs appear to be the same—the use of mass media, the choice of a single, albeit variable enemy, the creation of a popular rallying cry, often with religious overtones—and the phenomenon seems to conform to type. One aspect of this process—the psychological need to rewrite national history in order to purge it of its imperial connotations and

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[1] *Iran and Islam.* Edited by C. E. BOSWORTH. Edinburgh University Press, £10.

[2] *The Political Elite of Iran.* By MARVIN ZONIS. Princeton University Press, $12.50, £6. *Egypt Under Nasir.* By R. HRAIR DEKMEJIAN. University of London Press, £4.20.

[3] *Conflict in the Middle East.* By P. J. VATIKIOTIS. Allen and Unwin, £3.50.

[4] *Nasser: A Political Biography.* By ROBERT STEPHENS. Allen Lane The Penguin Press, £4.75. *Nasser.* By ANTHONY NUTTING. Constable, £3.95.

[5] *The Brink of Jordan.* By CHARLES JOHNSTON. Hamish Hamilton, £3.

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to restore pride and confidence—has received careful treatment[6] but others have been neglected. The vital point is that although typewriters, telephones and the other apparatus of modern government have been easily imported, the accompanying attitudes of mind, if they have been developed at all, have not permeated society. In other words what has often happened has been the modernisation of politics but without any real change in the values or norms of society at large. One can, therefore, study such things as élites and the recruitment pattern to important posts, but the results of such investigations tell us little about the nature of the political community and its relationship with society unless the historical background is carefully investigated at the same time.

MANY MODERN STUDIES ignore the crucial fact that political obedience in the traditional Islamic state was almost unconditional but at the same time very rarely demanded. The good government had very limited aims—externally, the defence of territory and the preservation of conditions under which the good religious life could be led and, internally, the maintenance of its own power. Governments made few demands on the populace and in return expected very little in the way of dynamic loyalty. Contact between rulers and ruled was minimal—the Abbasid Caliph Harun al-Rashid is reported to have declared that the happy man was the man who did not know him and whom he did not know. The ties which were important in society were those of blood and religion rather than those of political allegiance. Society was complex and intricate in its structure but the ruling institution was in many ways separate from it. The medieval mirrors for princes—written to guide rulers in the execution of their duty—reflect the loneliness of their position and the suspicion with which they were universally viewed, an attitude of mind which has persisted widely to the present day. So too have the severe economic restraints which also serve to limit the desire for political participation.

Such societies relied on the minimal use of force—because that was all that was available—and on the loyalty of essential local officials. In Egypt this system received its initial disruption in the nineteenth century with the advent of the British presence, and when political parties later came into existence they did so against the background of established royal and colonial power. The parties inevitably lacked influence and almost all events of political importance took place outside the parliamentary arena. The city masses had, as G. Baer has pointed out in an interesting series of essays,[7] lost many of their former village values but had not yet gained those of civic responsibility; for cities in the Islamic world, unlike those of Europe, had rarely won political autonomy or developed a tradition of indigenous municipal administration. Under such circumstances the masses in Egypt and elsewhere were amorphous;[8] traditional authority was being eroded but old values had not been replaced by new. There was no desire for continuous political participation, and when salvation was offered from a source which promised efficiency and combined the features of traditional legitimacy, historical precedent and national unity—the army—the people rallied in its immediate support.

For a while all went well—the monarchy was banished and obvious examples of economic domination and abuse were attacked. The British were then evicted and initially, in Hobbesian terms, reputed power appeared as real power to those in need of protection. In fact, it was easier to establish Ministries than to create Ministerial attitudes, and in time the older reliance on secret police and intelligence services began to re-assert itself. As President Nasser himself admitted in his brief but illuminating "Philosophy of the Revolution", the army had acted only because no one else would and his vision of the whole nation being "on tip-toes and prepared for action" proved a mirage. What had been planned as a "one shot" revolution came to involve a long struggle, for while the King—and later the British—left after only a minimal degree of resistance, the tenacity of cultural values was much stronger.

THE MAJOR PROBLEM came to be not which élite ruled—as many Western scholars have assumed—but how that rule was exercised. Dekmejian believes that Nasser was the most successful modern charismatic ruler in terms of re-ordering the social-political life of his country, but this is a view which should be challenged. Recent pronouncements by President Sadat, particularly the renewed emphasis on Islamic themes and the promise to restore sequestrated land to some of the former owners, would seem to indicate that the present régime is having to take careful stock of its real bases of support. Towards the end of his life President Nasser admitted to a Western journalist that many of

[6] *Self-Determination and History in the Third World.* By DAVID C. GORDON. Princeton University Press, $7.50, £3.60.

[7] *Studies in the Social History of Modern Egypt.* By GABRIEL BAER. University of Chicago Press, $8.50, £3.05.

[8] *Sociology of the Middle East: A Stocktaking and Interpretation.* By C. A. O. VAN NIEUWENHUIJZE. E. J. Brill (Leiden), 225 guilders, £29.

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his régime's actions in home affairs had been taken with the specific aim of making repression unnecessary; in his earlier writings he had admitted that it was easier to act oppressively and to shed blood than to win the constant and active loyalty of the Egyptian people. Without this active sense of loyalty, real political power remained an elusive goal and it was necessary to resort to traditional methods of maintaining it. The gap between the dream and its achievement widened and it is no excuse to say that neither Egypt nor the Arab world was ready for Nasser's aspirations. For as Hobbes knew so well (without the aid of modern jargon and recourse to dramatic graphs), the good ruler of a Commonwealth was he who knew intimately the dispositions of mankind. Studies which concentrate exclusively on the holders of power—either singly or in groups—are therefore in danger of missing the point that Islamic society has, in many ways, carefully insulated itself from the workings of politics. The groups in power may change—and the range of techniques of control available for their use may appear deceptively similar to those in use elsewhere in the world—but the political setting is so different that different questions are necessary if real knowledge is to be gained.

The need to study the social context has been recognised by several economic historians and others who share the classical approach to Oriental studies.[9] Other authors, however, have restricted themselves to a more limited approach[10] and the value of their work is thereby reduced. It is all very well to talk about the impact of oil revenues on Iran's economic development, but without some attempt at viewing other aspects of the Iranian economy much essential perspective is lost. The oil revenues have, of course, been of overwhelming importance but petroleum development is a very new field for Iran—as for every other country. This has meant that new opportunities have been available for those who possess certain special—western-taught—skills. In the oil industry a career open to talents has rapidly been established and the level of ability and responsibility in the relevant Iranian governmental departments is high. In other fields however—such as justice and agriculture—the hold of traditional values and the persistence of traditional practices has remained great. Where no previous values or institutions exist the opportunities for progress are relatively plentiful; in other areas of human social and economic

[9] *The Economic History of Iran 1800-1914.* By C. Issawi. University of Chicago Press, $17.50, £7.90.

[10] *Iran: Economic Development under Dualistic Conditions.* By Jahangir Amuzegar and M. Ali Fekrat. University of Chicago Press, $8.50, £3.80.

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activity the pace of change must inevitably be slower.

The petroleum industry in Iran is new and glamorous, agriculture is old and moves at a slower pace; the quality of administration in these two branches of the Iranian economy is, in many ways, a direct reflection of the opportunities which the young educated Iranian feels are offered by these two contrasting fields of endeavour. As Miss A. K. S. Lambton has pointed out,[11] the traditional values of the peasant do not militate against agricultural development, but because of the geographical, climatic and physical problems involved, as well as the complexities of the land tenure system, any progress will be slow and plans will require patience. The Iranian experience is very interesting in that it shows that traditional attitudes are not necessarily an obstacle to reform. Indeed they can provide the very basis of development: by capitalising upon the self-reliance of the peasant and removing the restraints upon his economic initiative, land reform and agricultural development have proceeded hand in hand in Iran. Results have not been spectacular in comparison with growth in the newer sectors of the economy but after generations of agricultural depression and stagnation the rebuilding of confidence must proceed slowly.

ONE OF THE WEAKNESSES inherent in the strictly chronological approach to Middle Eastern studies is the danger of treating consecutive periods as separated as well as distinct entities. This problem has been tackled at the outset by Jacques Berque in his massive and somewhat mystical new book on Egypt.[12] This author's approach is to look not for successive periods but for correlative phases or even rival processes. Such a view is all to the good if it enables the writer—and the reader—to see that many of the present problems in the Middle East arise from the contemporaneous existence of old and new and to appreciate the fact that what are often seen as new values in society may in fact be restatements of concepts with a long history. Difficulties multiply, however, when a holistic view of society is taken and when a book sets out to explain under what circumstances liberation can result dialectically from dependence, comprehension is in danger of being sacrified for a spurious comprehensiveness. The riots of 26 January 1952 in Cairo were an important event in the recent political history of Egypt but that they were "an upheaval of her whole being" is very much in doubt. The masses in the streets certainly helped to unmake one ruler and later welcomed the accession of a new one but their involvement was minimal—and this was how the new leader preferred it.

The continuities in political style in the Middle East are too often ignored—new régimes come to power and to signify the change new institutions are created, but their role and often their personnel remain much the same. Criticism of President Nasser has often turned upon his unwillingness to share power and his reliance on secrecy and conspiracy. But these were the very features of political life which brought him—and other rulers for a thousand years—to power. Before the 20th century governmental activity in the Middle Eastern countries tended to be minimal. Now many new demands co-exist and often conflict, for the present century has seen the emergence of a new division—a cultural one—between those whose values remain largely traditional and those whose values tend to be more western in form. Any mass appeal—made possible by new systems of communications—has a limited range of options. It can be Islamic and may help to strengthen a fundamental sense of identity—something which the Ikhwan (the Moslem Brotherhood) did, but which neither the Liberation Rally, the National Union nor the Arab Socialist Union could later achieve—or it can emphasise ideals such as autonomy and dignity. The former choice certainly ensures support of a deep and even continuous nature, but is of little value in creating a broad political programme and of even less use in the business of shaping political institutions. The latter emphasis is immediate in its appeal and is very useful while progress is maintained—by eliminating the King and the British, and establishing Egypt as a leading country within the region and so ensuring international attention as well as financial aid. But myths cannot long persist when goals outstrip the capacity for their fulfilment. When protection begins to fail, enemies seize territory, and foreign allies encumber the country with debt, the appeal to autonomy and dignity takes on a second and sharper edge. The sole basis of power becomes once more that of the elimination of all rivals. Under such circumstances it sometimes seems wiser never to begin the sharing of power and to challenge even those who might accept the avowed aims of the leadership but dispute its methods.

SOME OF THE recent Middle Eastern régimes have resulted in men holding power whose origins are obscure and whose backgrounds are

[11] "Land Reform and the Rural Cooperative Societies," in *Iran Faces the Seventies*. Edited by EHSAN YAR-SHATER. Praeger, $12.50; Pall Mall £5.25.

[12] *Egypt: Imperialism and Revolution*. By JACQUES BERQUE. Translated by JEAN STEWART. Faber & Faber, £15.

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lowly. When alternative family sources of wealth and social influence are lacking, the desire to preserve political power is all the greater. For if there is no reserve position to fall back upon, politics assumes a pre-emptive quality and power is seen more as something to covet in its own right than as a means by which to implement a programme. The restraints in such a political system are not those of neutral bureaucracy, a loyal opposition party or an impartial judiciary, but rather a careful appreciation of how one's enemies will treat one should they, in their turn, seize power.

The institutions which provide so much of the raw material for political scientists in the western world often exist in isolation from the real interplay of political forces, which are in turn isolated to a great extent from society. The power of a government is in many respects a measure of its ability to satisfy or to suppress the effective demands which are made upon it. In many Middle Eastern countries political mobilisation is an alien concept running counter to traditional values, and recent régimes have tended to fight shy of trying to involve the bulk of the population in politics on an active and continuous basis. Mass demands are rare, isolated and usually incoherent in their expression. The demands which matter are those within the ruling group and its co-opted partners, and in this respect the Islamic tradition of politics as the exclusive concern of the State has not yet lost its hold.

Politics, Political Scientists & Meta-politics

By Peter Lyon

"WHAT IS POLITICS?" This question poses the central and perennial puzzle of political understanding and of political science. How it is answered reveals much of the style and main preoccupations and prejudices of the definer. Here are a few examples:

> "Politics is disorder" (Theodore J. Lowi)
> "Political science is, at best, a partially formalized and standardized science, a corrigible and self-corrective pursuit of propositions of maximal reliability concerning political matters (however defined)"—(A. James Gregor)
> "Politics as symbolic action"—(Murray Edelman)
> "Politics is and ought to be architectonic science" —(Mortimer J. Adler quoting Robert M. Hutchins approvingly)

Clearly this is a field which is conducive to opaque aphorisms or elaborately tortuous definitions.

Probably there has never been an age which has produced so many books about politics as the present one. No doubt some of this literary fecundity is due to the energy of publishers and politicians, but there have always been such gentlemen, and it is doubtful if they have recently become unprecedentedly assiduous. No, the novel feature impelling this rising tide of political titles is the new armies of academic political scientists. These have grown prodigiously since 1945, even since 1960 (and especially in the United States, Canada, Australia and Britain), from small beginnings. There are probably about 500 self-styled, self-confessed political scientists in Britain today and between five and eight thousand in the United States. Almost every one of these will write at least one book during his or her professional life, and some will write several. Most of this much smaller group of more-than-once-fertile writers of books will commune in public with themselves, adverting often to their own earlier writings, and will frequently refer to the writings of their intellectual allies and opponents. But genuinely intra-disciplinary literary dialogue is restricted to a very small proportion of the profession. Hence any innocent general reader venturing into the contemporary literature of political science might at times well be excused for thinking that he has stumbled into a cosy and complacent coterie: preoccupied with each other, peddling a restricted orthodoxy and wilfully self-insulated from wider ideas and experiences. The literary productions of these armies and their coteries are, no doubt, ascribable to a mixture of practical and philosophical concerns. The urge to understand, desire for promotion, a penchant for polemic or philosophising—the motives for writing are as many and varied as those inducing men to take part in politics.

THE MEREST GLANCE at the political literature of the last thirty years should make readily apparent what is often overlooked: how readily the literary effusions on politics reflect or even set short-lived fashions in thought. Any serious human activity begets a "meta-activity." People reflect upon and talk about politics (engage in meta-politics) because they like it. Thus meta-politics is talk about the talk of politics, a parasitic activity indeed. All political scientists are meta-politicians

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concerned to understand the nature and activity of politics; some may be politicians too, and the tussle between theory and practice, between reflection and action, is their central and inescapable predicament.

One of the intra-disciplinary debates some leading social scientists energetically engaged in during the 1960s was that between 'behavioralist" and "non-behavioralist" (the American spelling is appropriate as the debate originated and was most intensive and extensive in the United States). Early on, during the course of providing a full, carefully ponderous, but clearly set-out textbook for graduate-level courses in political science, A. James Gregor[1] tells us that:

> A "behavioralist" has been identified as a political scientist who (*1*) publishes in relatively specialised journals such as *Public Opinion Quarterly, World Politics, American Behavioral Scientist,* and *Behavioral Science;* and/or (*2*) enjoys membership or participation in the Social Science Research Council's Committee on Political Behavior and the Committee on Comparative Politics; and/or (*3*) is preoccupied with the study of small group and voting behavior; and/or (*4*) undertakes research efforts conducted with a concern (*a*) for searching out regularities, discoverable uniformities in political behavior expressed in law-like statements that could be, ideally, systematically interrelated to produce explanatory and predictive accounts, (*b*) for establishing appropriate verification techniques, (*c*) for rigorous scrutiny of procedures involved in the collection, processing, and interpretation of data, (*d*) for quantification whenever possible, relevant, and meaningful, (*e*) for maintaining the logical distinction between factual knowledge claims and normative prescription and proscription, (*f*) for a self-conscious and systematic interrelationship of theory and research, (*g*) for the development of explanatory and predictive theory as a necessary antecedent to applications, and (*h*) for the integration of the findings of political science with those of the related social sciences.

By the standards of these exhaustive—and exhausting!—criteria probably no one was ever a compleat behavioralist, not even in the land of its recent efflorescence. Recently, however, we were told by a leading American political scientist, Robert Dahl, that we are now living in the "post-behavioral age." I suspect that most of his British colleagues have got to that state without being fully aware of the methodological revolution they were living through, though this would of course be much more true of some persons and places than others. The University of Essex and perhaps Strathclyde are the present centres of such behavioralism as is typically practised by its votaries among British political scientists, the recent and excellent study of politics in Ulster by Richard Rose and his colleagues being an outstanding example of work in this genre.[2]

Professor W. J. M. Mackenzie, now Edward Caird Professor of Politics at the University of Glasgow, is the father, and probably the most versatile practitioner, of contemporary British political science. The imaginary honorific title is conferred not solely because of his writing, though his studies of British Central Government and of Constitution and election-making in East Africa were far from inconsiderable, even before he began his latest literary career as general recorder and ruminator extraordinary on the state of contemporary Political and Social Science.[3] He is a polymath, pragmatist, shrewd team-leader and academic politician extraordinary. His main impact and contribution was made as founder and presiding head of the Department of Government at Manchester, the consequence of which was that this became, and still is, the best single department of Political Science in this country, even though it keeps its political philosophers in the philosophy department and its attention to International Relations heretofore has been relatively perfunctory. Mackenzie's department at Manchester was the nursery where at least half-a-dozen future Professors of Politics were nurtured and exported to other universities. Today, this same department boasts five full Professors.

Examples of the current Manchester University style are provided by the published version of a staff seminar in a book entitled *Participation in Politics,*[4] and by the essays written by Dodd and Kavanagh[5] (both of them also being contributors to the symposium) for the Macmillan series of studies in Comparative Politics jointly edited by two senior Manchester Professors. This series of monographs is intended to provide students of politics with "up to date, short and accessible surveys of the progress of the discipline, its changing theoretical approaches and its methodological reappraisals." Dr Parry's team of 14 contributors, besides himself, probe at the various meanings and significance of what they regard as the new vogue word, "participation", with its curiously promiscuous appeals both to established authority and to radical chic. The several main implications of the idea, the many contrasts

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[1] *An Introduction to Meta-politics: A Brief Inquiry into the Conceptual Language of Political Science.* By A. James Gregor. Collier-Macmillan, $9.95, £2.95.

[2] *Governing Without Consensus.* By Richard Rose. Faber & Faber, £6.

[3] *The Study of Political Science Today.* By W. J. M. Mackenzie. Macmillan. Studies in Comparative Politics. 60p.

[4] *Participation in Politics.* Edited and contributed to by Geraint Parry. Manchester University Press (forthcoming), £4.20.

[5] *Political Development.* By C. H. Dodd. *Political Culture.* By Dennis Kavanagh. Macmillan. Studies in Comparative Politics. 60p. each.

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between aspiration and reality in liberal-democratic and in Marxist experience, in education, and in local politics, are all carefully discerned and discussed. The section on Marxism provides some illuminating contrasts between Marx and Trotsky, and between Russian and Chinese practices. This is not an exciting book, but it is wide-ranging, tough-minded and fair.

Neither Dodd (now Professor of Politics at Hull) nor Kavanagh (still at Manchester) achieve the olympian range and synoptic power of Mackenzie, but each essay is useful, though Dodd is very sober and Kavanagh very spirited. Both exhibit the difficult art of *haute simplification* lucidly and deftly. Clearly, these short essays are ancillary to and not a substitute for reading the literature they summarise and appraise.

When looking back at the intellectual fashions of the past decade and those immanent at present, John Kautsky is a good bell-wether. Ten years ago he wrote "An Essay in the Politics of Development" and included it in a book he edited on *Political Change in Underdeveloped Countries* (1962). This was a perceptive and illuminating piece of work. Now exactly a decade later, he has written a thoroughly different book[6] from the essay, on the same general subject but three times longer. Now he argues that communism does not require separate analysis but can properly be comprehended under the general rubric of the politics of modernisation. The key role he attributed to the "intellectuals" in his earlier essay is now assigned to the "modernizers", a group defined by the interests of its members rather than by their education. Three of his earlier main explanatory terms—Nationalism, Totalitarianism, and Democracy—have been abandoned almost entirely. This is a swift and radical intellectual demise which has some logic in Mr Kautsky's argument; but, of course, such protean and powerful forces are not in actuality so easily expelled. The military survive in theory and in fact from the earlier analysis. Post-revolutionary movements, the politics of unsuccessful industrialisation and second-wave revolutions of modernisation are now accorded prominence. Neither the neo-Marxists nor even the peasantry get adequate attention; but this is a sober, thoughtful, and perceptive book.

THE HIVING-OFF of political scientists into separate compartments of academe has not, of course, entirely fostered the illusion that here is a newly matured discipline which henceforth should be self-contained and self-sustaining. Indeed, some

[6] *The Political Consequences of Modernization.* By JOHN H. KAUTSKY. John Wiley & Sons, $7.50, £3.30; paper $39.5, £1.75.

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MULLER

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contemporary political scientists, and especially those of a behavioralist persuasion, are impressed, I would say often over-impressed, by the methodological sophistication and achievements of economists. They make no endeavour to re-establish a contemporary equivalent of classical political economy, a task which Miss Susan Strange bravely has tackled, almost single-handedly, with the aim of reviving genuinely inter-disciplinary cooperation between students of politics and of economics in Britain. These economicophil political scientists seek, rather, to reconstruct their own subject by analogy from the practices and procedures of present-day economists. "Public policy"[7] is one newly fashionable semantic umbrella under which some political scientists now cluster, sometimes in order to simulate economists; and, more indirectly, but no less fashionably, economists are the main intellectual influences in much "peace research" and "conflict analysis".[8]

THE STUDY OF POLITICAL THEORY recently has fallen into depths of disfavour on many an American campus, to an extent which has no close equivalent in Britain. Even some of the American-based votaries of political theory now offer courses in modern ideologies instead of or in addition to their customary fare: something on Guerrilla Communism and on extremism of the Right and Left[9] has almost become *de rigueur*. When, rarely, the once very familiar book of readings in political philosophy appears it is likely to be prefaced by some such statement as the following:

> Whether he has lived among philosophers or political scientists, the position of the political theorist has in recent decades been a difficult one. On the one hand, he has had to face the criticisms of those who claim that the proper object of philosophy is clarification, and in particular that it is not the job of the philosopher to prescribe or recommend. On the other hand, his subject has been criticized by those whose conception of the social sciences as value-free leads them to argue that political scientists should confine themselves to the study and explanation of facts.[10]

The contemporary critics of traditional political philosophy tend to prepare their indictment using some or all of the following accusations:

> '*(1)* that they contain a host of statements about matters of fact that can be shown to be false or inadequate or wholly speculative, *(2)* that their authors frequently commit the fallacy of deriving prescriptive conclusions from factual premises, *(3)* that these works reflect a false conception of the philosopher's task, *(4)* that they have impeded the progress of political science, *(5)* that they abound in vague statements and ask improper questions, *(6)* that they are largely irrelevant since they were written long ago and in circumstances very different from our own, and *(7)* that the prescriptive theories advanced in them are the determined product of objective historical factors.' (De Crespigny)

In fact, as De Crespigny crisply shows, these charges are neither as unanswerable nor as decisive as many of their protagonists believe, and he deftly pares away their grosser features in his preface. Otherwise, he presents a useful and traditionalist collection of articles garnered from the professional journals of the past twenty-five years, arranged under the general headings Power, Authority, Liberty, Equality, Justice, Rights, and Political Obligation, slightly buttressed with new, select bibliographies for each section, and embellished with an index. I hope it sells well across the Atlantic as well as in Britain.

The politics of truth,[11] the politics of disorder,[12] politics as symbolic action,[13] politics as commonsense[14]—these are four contrasting American visions and versions of the character of contemporary political activity; each one is advanced in order to develop and sustain a particular argument. Many features of these new books sound like old arguments, but each of the books has some new and interesting thing to say. Mr Odegard is a spiritual heir of Henri de Saint-Simon. He presents what he calls "the first indigenous American full-blown philosophy for planning" as "the key tool of democratic experiment" and asserts that there must be a new alliance between the doer and the knower, that social science must begin working experimentally with human material in administrative laboratories. Whereas Mr Odegard moves slowly and soberly, Professor Lowi is swift, acrid and aphoristic. He warns against the cult of leadership, proposes law as the antidote for leadership, and recommends law and disorder as the essence of democratic liberty.

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[7] For a recent thoughtful and well-constructed exposition in this vein, but with much more attention, to actual politics than is usual in writing of this genre, see *Comparative Politics: A Distributive Approach*. By ALEXANDER J. GROTH. Collier-Macmillan, $4.95, £1.75.

[8] *Comparative Political Systems: Managing Conflict*. By MORTON GORDEN. Collier-Macmillan, $4.95, £1.80. This is avowedly a beginners' book for studies of comparative politics, but its intellectual indebtedness to economics is clear.

[9] *Ideologies and Modern Politics*. By REO M. CHRISTENSON and others. Nelson, £3.50.

[10] *Contemporary Political Theory*. Edited by ANTHONY DE CRESPIGNY and ALAN WERTHEIMER. Nelson's University Paperbacks, £1.95.

[11] *The Politics of Truth: Toward Reconstruction in Democracy*. By HOLTAN P. ODEGARD. University of Alabama Press, $13.50, £6.30.

[12] *The Politics of Disorder*. By THEODORE J. LOWI. Basic Books, $6.95, £3.25.

[13] *Politics as Symbolic Actions*. By MURRAY EDELMAN. Markham Publishing Company, Chicago, $9.95, £5; paper $3.95, £2.

[14] *The Commonsense of Politics*. By MORTIMER J. ADLER. Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $6.95, £3.65.

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Echoes of Tom Paine! Mr Edelman's book is a series of essays elaborating the proposition that "political history is largely an account of man's violence and of the expenditure of vast resources to cope with mythical fears and hopes", while exploring some analytical and policy implications.

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Among Other Books Received

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Geoffrey Grigson

Three Poems

Note for a Genealogical Tree

My father dying well past eighty
Spoke almost in coma of a girl
He loved when he was twenty.

Theology was his reading then.
"I say nothing of my reading," so his student's
Diary went, "It was theology."

And he was soon ordained, and so (I think)
His wilder being mostly
Was contained.

Her home was Ventnor, things
About this girl from Ventnor (he sent
Her roses) from his diary he erased.

My mother—what did she dream of, young?
Old, in her drawing-room, filling her armchair,
By a February fire.

She slept. Her last son's young
Wife sighed, she overheard, she snapped
"Ridiculous" and slept.

The White Doves

They rose out of dead men,
out of their mouths,
gently, white doves,
to branches where they fidgeted
at first a little—
free, uncertainly.

It was something,
white doves for the souls of men,
instead of the roving idiots
of the morning, cuckoos,
or jackdaws cackling, or identical
factory chickens chelping, or worse,

White doves
even the souls of the worst.

Career of a Sharp-profiled Public Servant

He tied himself to four umbrellas
and jumped—admittedly it was not high—
from the E.E. tower of his father's church.

He rolled, feet together, hands tight to each side,
over primroses to the edge of the cliff on his father's glebe
and stopped—exactly—3 inches from

a fall of 200 feet. He was imprisoned
in the Russian Revolution, and came home
and to test that nerve

climbed to the top of the steel-framed
mile-measurer above that cliff, and stood there
as before, on one foot, in the high wind,

and he became, the *manes* of our house-master
will learn with relief, the most conventional
pimp of the Crown,

and was ennobled.

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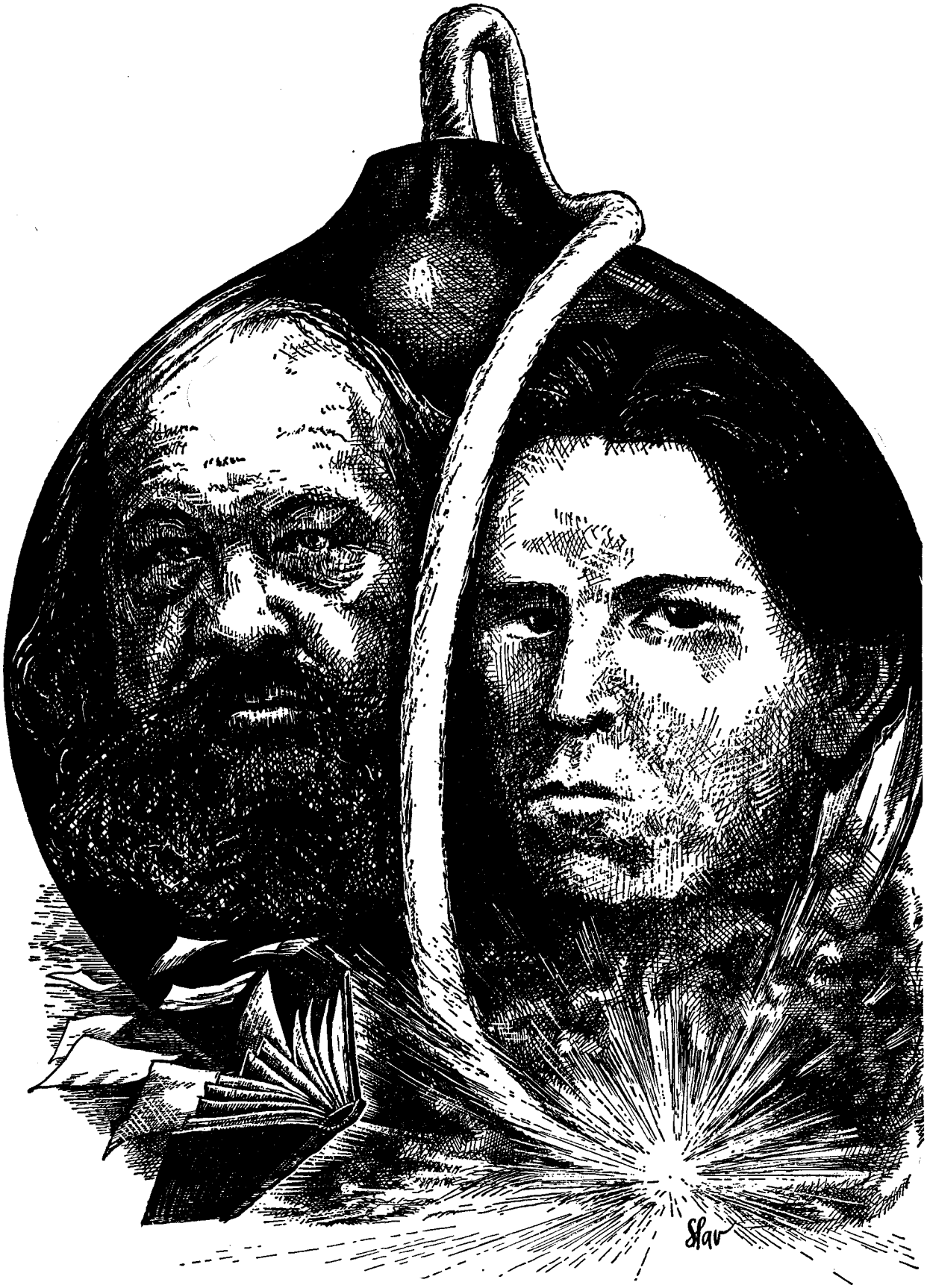

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EAST & WEST

An Unpublished Letter

Bakunin & Nechayev

2nd June, 1870, Locarno

DEAR FRIEND,

I now address you and through you, your and our Committee. I trust that you have now reached a safe place where, free from petty squabbles and cares, you can quietly consider your own and our common situation, the situation of our common cause.

Let us begin by admitting that our first campaign which started in 1869 is lost and we are beaten. Beaten because of two main causes; first—the people, who we had every *right* to hope would rise, did not rise. It appears that its cup of suffering, the measure of its patience, has not yet overflowed. Apparently no self-confidence, no faith in its rights and its power, has yet kindled within it, and there were not enough men acting in common and dispersed throughout Russia capable of arousing this confidence. Second cause: our organisation was found wanting both in quality and quantity of its members and in its structure. That is why we were defeated and lost much strength and many valuable people.

This is an undisputable fact which we ought to realise without equivocation in order to make it a point of departure for further deliberations and deeds.

You, and doubtless your friends as well, had realised it long before you spoke to me about it; in fact one could say that you never spoke to me about it and I had to guess it for myself from many obvious contradictions in your talk and finally to convince myself by reference to the general state of affairs which spoke so clearly that it was impossible to hide it even from uninitiated friends. You more than half realised it when you visited me in Locarno; but nevertheless you spoke to me with complete assurance and in the most positive manner about the imminence of the inevitable revolt. You deceived me, while I, suspecting, or feeling instinctively the presence of *deceit*, consciously and systematically refused to believe it. You continued to speak and act as if you told me nothing but the truth. Had you shown me the real state of affairs during your stay in Locarno, as regards both the people and the organisation, I would have written my appeal to the officers in the same spirit but in different words. This would have been better for me, for you and, most important, for the cause. I would not have spoken to them about the impending rising.

I am not angry with you and I do not reproach you, knowing that if you lie or hide the truth, you do it without self-interest and only because you consider it useful to the cause. I, *and all of us*, love you sincerely and have a great respect for you because we have never met a man more unselfish and devoted to the cause than you are.

But neither love nor respect can prevent me telling you frankly that the system of deceit, which is increasingly becoming your sole system, your main weapon and means, is fatal to the cause itself.

THIS *previously unpublished letter from Michael Bakunin to Sergei Nechayev is one of the most extraordinary political letters of the 19th century, not only in terms of Russian underground movement which issued in the October Revolution, but also in the whole story of European socialism. The document has recently been discovered by Professor Michael Confino (of Tel Aviv University) while working in Paris among the unlisted manuscripts in the Bibliothèque Nationale. It is published here in English for the first time, in a translation by Lydia Bott.*

The reader will recall the background of plots and counter-plots as recorded by Natalie Herzen in her "Revolutionary Diary" (ENCOUNTER *May 1970). One small, but not insignificant, error can now be corrected. We also published excerpts from the so-called "Revolutionary Catechism" (1869), the authorship of which has always been attributed to both Bakunin and Nechayev. That attribution, it would now appear, is mistaken. Bakunin makes it clear that this astonishing manifesto (which even Eldridge Cleaver claims to have read and been influenced by!) was the work of Nechayev alone (or, perhaps, with another Russian collaborator). This fact alone throws new light on Bakunin's personality, and his whole torrential outburst to Nechayev—the very incarnation of the Mephistophelian revolutionary—illuminates the eternally recurring problems of revolutionary psychology and political ethics. One remains forever astounded that Dostoevsky, working mainly from newspaper reports about the case of the murdered student Ivanov (for which crime Nechayev was subsequently imprisoned), should have understood all this so accurately in his profound novel, "The Possessed". After a century a lost document suggests yet again that, in all its lurid complications, revolutionary life is even stranger than fiction.*

M.J.L.

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But before trying, and I hope succeeding, in proving this to you, I must say a few words about my attitude to you and to your Committee and will try to explain why, in spite of all forebodings and rational or instinctive doubts which increasingly forewarned me about the truth of your words, up to my last visit to Geneva I spoke and acted as if I believed them unreservedly.

IT MIGHT BE SAID THAT I have been separated from Russia for *30 years*. From 1840 to 1851 I was abroad, first with a passport, then as an émigré. In 1851, after a two-year imprisonment in Saxon and Austrian fortresses I was extradited to the Russian Government which held me prisoner for another 6 years, first in the Alekseev revelin of the Peter and Paul fortress, then in Schlüsselburg. In 1857 I was sent to Siberia and spent two years in western and two in eastern Siberia. In 1861 I fled from Siberia and since then, obviously, I have not returned to Russia. Therefore in the last 30 years I have only lived four years (nine years ago) from 1857 to 1861 in freedom in Russia, *i.e.* in Siberia. This of course gave me the opportunity of getting to know the Russian people better, the peasants, the petty bourgeoisie, the merchants (specifically Siberian merchants), but not the revolutionary youth. In my time there were no other political exiles in Siberia, except a few Decembrists and Poles. True, I knew *also* the four *Petrashevtsy*: Petrashevsky himself, Lvov and Tol, but these people represented only a sort of transition from the Decembrists to the real youth—they were doctrinaire, bookish socialists, Fourierists and pedagogues. I do not know the real youth in whom I believe, this classless class, this hopeless phalanx of the people's revolution about whom I have written several times and only now gradually begin to learn.

The majority of Russians who came to London to do homage to Alexander Herzen were either respectable people, or writers or liberally and democratically inclined officers. The first serious Russian revolutionary was Potebnya; the second was you. I shall not speak about Utin and the other Geneva emigrants. Thus, before I met you, the real Russian revolutionary youth remained for me *terra incognita*.

I did not need much time to understand your earnestness and to believe you. I was convinced and still remain convinced that even if you were few, you represent a serious undertaking, the only serious revolutionary movement in Russia. Having been convinced of this, I said to myself that my duty lay in helping you with all my power and means and in allying myself as much as possible with your Russian cause. This decision was all the easier for me because your programme, at least during the last year, not only resembled but was identical with my programme, worked out on the basis of the total experience of a rather long political life. Let us define in a few lines this programme on the basis of which we were completely united last year and from which you seem now to be departing to a considerable extent, but to which I, on my side, have remained true to a degree which would have obliged me to break all *intimate political relations* with you, if your convictions and your, or your friends', departure from it were completely final.

THE PROGRAMME CAN BE CLEARLY EXPRESSED in a few words: Total destruction of the framework of state and law and of the whole of the so-called bourgeois civilisation by a spontaneous people's revolution invisibly led, not by an official dictatorship, but by a nameless and collective one, composed of those in favour of total people's liberation from all oppression, firmly united in a secret society and always and everywhere acting in support of a common aim and in accordance with a common programme.

Such was the ideal and such was the plan on the basis of which I joined you and gave you my hand in order to realise it. You know yourself how faithful I remained to the promise of the union which I recognised. You know how much faith I had in you, having once convinced myself of your earnestness and of the similarity in our revolutionary programmes. I did not ask who your friends were, nor how many; I did not check your strength; I took your word.

Did I believe out of weakness, out of blindness, or because of stupidity? You know yourself that this is not so. You know very well that I was never given to blind faith. That even last year when we talked alone together, and once at Ogarev's and in his presence, I told you clearly that we ought not to believe you as you were quite capable of lying when you thought that a lie might be useful to the cause. We thus had no other guarantee of the truth of your words but your obvious sincerity and undoubted devotion to the cause. This was an important guarantee which, however, did not save you from mistakes and us from blunders if we follow you blindly.

Despite this conviction of which I spoke to you several times, I stayed in contact with you and helped you everywhere and as much as I could. Do you want to know why I did it?

Firstly, because, up to your departure from Geneva for Russia, our programmes were truly identical. I was convinced of this not only by

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Bakunin's Letter

BAKUNIN *began to write a letter to Sergei Nechayev on 2 June 1870, at a critical juncture in their political and personal relationship. He stuck to the task for eight full days, and the result turned out to be the longest letter he ever wrote, the only one to Nechayev that we have; it is one of the few revolutionary pamphlets which he succeeded in bringing to an end, and one of the most interesting too.*

At that time Bakunin was living in Locarno, in a sort of forced retreat prompted by financial reasons which, for once, he took into consideration. Nechayev was then hiding in the mountains and received the letter through Bakunin's friends in Geneva—Natalie Herzen, Ogarev, Ozerov and Serebrennikov, who were also asked (in a letter of 9 June 1870, printed in next month's issue) to make a copy of the long epistle before forwarding it. This copy survived in Natalie Herzen's archives at the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris. Its forty-four tightly-filled pages in three different handwritings had several fancy paginations (including one from the end backwards), and were nicely enmeshed with other papers (including a curious—and curiously inaccurate—later copy by Mme Rodicheva); it was all in a touching disorder that would have pleased the author of the letter. As to its addressee, he was listed as "unidentified", which, under the circumstances, was reasonable enough. After reconstructing the text, the letter was published by me (in Russian with French translation and introduction) in the "Cahiers du Monde russe et soviétique" (1966). The original in Bakunin's handwriting is probably lost, or maybe went up in flames when, after Nechayev's arrest, the future anarchist Armand Ross (M. Sazhin) and a few other Russian émigrés burned all of Nechayev's papers—including those he had stolen (and among them letters of Turgenev and Herzen) from various "friends" such as Bakunin, Natalie Herzen and others, probably to blackmail them sometime in the future.

BAKUNIN'S LETTER *brings new insights and evidence on several aspects of his relationship with Nechayev and on some important points in the history of the Russian revolutionary movement. One of them is the authorship of the well-known "Revolutionary Catechism", usually attributed to Bakunin, or to Bakunin and Nechayev. It appears now that this was the work of Nechayev, possibly—in view of additional evidence—in collaboration with Peter Tkachev, whose main ideas on revolutionary tactics at that time are embodied in the "Catechism." However, one idea of his is missing, namely that the only way to heal society goes through the slaying of each and every person over thirty. It was, clearly, a notion rather more radical than Jack Weinberg's (a former student at the University of California), "Never trust anyone over 30." But this view of Tkachev's is not entirely irrelevant in the present context too, for Bakunin's letter sadly reveals the unsavoury predicament in which an old revolutionary (but also an old man) was cornered by the plots of the young Nechayev, then in his early 20s. In Armand Ross's words:*

> *Nechayev noticed that Bakunin had no more strength to keep on the level of energy and dedication required by the "Revolutionary Catechism". Hence Nechayev turned the weapon of the* Catechism *against Bakunin, and began to deceive him as he was deceiving the others. . . .*
>
> *For Bakunin this came as one more disappointment—and a very bitter one—in his revolutionary career. For Nechayev had mesmerised the old man with his youth, vigour, and tenacity, his preposterous deductions and mystifying silences. Nechayev's lack of scruples seemed to Bakunin an expression of strength, and his simplistic and primitive reasoning appeared somehow as a primary virtue and almost a folkloric revelation. But, then Bakunin was neither the first revolutionary, nor the last, to believe that toughness is a manifestation of dedication, and even arrogance a sign of fidelity and honesty.*
>
> *In fact, Nechayev's attitude towards Bakunin (as well as his attitude towards the murder of the student Ivanov) was something quite different. As Camus put it in "The Rebel",*
>
> *for the first time, with him, revolution was going to be explicitly separated from love and friendship. . . . Nechayev's originality thus lies in justifying the violence done to one's brothers.*
>
> *This remains an odd paradox for those who nowadays claim to unite love and revolution (the one presumably being a form of the other) and, at the same time, look back to Nechayev for revolutionary inspiration and political lessons to be learned.*

OF GREAT INTEREST, *too, is Bakunin's idea about the "collective dictatorship of the secret organisation." For some this sounds so Marxist, and even Leninist* avant la lettre; *but Marx used the episode with Nechayev to exclude Bakunin from the First International. It was this thesis of a "collective dictatorship", as well as Bakunin's sharp criticisms of Nechayev, which seriously disturbed my Soviet colleagues in the field of revolutionary history, and according to reliable information they carefully worked to find out whether the letter was not a "fake".* Nolens volens, *they finally arrived at the conclusion that it was not. With that conclusion of theirs I certainly agree.*

Michael Confino

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our daily conversations, but by the fact that all my writings, conceived and printed while you were here, evoked in you a sympathetic response precisely on the points which most clearly expressed our common programme and because your writings, printed last year, bore the same character.

Secondly, because acknowledging your real and indefatigable strength, devotion, passion and power of thought, I considered you, and still consider you, capable of uniting around yourself real forces, not for your own sake but for the cause. I said to myself and to Ogarev that if they are not yet united, they will necessarily be so shortly.

Thirdly, because of all the Russian people whom I knew I considered you the most capable of carrying out this enterprise and I said to myself and to Ogarev that there was no point in waiting for another man, that we were both old and unlikely to meet another man more dedicated and more able than you. That is why, if we want to be allied with the Russian cause, we must be allied with you and with no one else. We do not know your Committee, or your Society, and can form an opinion about them only through you. If you are in earnest, why should your present and future friends not be in earnest too? Your earnestness was for me a guarantee that, on the one hand you would not admit worthless people to your company and, on the other, that you will not remain alone and will attempt to create a collective force.

YOU HAVE, IT IS TRUE, a weak point which astounded me from the first days of our acquaintance and to which, I confess, I did not attach sufficient importance. This is your inexperience, your ignorance of life and people and, associated with this, a fanaticism bordering on mysticism. Your ignorance of the social conditions, customs, morals, ideas and usual feelings of the so-called educated world renders you even now incapable of successful action in this environment even with a view to its destruction. You do not know as yet how to acquire influence and power within it, which is bound to lead to inevitable blunders every time the needs of the cause bring you in contact with it. This was clearly demonstrated in your ill-fated attempt to publish *Kolokol* (*The Bell*) in impossible conditions. But we shall talk about *Kolokol* later. This ignorance of men leads to inevitable blunders. You demand too much and expect too much from people, giving them tasks beyond their strength in the belief that all people must be filled with the same passion which animates you. At the same time you do not believe in them, and consequently you do not take into consideration the passion which is aroused within them, their orientation, their independently honest devotion to your aim. You try to subdue them, frighten them, to tie them down by external controls which mostly prove to be inadequate, so that once they get into your hands they can never tear themselves free. And at the same time they do escape, and will continue to escape as long as you do not change your behaviour towards them, while you do not look within them for the main reason for joining you. Do you remember how cross you were when I called you an *Abrek*[1] and your catechism a catechism of *Abreks?* You said that all men should be such, that a complete renunciation of self, of all personal wishes, pleasures, feelings, affections and ties, should be a normal, natural, everyday condition of everybody without exception. You wished, and still wish, to make your own selfless cruelty, your own truly extreme fanaticism, into a rule of common life. You wish for an absurdity, an impossibility, a total negation of nature, man, and society. This wish is fatal because it forces you to spend your strength in vain, always shooting to miss. No man, however strong he is, and no society, however perfect its discipline and however powerful its organisation, can conquer nature. Only religious fanatics and ascetics could try to conquer it—that is why I was not very surprised, or surprised for long, when I recognised in you a certain mystical, pantheistic idealism. In connection with your characteristic orientation this seemed to me completely obvious, but completely absurd. Yes, dear friend, you are not a materialist like us sinners, but an idealist, a prophet like a monk of the Revolution; your hero should not be Babeuf, not even Marat, but some sort of Savonarola. According to my way of thinking, you are nearer to the Jesuits than to us. You are a fanatic. This is your enormous and peculiar strength. But at the same time this is your blindness, and blindness is a great and fatal weakness; blind energy errs and stumbles, and the more powerful it is, the more inevitable and serious are the blunders. You suffer from an enormous lack of the critical sense without which it is impossible to evaluate people and situations, and to reconcile means with ends.

ALL THIS I UNDERSTOOD and realised last year. But for me all this was balanced in your favour by two considerations. Firstly, I recognised (and

[1] *Abrek*: a Caucasian mountaineer banished from his clan, or having made a vow of deadly (bloody) revenge. In a larger sense: combatant acting with the courage of despair—ED.

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still recognise) in you a great and, one might say, perfectly pure force, free of any admixture of self-love or vanity, such as I had never met in any Russian. Secondly, I told and still tell myself that you are still young and whole-hearted, and being without personal egoistical whims and self-delusions you cannot long remain on the wrong path and under a delusion which is fatal to the cause. I am still convinced of this.

Finally, I clearly saw and felt that you were far from having full confidence in me and in many respects attempted to use me as a means to immediate aims which were unknown to me; but this did not bother me at all.

FIRSTLY, I LIKED YOUR SILENCE about the people involved in your organisation, and the conviction that in such movements even the most trusted people should know only as much as is *practically* necessary for the success of their particular enterprise. You will do me the justice of admitting that I never asked you indiscreet questions. Even if you had, contrary to your duty, given me some names, I should not have known the people to whom these names belonged. I would have had to judge them on your word, and I believed and believe in you. Composed of people like you who have earned your total trust, the Committee should, I think, be equally trusted by us.

The question is: Did your organisation really exist, or were you only going to create it somehow or other? If it did exist, was it large, did it at least represent an embryo of power, or did this all exist only as a hope? Did our holy of holies, the Committee itself, exist in the shape you described and with the undoubted unity of forces for life or death—or were you only going to create it? In a word, were you the only representative of a quite respectable individual power, or of a collective power already in existence? And if the Society and the Central Committee really existed, and assuming the participation in it (particularly in the Committee) of only true, firm, fanatically devoted and selfless people like you, still another question arises: Was, and is, there in it sufficient common sense and knowledge, sufficient theoretical training and ability to understand the conditions and relationships of the Russian people and classes to make the revolutionary Committee effective to cover the whole of Russian life and penetrate all social strata with a really powerful organisation? The sincerity of the cause depends on the fervent energy of the participants, its success on their common sense and knowledge.

In order to discover this both as regards actual and potential development, *i.e.* the spirit of your movement, I asked you many questions and I must confess that your replies did not satisfy me in the least. However much you wriggled and dodged, you told me, in spite of yourself, that your Society was still numerically insignificant and lacked funds. It had as yet very little common sense, knowledge and skill. But the Committee is created by you and certainly from people like you, among whom you are one of the best and most determined. You are the creator and, up to now, leader of the Society. All this, dear friend, I understood and learned last year. But this did not in any way prevent me from joining you, recognising in you an intelligent and passionately devoted activist of a sort which is rare, and being certain that you had managed to find at least a few people like you and unite with them. Also I was, and still am, certain that with experience and sincere and tireless aspiration you would soon achieve that knowledge, wisdom and skill without which no success is possible. And as I did not, and do not now, suppose that there can exist in Russia in addition to your group another group as much in earnest as yours, I decided, in spite of everything, to remain united with you.

I DID NOT HOLD IT AGAINST YOU that you always tried to exaggerate your strength to me. This is an objective, often useful and sometimes bold gesture of all conspirators. It is true that I saw your attempts to deceive me as a proof of your as yet insufficient knowledge of people. It seemed to me that from our talks you ought to have understood that in order to attract me there was no need to furnish proof of an already existing and organised power, but only proof of an unbending and reasonable determination to create such a power. I also understood that you were appearing before me as if you were an envoy of an existing and fairly powerful organisation. Thus, it seemed to you, you put yourself into a position to present your conditions as emanating from great power, while you actually appeared before me as a person who was in the process of collecting strength. You should have talked to me as an equal, person to person. . . .

But this did not enter into your calculations. You were too fanatically devoted to your plan and your programme to subject them to criticism by anyone. And secondly you did not have enough faith in my devotion to the cause, in my understanding of it, to show me the cause as it really was. You were sceptical about all émigrés, and you were right. About me you were probably less sceptical than about others, because I gave you too many proofs of my readiness to serve the cause without any personal demands or vainglorious calculations. But you still considered me as an invalid whose counsels and knowledge

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might sometimes be useful, but no more; whose participation in your fervent efforts would have been superfluous and even harmful. I saw this very well but it did not offend me. You knew this could not prompt me to break with you. It was not my business to prove to you that I was not such a hopelessly unfit case for an ardent, a real movement as you thought. I left it (and leave it) to time and your own experience to convince you of the contrary.

At the same time there existed, and still exists, a special circumstance which forced and forces me to be particularly careful in relation to all Russian affairs and people. This is my total lack of funds. I have struggled with poverty all my life, and every time I have managed to undertake and do something more or less useful, I had to do it not with my own, but with other people's money. For a long time it has drawn down on me a whole cloud of slander and reproach, particularly from Russian blackguards.

THESE FELLOWS have totally besmirched my reputation and thus paralysed my activities to a considerable extent. I needed all the genuine passion and sincere determination which I recognise in myself, from experience and not boastfully, to prevent me from breaking and discontinuing my activities. You also know how untrue and ignoble are the rumours about my personal luxury, about my attempts to make a fortune at the expense of others and by duping them. In spite of this, the Russian émigré blackguards, Utin and Co., dare to call me a swindler and a self-seeking exploiter, me, who ever since I can remember have never lived or wanted to live for my own pleasure and have always striven for the liberation of others. Do not take this as boasting—I tell it to you and to friends; I feel that it is necessary and right to say it to you once and for all.

IT IS CLEAR THAT in order to devote myself fully to the service of the cause, I must have the means to live. I am getting old. Eight years of imprisonment have led to a chronic illness and my impaired health demands certain care and certain conditions so that I can usefully serve the cause. I also have a wife and children whom I cannot condemn to death by starvation. I try to reduce expenses to the minimum, but I still cannot exist without a certain monthly sum. Where can I get this sum if I give all my labour to the common cause?

There is another consideration. Having founded some years ago the secret International Revolutionary Union, I cannot and will not abandon it in order to devote myself entirely to the Russian cause. And besides, in my opinion, the International and the Russian cause are one and the same. Up to now the International cause did not provide me with the means of existence, but only involved me in expense. This, in a few words, is the key to my situation. You will understand that this poverty on the one hand, and ignoble slander spread about me by the Russian émigrés on the other hamper me in relation to all new people and to all my activities. You see how many reasons there were not to foist myself upon you, not to demand your trust to a greater extent than you deemed useful; to wait until you and your friends should finally be convinced of the possibility, the usefulness, and the necessity of trust.

At the same time I saw and felt very keenly that in approaching me not as an equal, not as a trusting person or a trustworthy one, you considered me, according to your system and obeying so to say the logic of necessity, a three-quarters blind but experienced instrument for the cause and used my name and my activity as a means. Thus, in fact, lacking the power which you pretended to have, you used my name in order to create power in Russia. So that many people do in fact think that I stand at the head of a secret society about which, as you are aware, I know nothing.

Should I have allowed my name to be used as a means of propaganda and in order to attract people into an organisation whose plans and immediate aims were three-quarters unknown to me? Without hesitation I reply in the affirmative, yes, I could and should. Here are my reasons:

Firstly, I was always convinced that the Russian Revolutionary Committee could and should act only within Russia, and it is an absurdity to lead the Russian revolution from abroad.

If you and your friends remained abroad for a long time, I should have proclaimed you incapable of remaining members of the Committee. If you become émigrés, you will have, as I have had, to accept orders, as far as any Russian movement is concerned, from the undisputed leadership of a new Committee in Russia recognised by you on the basis of mutually discussed programmes and plans; while you yourself would have to create a Russian Committe Abroad for independent management of all Russian relations, activities, individuals and groups abroad, in full agreement with the views of the Russian Committee, but with suitable autonomy in the choice of men and methods of action and, most important, in complete agreement with the International Union. In such a case I would demand, as my duty and right, full

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membership of this Russian Committee Abroad, which I did, by the way, in my last letter to the Committee and to you, recognising the fact that the Russian Committee must be within Russia itself. Obviously I did not wish, nor was I able, to return to Russia, and so do not desire to be a member of that. I got to know its programme and the general aims of its activity through you. I was in full agreement with you and expressed my readiness and my firm resolution to help and serve it by all means available to me. Since *you* considered my name useful for attracting new people into *your* organisation, I gave you my name. I knew that it would be used for the cause and our common programme and that your character was a guarantee of this, and was not afraid that, as a consequence of mistakes and blunders, I might be generally condemned—I am used to insults.

However, you remember that last summer we agreed that all Russian efforts and persons abroad should be known to me, and nothing that was done or undertaken abroad should be done without my knowledge and consent. This was an essential condition. Firstly, because I know the world abroad much better than any of you and, secondly, because a blind and dependent solidarity with you in actions and publications abroad might conflict with my duties and rights as a member of the International Union. This condition, as we shall see, was not carried out by you and if *it is not going to be* carried out *completely*, I shall be forced to break off all intimate political relations with you.

TO BEGIN WITH, my views are different in that they do not acknowledge the usefulness, or even the possibility, of any revolution except a spontaneous or a people's social revolution. I am deeply convinced that any other revolution is dishonest, harmful, and spells death to liberty and the people. It dooms them to new penury and new slavery. But the main point is that any other revolution has now become impossible and unattainable. Centralisation and civilisation; railways, the telegraph, new arms and new military organisation; in general the techniques of administration, *i.e.*, the science of systematic enslavement and exploitation of the masses of the people; and the science and suppression of people's and all other riots, carefully worked out, tested by experiment and perfected in the last 75 years of contemporary history—all this has at present armed the state with such enormous power that all contrived secret conspiracies and non-popular attempts, sudden attacks, surprises and coups—are bound to be shattered against it. It can only be conquered by a spontaneous people's revolution.

Thus the sole aim of a secret society must be, not the creation of an artificial power outside the people, but the rousing, uniting and organising of the spontaneous power of the people; therefore, the only possible, the only real revolutionary army is not outside the people, it is the people itself. It is impossible to arouse the people artificially. People's revolutions are born from the course of events, or from historical currents which, continuously and usually slowly, flow underground and unseen within the popular strata, increasingly embracing, penetrating, and undermining them, until they emerge from the ground and their turbulent waters break all barriers and destroy everything that impedes their course.

SUCH A REVOLUTION cannot be artificially induced. It is even impossible to hasten it, although I have no doubt that an efficient and intelligent organisation can facilitate the explosion. There are historical periods when revolutions are simply impossible; there are other periods when they are inevitable. In which of the two periods are we today? I am deeply convinced that we are in a period of a general, inevitable popular revolution. I will refrain from proving the truth of this conviction because this will lead me too far. Furthermore, it is unnecessary for me to prove it as I address a man and people who, I think, fully share this conviction. I maintain that a popular social revolution is inevitable everywhere within Europe as a whole. Will it catch fire soon and where first? In Russia, or in France, or elsewhere in the West? Nobody can foretell. Perhaps it will blaze up in a year's time, or even earlier, or perhaps in 10 or 20 years. This does not matter, and the people who intend to serve it honestly, do not serve for their own pleasure. All secret societies who wish to be really useful to it must, first of all, renounce all nervousness, all impatience. They must not sleep; on the contrary, they must be as ready as possible every minute of the time, alert and always capable of seizing every opportunity. But, at the same time, they must be harnessed and organised, not with a view to an imminent rising, but aiming at long and patient underground work, taking as an example our friends the Jesuit Fathers.

I WILL CONFINE MY CONSIDERATIONS to Russia. When will the Russian revolution break out? We do not know. Many, and I a sinner among them, expected a people's rising in 1870, but the people did not awake. Must we conclude that the Russian people can do without the revolution, that it will pass them by? No, this conclusion is impossible; it would be nonsense.

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Whoever knows the desperate, indeed critical condition of our people economically and politically and, on the other hand, the absolute incapacity of our government and our state not only to alter it, but to ameliorate it at all, an incapacity stemming not from one or another characteristic of the individuals in our government, but from the very essence of any government structure and our government in particular, must conclude that the Russian people's revolution is inevitable. It is not only negatively but positively inevitable, because our people, in spite of its ignorance, has historically arrived at an ideal which it strives, consciously or not, to achieve. This ideal is the common ownership of land with freedom from state oppression and all extortion. The people tried to achieve this under the False Dimitris, under Stenka Razin, and under Pugachev, and still tries by means of continual riots which are, however, scattered and therefore always suppressed.

I have merely pointed out the two main features of the Russian people's ideal and do not claim to describe it fully in a few words. One does not know what else exists in the intellectual aspirations of the Russian people and what will emerge in the light of day with the first revolution. At the moment it suffices for me to prove that our land is not a blank page on which any secret society can write whatever it wishes—for instance, say, your Communist Programme. It has worked out, partly consciously, probably three-quarters unconsciously, its own programme which the secret society must get to know or guess and to which it would have to adapt itself if it wants to succeed.

It is an indisputable and well-known fact that under Stenka Razin and also under Pugachev, every time the people's rising succeeded for a while, the people did one thing only: they took all the land into common ownership, sent the landowning gentry and the Tsar's government officials, sometimes the clergy as well, to the devil and organised its own free commune. This means that our people holds in its memory and as its ideal one precious element which the Western people do not possess, is that, *a free economic community*. In our people's life and thought there are two principles, two facts on which we can build: frequent riots and a free economic community. There is a third principle, a third fact, this is the Cossacks and the world of brigands and thieves which includes both protest against oppression by the state and by the patriarchal society and incorporates, so to say, the first two features.

Frequent riots, although they are always provoked by accidental circumstances, nevertheless stem from general causes and express the deep and general dissatisfaction of the people. They constitute, in a way, an everyday and customary phenomenon of the Russian people's life. There is no village in Russia which is not deeply discontented with its condition, which does not experience poverty, overcrowding, oppression, and which does not hide, in the depth of its collective heart, the desire to seize all the land belonging to the landlords and then that of the richer peasants (*kulaks*), and the conviction that this is its indubitable right. There is no village which, with skill, cannot be induced to revolt. If the villages do not revolt more often, this is due to fear or to a realisation of their weakness. This awareness comes from the disunity of peasant communes, from the lack of real solidarity among them. If each village knew that when it rises all others will rise, one could say for certain that there is no village in Russia which would not revolt. Hence it follows that the first duty, purpose and aim of a secret organisation is to awaken in all peasant communities a realisation of their inevitable solidarity and thus to arouse the Russian people to a consciousness of their power—in other words, to merge the multitude of private peasant revolts into one general all-people's revolt.

ONE OF THE MAIN MEANS for the achievement of this aim, I am deeply convinced, must and should be our free Cossacks, our innumerable saintly and not so saintly tramps (*brodiagi*), pilgrims, members of "*begunny*" sects, thieves, and brigands—this whole wide and numerous underground world which from time immemorial has protested against the state and statehood and against the Teutonic civilisation of the whip. This was expressed in the anonymous broadsheet *Statement of the Revolutionary Question* which provoked a howl of indignation from all our vainglorious chatterers who take their doctrinaire Byzantine words for deeds. This, however, is quite correct and is confirmed by all our history. The world of Cossacks, thieves, brigands and tramps played the role of a catalyst and unifier of separate revolts under Stenka Razin and under Pugachev. The tramping fraternity are the best and truest conductors of people's revolution, promoters of general popular unrest, this precursor of popular revolt. Who does not know that tramps, given the opportunity, easily turn into thieves and brigands? In fact, who among us in Russia is not a brigand and a thief? Is it perhaps the government? Or our official and private speculators and fixers? Or our landowners and our merchants? For myself, I cannot tolerate either brigandage or thieving, nor any other anti-human violence. But I confess, if I had to choose between the brigandage and thieving of those

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occupying the throne and enjoying all privileges, and popular thieving and brigandage, I would, without hesitation, take the side of the latter. I find it natural, necessary, and even, in some sense, legal. I must confess that the popular world of brigands is far from beautiful from the truly human point of view. But what is beautiful in Russia? Can anything be dirtier than our respectably official or civilised bourgeois and decent world, which hides under its smooth Western form the most horrible depravity of thought, feelings, relationships and deeds, or at best a joyless and inescapable emptiness! On the other hand, the people's depravity is natural, forceful and vital. By sacrifice over many centuries the people have earned the right to it. It is a mighty protest against the root cause of all depravity and against the state and, therefore, contains the seeds of the future. That is why I am on the side of popular brigandage and see in it one of the most essential tools for the future people's revolution in Russia.

I UNDERSTAND THAT THIS could enrage our scrupulous, or even unscrupulous idealists—idealists of all colours from Utin to Lopatin, who imagine that they can force on the people their ideas, their will, and their mode of action through an artificial secret organisation. I do not believe in this possibility and am convinced that as soon as the All-Russian state is destroyed, from wherever this destruction comes, the people will rise not for Utin, or Lopatin, or even for *your* ideal, but for *their own*, that no artificial conspiratorial force will be capable of containing or even altering its *native* movement—as no dam can contain a turbulent ocean. You, my friends, will be sent flying like chips of wood, if you cannot swim with the popular current. I am certain that with the first big popular revolt, the world of tramps, thieves and brigands, which is firmly imbedded in our life and constitutes one of its essential manifestations, will be on the move and will move powerfully and not weakly.

Be it good or bad, it is an indisputable and inevitable fact, and whoever really wishes for a Russian popular revolution, wants to serve it, help it, organise it, not on paper only but in deed, must know this. Moreover, he must take this fact into account and not try to avoid it; he must establish conscious and practical relations with it and be able to use it as a powerful instrument for the triumph of the revolution. It is no use being too scrupulous about it. He who wishes to retain his ideal and virginal purity should stay in the study, dream, think, write discourses or poetry. He who wants to be a real revolutionary in Russia must take off his gloves; no gloves will save him from the deep and all-embracing Russian mud. The Russian world, both privileged state and popular, is a terrible world. A Russian revolution will certainly be a terrible revolution. Whoever is frightened of horrors or dirt should turn away from this world and this revolution. He who wants to serve the latter must know what he is facing, must strengthen his nerves, and be prepared for anything.

It is not easy to use the world of brigandage as a weapon of the people's revolution, as a catalyst of separate popular revolts; I recognise the necessity, but, at the same time, am fully conscious of my incapacity for this task. In order to undertake it and bring it to a conclusion, one must be equipped with strong nerves, the strength of a giant, passionate conviction, and iron will. You might find such people in your ranks. But people of our generation and with our upbringing are incapable of it. To join the brigands does not mean becoming wholly one of them, sharing with them all their unquiet passions, misfortunes, frequently ignoble aims, feelings and actions; but it does mean giving them new souls and arousing within them a new, truly popular aim. These wild and cruelly coarse people have a fresh, strong, untried and unused nature which is open to lively propaganda, obviously only if the propaganda is lively and not doctrinaire and is capable of reaching them. I could say much more on this subject should our correspondence continue.

ANOTHER PRECIOUS ELEMENT in the future life of the Russian people is, as mentioned before, the free economic commune, a truly precious element which does not exist in the West. The Western social revolution will have to create this necessary and basic embryo of all future organisation, and its creation will give a lot of trouble to the West. Here it is created already. Should revolution occur in Russia, should the state with all its officials fall into ruin, the Russian peasantry would organise itself without any trouble the same day. But Russia is faced with a difficulty of another kind which does not exist in the West. Our communes are terribly scattered, hardly know each other and are often at enmity with each other, according to the old Russian custom. Lately, *thanks to the Government's financial measures*, they are becoming used to being joined into rural districts (*Volosti*) so that a rural district is progressively acquiring some popular awareness and content, but that is all. Rural districts do not know and do not want to know anything about each other. In order to achieve revolutionary success, to organise future popular liberty, it is essential that rural districts should, of *their own popular volition* join into larger districts (*Uyezdy*) and these into regions (*Oblasti*).

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Regions should set up a free Russian Federation.

To awaken in our communes the consciousness of this necessity, for the sake of their own liberty and advantage, is again the task of the secret organisation, since nobody else will want to take on this job which is totally contrary to the interests of the State and all privileged classes. This is no place to describe at length how to approach it, and how and what to do to awaken in the communes this saving consciousness, the only one promising salvation.

THERE, DEAR FRIEND, are the main lines of a whole programme for the Russian popular revolution which is deeply imprinted on the people's instinct, on the whole situation of our people. He who wants to be at the head of a popular movement must adopt it as a whole and execute it. He who tries to foist *his own* programme on the people will be left holding the baby.

As a result of its ignorance and disunity, the people are unable to formulate the programme, to systematise it and to unite for its sake. Therefore they need helpers. Where can one find these helpers? This is the most difficult question in any revolution. In the West as a whole, up to now, the helpers of the revolution came from the privileged classes, and nearly always became its exploiters. In this respect also, Russia is more fortunate than the West. There is in Russia an enormous number of people who are educated, intelligent, and deprived at the same time of any position and career and without a solution to their problem. At least three-quarters of young persons studying at the present time find themselves in this position, theological students, children of peasants and petty bourgeoisie, children of junior officials and ruined gentry . . . but need one speak about this, you know this world better than I do. If one considers the people as a revolutionary army, here is our General Staff, here is the precious material for a secret organisation.

But this world must be really organised and *moralised* while your system depraves it and prepares within it traitors to the system and exploiters of the people. You must remember that there is very little true morality within this world with the exception of a small number of strong and highly moral characters which have emerged, by Darwinian selection, from sordid oppression and inexpressible poverty. They are virtuous, *i.e.* they love the people and stand for justice against any injustice, for all oppressed against all oppressors, only because of their situation, not consciously or deliberately. Choose a hundred people by lot out of this world and put them in a situation which would enable them to exploit and oppress the people—one can be sure that they will exploit and oppress it. It follows that there is little original virtue in them. One must use their poverty-stricken condition which makes them virtuous in spite of themselves and, by constant propaganda and the power of organisation, arouse this virtue, educate it, confirm it in them and make it passionately conscious. Whereas you do the opposite: following the Jesuit system you systematically kill all personal human feeling in them, all feeling of personal fairness—as if feeling and fairness could be impersonal—educate them in lying, suspicion, spying and denunciation, relying much more on the external hobbles with which you have bound them, than on their inner courage. It follows that should circumstances change, should they realise that the terror of the state is stronger than the fear which you inspire, they would (educated by you) become excellent state servants and spies. The fact is now indisputable, my dear friend, that the overwhelming majority of your comrades who have fallen into the hands of the police have betrayed everything and everybody without any special efforts by the government and without torture. This sad fact should open your eyes and make you change the system if you are at all capable of amendment.

HOW CAN THIS WORLD be made more moral? By arousing in it frankly and consciously, by strengthening within its reason and heart one all-embracing passion for the liberation of the people and all mankind. This is the new and only religion which has the power to move souls and create a collective force of salvation. From now on this must be the exclusive content of our propaganda. Its immediate aim is the creation of a secret organisation, an organisation which should, at one and the same time, create a popular auxiliary force and become a practical school of moral education for all its members.

LET US FIRST OF ALL define more exactly the aim, meaning, and purpose of this organisation. As I have mentioned several times above, according to my system it would not constitute a revolutionary army—we should have only one revolutionary army: the people—the organisation should only be the staff of this army, an organiser of the people's power, not its own, a middle-man between popular instinct and revolutionary thought. A revolutionary idea is revolutionary, vital, real and true only because it expresses and only as far as it forms popular instincts which are the result of history. To strive to foist on the people *your own* thoughts—foreign to its instincts—implies a wish to make it subservient to a new

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state. Therefore, an organisation sincerely wishing only for a liberation of people's life, must adopt a programme which should express popular demands as fully as possible. It seems to me that the programme delineated in the first number of *The People's Cause* (*Narodnoe Delo*) fully answers this purpose. It does not foist upon the people any new regulations, orders, styles of life, but merely unleashes its will and gives wide scope to its self-determination and its economic and social organisation, which must be created by itself from below and not from above. The organisation must accept in all sincerity the idea that it is a servant and a helper, but never a commander of the people, never under any pretext its manager, not even under the pretext of the people's welfare.

The organisation is faced with an enormous task: not only to prepare the success of the people's revolution through propaganda and the unification of popular power; not only to destroy totally, by the power of this revolution, the whole existing economic, social, and political order; but, in addition, having survived the success of the revolution, to make impossible after the popular victory the establishment of any state power over the people—even the most revolutionary, even your power—because any power, whatever it called itself, would inevitably subject the people to old slavery in a new form. Therefore our organisation must be strong and vital to survive the first victory of the people and—this is not at all a simple matter—the organisation must be so deeply imbued with its principles that one could hope that even in the midst of revolution it will not change its thoughts, or character or direction.

Which, then, should be this direction? What would be the main purpose and task of the organisation? *To help the people to achieve self-determination on a basis of complete and comprehensive human liberty, without the slightest interference from even temporary or transitional power,* i.e. *without any mediation of the state.*

We are bitter foes of all *official power*, even if it were ultra-revolutionary power. We are enemies of all publicly acknowledged dictatorship; we are social-revolutionary anarchists. But you will ask, if we are anarchists, by what right do we wish to and by what method can we influence the people? Rejecting any power, by what power or rather by what force shall we direct the people's revolution? *An invisible force—recognised by no one, imposed by no one—through which the collective dictatorship of our organisation will be all the mightier, the more it remains invisible and unacknowledged, the more it remains without any official legality and significance.*

(A concluding section will be published next month.)

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An Oxford Caricature & Provocation

By John Sparrow

MRS TAMIE WATTERS calls her ENCOUNTER study [April 1971] of Rhoda Broughton's relations with Mark Pattison "An Oxford Provocation and Caricature." She could hardly have chosen a more appropriate title: her article presents a caricature of the episode she recounts and a provocation to anyone who cares for truth in Oxford history. In particular, it does an injustice, which it is the purpose of this rejoinder to correct, to two of the leading figures in the story—Mark Pattison and Meta Bradley.

How is it that a writer who evidently set out to paint a truthful picture should have failed so signally to achieve her object? The reason is, I think, that Mrs Watters' desire for truth was not so strong as her desire for a story that would fascinate her readers and recompense her for the time she evidently spent on her researches. The key to her article lies, I suggest, in this introductory sentence: "From a close investigation of the Pattison Papers (consisting of correspondence, diaries, and account books) in the Bodleian Library a fascinating behind-the-scenes story emerges." However this may be, the fact is that Mrs Watters moves about the Oxford of the 1880s like a stranger in an unreal world. It is not merely that she is imperfectly acquainted with the people and the institutions that go to make up that world—the Rector's Lodgings at Lincoln becomes "the Rectory"; Lewis Carroll is described as "a don of Mathematics"; Vernon Lee is confounded (a strange amalgamation!) with Walburga, Lady Paget—such mistakes concern only details in the foreground of her picture. What matters is the over-simplification of the lines and the overheightening of the colours with which the main features of that picture are drawn and painted.

A few quotations will perhaps show what I mean. Rhoda Broughton, when she settled in Holywell Street in 1878, was certainly an unconventional person, disapproved of in many Oxford households.[1] This is Mrs Watters' description of how people in the University reacted to her presence:

> Fearing that the author of amorous maidens and world-weary men would have a corrupting influence on undergraduates, various self-appointed moral guardians of the University launched a campaign to ostracise her from society.

When Meta Bradley stayed over-long in the Rector's Lodgings at Lincoln—a fact that can only have been known to one in a hundred people in the University, and cannot have greatly disturbed most of those who were aware of it—"Most of Oxford", according to Mrs Watters, "became alarmed." When *Belinda* was published, "In Oxford readers gasped", Mrs Watters tells us, "as they recognised Lincoln's Rector in Professor Forth"; and she goes on—fearing, perhaps, that these "gasps" may excite undue apprehension—to reassure us that "no forces gathered within the University to rebuke Rhoda for attacking one of its eminent men." Language like this suggests a false picture of the Oxford background—a theatrical "set" populated by stage armies and stage crowds.

The same melodramatic light is played upon the principal characters and the incidents they were involved in. When Pattison fell out with Rhoda Broughton, Mrs Watters tells us that his "indiscretions and odious personal traits" "earned for him a deadly enemy where once he had a warm ally"; Rhoda and Mrs Pattison, she says, "fell victim to the plots of the infatuated Rector"; and Rhoda, the object of the Rector's misdirected suspicions, is represented as "emerging bruised and sadly wiser from her encounter with ruthlessness and duplicity in such an unexpected quarter."

If you write about people like this, there is a danger that you will come to believe that that is what they were really like and that that was how they felt, and so you will unwittingly distort and dramatise the facts. I am afraid that Mrs Watters has at several points thus fallen a victim to her own over-charged vocabulary.[2]

[1] "Matrons of the 'Parks' region", wrote D. S. MacColl, who was an undergraduate at Lincoln at the time, "shuddered at a reputed shamelessness in her novels and believed it must be mirrored in her life" "Rhoda Broughton and Emilia Pattison" in *The Nineteenth Century*, No. 815 (Jan. 1945), pp. 28-33).

[2] Mrs Watters quotes a comment of Ethel Arnold's which is open to a similar criticism. "The whirligig of time", wrote Miss Arnold, describing the change in public opinion about Miss Broughton's novels after the publication of *Belinda*, "has a way of bringing its revenge, and Rhoda Broughton supped full of hers before the end." The antecedent of "hers" is not immediately obvious; presumably it is "revenge"—imagination boggles at the picture of a woman novelist supping full of a whirligig. But vindictiveness is an inappropriate emotion to attribute in this context to Rhoda Broughton, who viewed with amused detachment the vicissitudes suffered by her literary reputation: "I started as Zola", she is said to have observed, "and ended as Charlotte M. Yonge."

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THE STORY OF PATTISON'S RELATIONS with his wife has more than once been told in print;[3] it need only be summarised here. He married Francis Strong in 1861, when he was nearly 48 and she was 21; things went badly between them almost from the first. In 1875 Mrs Pattison became close friends with Sir Charles Dilke; they must have agreed that they would marry as soon as it became possible for them to do so; and in fact within eighteen months of the Rector's death his widow married Dilke, in circumstances (it should be said) which attested the loyalty of her nature.[4] Pattison for many years before his death had led a lonely life in the Rector's Lodgings. His wife was forced by ill-health to spend much of her time in the South of France; he did not mind her absence; indeed, he was glad to be rid of the incubus of her company, and to be able to complain of her neglect. What he craved for, and what she could not give him, was affection: "Love", he wrote in his Diary at the beginning of 1877, "is what I pine for and have not got." Still, he took pleasure in the company of women, particularly if they were intelligent, and if they were young he liked to guide them in their reading and enjoyed helping them, as he put it, "to form their minds."

When, in 1878, Rhoda Broughton came with her sister Mrs Newcome to live at No. 27 Holywell, she was nearly 40; as we have seen, she was reported to be "fast", and she was not at all approved of by conventionally-minded people, in Oxford or elsewhere. Pattison was not conventionally-minded; he enjoyed talking and reading and exchanging ideas with Miss Broughton, who had plenty of them at her command, and the two were soon on excellent terms.

A year or so later, the Rector made another female friend—Margaret (always known as "Meta") Bradley. Meta was on a visit to her uncle, George Granville Bradley, then Master of University College and soon to become Dean of Westminster. She was ten years or so younger than Rhoda Broughton, and a very different kind of person. She was lacking in tact and good sense; her sprawling handwriting matched the indiscipline of her mind. But, though herself quite unintellectual, she was ready to admire intellect in others, and she was not without a shrewdness of her own. She lived in Paddington with a deaf and odious father and an unsympathetic step-mother, spending much of her time in charitable work. It soon became plain to the Rector and Miss Bradley that each of them was longing for something that the other could supply: she wanted to give affection, and he to receive it; she to worship, he to be made much of. Within a year, they fell in love.

For the next four years—that is, from 1880 until within six months of the Rector's death in July 1884, with one brief interruption, they exchanged letters regularly, often more than once a week.

The story of their association has been told in print, more or less summarily, by several writers,[5] and its course can be traced in the eight volumes of their correspondence in the Bodleian Library[6]—how the Rector invited Meta to stay with him in the Lodgings when Mrs Pattison was away in France; how he tried in vain to contrive that they should spend a summer vacation together; how their correspondence was interrupted for a time through the intervention of Meta's father; how the course of the affair was troubled by a mysterious anonymous letter, which revealed to the eyes of Meta's relations the contents of some of her letters to the Rector, who wrongly supposed that Rhoda Broughton was its author; and how poor Meta herself was elbowed out, with the Rector's full approval, when Mrs Pattison came back from France to nurse her husband through his fatal illness at the end of 1883. Of course it has long been known that the relationship between Pattison and Miss Bradley was not the paternal or avuncular one that he pretended: it was a passionate affair—"I have given myself away and am yours" wrote the Rector; and Meta assured him that her feeling for him was "a unique mixture of what people feel for their God, their husband and their child."

THE OUTLINES OF THEIR CORRESPONDENCE, and some of its most significant passages, including references to the episode of the anonymous letter, have long since been made public in the books already mentioned. The only new element that Mrs Watters brings to the story—apart from the aura of melodrama with which she invests it—is the importance she attaches to the incident of the anonymous letter. She is right, no doubt, to bring out the significance of this episode in regard to Rhoda Broughton's relations with the Rector, but one wishes that in the course of her "close investigation" she had gone more deeply into the matter; there is a good deal more about it to be gathered from the Pattison MSS. than she tells us. Yet much remains mysterious: to whom was the letter sent? who wrote it? and how did the writer get hold of

[3] It is treated fully in Betty Askwith's biography, *Lady Dilke* (Chatto & Windus, 1969), and some aspects of it were touched on in V. H. H. Green's *Oxford Common Room* (Edward Arnold, 1957) and in my own Clark Lectures, *Mark Pattison and the Idea of a University* (Cambridge University Press, 1967).

[4] See Roy Jenkins' *Sir Charles Dilke* (Collins, 1958).

[5] See: Betty Askwith, *Lady Dilke*, pp. 78-89; Green, *Oxford Common Room*, pp. 312-318; *Mark Pattison and the Idea of a University*, pp. 49-53.

[6] MSS. Pattison 119-126.

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the contents of Meta's letters to the Rector? Mrs Watters contents herself with saying that "Mrs Pattison may have been justified in suspecting that Meta herself wrote the anonymous letter in her desire to *accaper* [sic] exclusively and to be *known* to do so"—nothing, in Mrs Pattison's eyes, was too bad for Meta, but this aspersion seems particularly outrageous.

Pattison, who was no judge of human motivation, blundered badly in supposing that Rhoda Broughton was capable of such an action; and Rhoda must, indeed, have been indignant at having it imputed to her; the incident certainly led to a *froideur* between them, and no doubt she bore it well in mind when she wrote *Belinda* (published early in 1883, exactly two years later), with its cruel caricature of Pattison, as unmistakable as it is unfair, in the character of "Professor Forth."[7] Mrs Watters is not satisfied with so colourless an account of the affair as that. Here is her reading of Miss Broughton's mind when she addressed herself to the writing of *Belinda:*

> To her it seemed a mockery that a man like Pattison, who fell so far short of the standards of decent behaviour, should be regarded as a luminary at England's most distinguished university. . . Works of art or research did not seem to her adequate recompense for a selfish, mean life. . . . In Rhoda's view Pattison was fair game, and thus she took up her pen with a vengeance.

As if to balance this explanation of the genesis of *Belinda*, Mrs Watters offers the following description of how Miss Broughton reacted to the book's success:

> It would appear that the only place where Rhoda Broughton actually suffered for her attack on Pattison was in her own conscience. . . . Quick to regret the pain she inflicted on others by her caustic wit, she had in this case to acknowledge that her victim was already a stricken man. Cancer forced Pattison to take to his bed in the autumn of 1883 [and death] took him in the following summer.
>
> Chastened and purged of her venom, Rhoda Broughton lived amicably with her Oxford neighbours until 1890 when she moved to Richmond. Her next novel *Doctor Cupid* (1886) reflected a benign mood and a great tolerance and compassion for human failings.

I let pass these judgments concerning Rhoda Broughton, superficial though they seem to me to be, but I cannot leave unchallenged Mrs Watters' disparagement of Meta Bradley, or her account of Meta's relations with the Rector.

Here I must plead guilty of having myself done Meta an injustice. In attempting to sum up my account of her friendship with Pattison, I wrote as follows:

> Unfulfilled and inadequate as it was—for Meta was a pathetic creature without a brain in her head, and quite unworthy of his serious attention—this friendship of his last years seems to have been the only relationship in which Pattison received and bestowed affection without embarrassment. It was the first time in his life that he had found someone who really cared for him and asked nothing from him but to be allowed to worship him.[8]

While I would stand by that description of the friendship, the parenthesis concerning Meta does her less than justice: she was, indeed, a scatterbrain, but she was by no mean brainless, and by her devotion to Pattison and the comfort she brought to his last years she certainly earned the affection he bestowed upon her. For Mrs Watters, she was "a bumptious, tactless girl, who managed to offend most people" (p. 36), a "presumptuous young woman" (p. 37), an "indiscreet young woman" who was "bent upon giving herself importance by commandeering the affections of an eminent man", and who evinced "an unhealthy preoccupation with his station in the world" (p. 38). Mrs Watters (as we have seen) even supposes Meta thoroughly deceitful, and actually capable of writing the anonymous letter that caused such trouble to the Rector and herself.

I CANNOT MYSELF SEE how anyone who had read through the volumes of Meta's letters now in the Bodleian could pass such a judgment on her character and conduct. Anyone who does so ought surely to give a fair view of the evidence upon which the judgment is founded. Since Mrs Watters does not attempt to do this, let me quote Meta's own account of the growth of her affection for the Rector:

> Do try and imagine yourself a girl who couldn't care very much for her nearest relations and was always being told by them that she had no heart. She didn't agree with them, but was obliged to confess to herself that she didn't love any human being *very* much—that she never felt any great emotion at the idea of meeting any one or parting from them . . . in short that she must make up her mind never to see any one for whom she could care deeply . . . and must make no fuss at having to lead

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[7] As Pattison himself observed bitterly in a letter to Meta: "There is no doubt that Prof. Forth is meant for a degrading caricature of me—some superficial traits, leaving out all that makes character and gives worth" (MS. Pattison 125 f. 246: 20 Nov. '83; not quoted by Mrs Watters).

Perhaps I may here correct a slight injustice done me by Mrs Watters in connection with Miss Broughton's portrait of Pattison. Referring to p. 8 of my *Mark Pattison and the Idea of a University*, she says (p. 35) that I "intimated that the novelist drew on a slight acquaintance for the details of her portrait." But I did not do this. Having set out a number of "particular touches that identify Pattison with Professor Forth", I went on to say "The superficial picture is accurate enough; that, no doubt, was how Pattison appeared to most people who met him, but did not know him well." I meant exactly what I said: Miss Broughton (though she herself knew him well) was content to present a superficial picture recognisable by the uninitiated.

[8] *Mark Pattison and the Idea of a University*, p. 55.

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> a dreary, because loveless, life. . . . This young woman meets someone of whom she has always heard as a mine of learning etc. and to her great surprise he actually takes a friendly interest in her. At first she is only grateful and alarmed, but she soon feels that this kind friend somehow feels as lonely and wretched very often as she does; and then by degrees she thinks much oftener of him than any one and gets to feel for him what she feared she never should for anyone. . . . Can't you imagine, dear Rector, what I feel for the person who has shewn me that I still have a heart?[9]

His affection for her was less spontaneous, and he was not good at expressing it; but it was real:

> Dearest [he wrote to her not long before he died] as long as I live—though that can't be long—you must remember that you have one friend, all whose thoughts turn towards you and who whatever comes before him involuntarily asks himself what Meta would think of it.[10]

These passages (neither of which is quoted by Mrs Watters) are, surely, enough to prove the genuineness of their feeling for each other, and there are plenty like them on both sides of the correspondence.

Mrs Watters is much concerned to show that the relationship between the pair was not "Platonic." It is not clear whether by a Platonic relationship she means one without any (or any appreciable) element of physical passion, or simply one that does not involve adultery. None of the writers who have treated of the Rector's friendship with Miss Bradley has supposed it to have been "Platonic" in the former sense; whether it involved adultery is another question, more difficult and perhaps less important. I suspect that Pattison's physical passions were never strong, and—after more than one careful reading of the correspondence between the two of them—I conclude that they certainly did not commit adultery and that neither of them wished to—though no doubt Meta would have yielded had the Rector pressed her. Mrs Watters repeatedly hints, by her choice of quotations from their letters, that the couple slept together. For instance, she quotes, from a letter[11] Meta wrote the day after the end of her prolonged stay in the Lodgings, a sentence or two asking the Rector how he had slept the night before, adding that she herself had "got on pretty well", and that her dreams had been of him. In her next line, Mrs Watters tells the reader that Pattison was a man who "declared himself no Puritan in sexual matters", and proceeds to quote a letter (written some weeks later) in which he says that he finds the Lodgings intolerably lonely without her and longs to have his arms round her waist "with infinite possibilities of kissing"—a confession which might well have been quoted as showing the limited extent of his desires.[12]

The best evidence about their relations while Meta was staying in the Lodgings is to be found in the Diary kept by the Rector during the period; to judge from the following typical entries, they were innocent enough:

> 21 Dec. Did not dine in C R but spent evening with my dear M reading Dante, Ruskin's Arrows of the Chace. . . . 25 Dec. After Miss Micholls was gone to her room, my dear M & I remained together till 11. . . . 4 Jan. 81 Last quiet evening with my dear M![13]

Mrs Watters quotes none of this, and she has overlooked, or suppressed, an even more important piece of evidence. In a letter written to the Rector of 8 January 1881 Meta recalled affectionately how she had "tucked him up" and read him to sleep in the Lodgings during the preceding weeks.[14] When, after his death, she was putting their correspondence in order, with a view to its being preserved (as it now is, in the Bodleian), she came upon this passage, and appended to it the following note (signed "M.B. '86"):

> A sentence here catching my eye as I did up the letters I must explain that the R. generally took a nap in his study after lunch when poorly—& it is to this "tucking up" to wh[sic] I referred—I never even saw his bedroom until he had left home—It is necessary to say this as I hear rumours wh. lead me to suppose that this sentence has been copied and wilfully misunderstood.[15]

Whatever construction one puts upon this note—and to me it carries conviction of its sincerity[16]—it is difficult to see how anyone who set out to give a fair account of the relationship could feel justified in suppressing it (as Mrs Watters does) entirely.

Still, the question whether (or how far) the relationship was "Platonic" is surely less important than the question what were their deeper feelings for each other during the closing years of

[9] MS. Pattison 119 ff. 140-1: 10 Sept. 1880.
[10] MS. Pattison 125 f. 2: 9 April 1883.
[11] MS. Pattison 120, f. 2: 5 Jan. 1881.
[12] In the following summer Pattison did his best to arrange that Meta should join him on a holiday in the North, and tried to rent a house in Yorkshire for the purpose. Mrs Watters quotes the following sentence from a letter that he wrote to Meta about this plan: "I am trying to get a house in Yorkshire on purpose, to have you." The context (of course) shows that this means no more than "to have you to stay"; thus quoted in isolation, it may well give the impression that Pattison was a shameless old satyr.
[13] MS. Pattison 133, ff. 29-32.
[14] MS. Pattison 120, ff. 12-14.
[15] MS. Pattison 120, f. 15. The "copying" must, it seems, refer to the anonymous letter of February 1881.
[16] It is strikingly confirmed by a sentence from her letter of 15 Jan. 1881 (MS. Pattison 120, f. 30): "This afternoon . . . I was driven to retreat to my room and muffle up in all my warm clo. for a short nap. I thought of you under like circumstances, but then you had a sofa and fire and me to read you to sleep!"

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the Rector's life. Mrs Watters unkindly concludes that Pattison grew tired of Meta, decided that his affair with her was costing more than it was worth, and—not to put too fine a point upon it—kicked her out of his life. "In any case", she says, in brusque dismissal, "time proved that Meta's intrusion into the Rector's life brought more strain than happiness, and finally he found her such an embarrassment to him that he would not meet her in public." In support of this she quotes a cruel sentence from a letter of September 1883,[17] in which the Rector reproved Meta for "that leer which comes into your face as soon as you catch sight of me", which (he says) made any meeting between them in public impossibly embarrassing for him.

It is wrong, however, to draw from this letter inferences about the depth or strength of his affection for her. All love-affairs involve "strain", particularly affairs as clandestine as was this one; Meta, no doubt, was irritating to the Rector; perhaps he found her increasingly so as time went on; but her devotion to him was a treasure that he never ceased to value, and his own bristly affection for her lasted until his dying day. As for the cruel letter, Mrs Watters might have quoted a dozen such, of earlier dates; for the truth is that Pattison could not help—perhaps he even in a way enjoyed—being harsh and disagreeable towards people he was fond of. His affection for his sisters, he tells us in his *Memoirs*, "was manifested partly in a general rudeness of behaviour towards them, partly in acts of absolute selfishness." Certainly his affection for Meta expressed itself in an "absolute selfishness" and "rudeness" which seem—and, again, he may have been half aware of this—to have strengthened rather than weakened the hold he had upon her.

The relationship, in fact, was complex enough to call for treatment by a critic who is a subtler psychologist then either I or, I am afraid, Mrs Tamie Watters can lay claim to be.

[17] MS. Pattison 125, f. 54.

The Publican

If God treats the human race like my father
treats customers we needn't worry.
His hand holds up the shutter of the bar
at the same time as he's telling you to hurry.

Drunk eyes always arrest him. He has to come
quietly out from behind, complaining it's late
but hearing correctly the list of quick ones,
the last round for the swing of the gate.

He's always saying time and always hearing
excuses. He'll even rob his own shelf
on a good night and join the company—
but then wasn't our Saviour a drinker himself?

Still, power is dangerous. If some wee shit
tells the police, my father has to pay for it.

James Simmons

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AUTHORS

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Oliver Stallybrass writes of the new posthumous volume of **E. M. Forster's** stories: "The fourteen stories in this volume span a period between Forster's early twenties and late seventies (or even later), and range from under 1,500 words to over 12,000. Only two have previously been published in any shape or form. The remainder fall into two categories: early stories which Forster, then easily discouraged, put into cold storage after one or two rejections, and others which, though variously admired by such people as J. R. Ackerley, T. E. Lawrence, Forrest Reid, Siegfried Sassoon and Lytton Strachey, were debarred from publication by their overtly homosexual content. These latter differ widely from each other as well as from *Maurice*, but fall for the most part into two subgroups, which for simplicity's sake may be called comic and tragic respectively. Somewhere between the two stands *The Torque*, published for the first time in this number of ENCOUNTER.

"*The Torque* is Forster's first published piece of historical fiction—the term seems justified, despite the strong element of fantasy, by the equally strong sense of period. And it may well have been the latest piece of fictional writing to engage his mind: although in substance it appears to date from the 1950s, there is a diary entry of 9 October 1962, when he was nearly eighty-four, in which he resolves 'to prepare the Torque for non-publication.' The resolution was never, in fact, achieved: there is no complete typescript, much of the latter part of the story exists in a series of overlapping manuscript versions, and the problem (not confined to this story) of deciding which of these represents Forster's latest intention was here particularly acute."

The Torque will shortly be appearing in a volume entitled *The Life to Come and Other Stories* (Edward Arnold), as volume 8 in the Abinger Edition of E. M. Forster, edited by Oliver Stallybrass. Permission to publish the story has been given by The Society of Authors and King's College, Cambridge. . . .

John Sparrow is Warden of All Souls College, Oxford. He is the author of *Controversial Essays* (1966) and *Mark Pattison and the Idea of a University* (1967). . . .

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Robert Skidelsky has spent the last two years teaching in the School of Advanced International Studies at Johns Hopkins University, and was before that a Fellow of Nuffield College, Oxford. He is the author of two books, *Politicians and the Slump* and *English Progressive Schools*, and has recently completed a biography of Sir Oswald Mosley which Macmillan are to publish. . . .

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